UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA, SAN DIEGO
3 1822 01613 6780

rnia

BRARY
ERSITY OF
UFORNIA
E DIEGO

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA, SAN DIEGO

3 1822 01613 6780

Central University Library

University of California, San Diego

Note: This item is subject to recall after two weeks.

Date Due

MAY 09 1993	
DEC 21 1998	
JAN 21 REC'D	

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2007 with funding from
Microsoft Corporation

http://www.archive.org/details/traitsstoriesofi04carliala

TRAITS AND STORIES OF

THE IRISH PEASANTRY

IN FOUR VOLUMES

VOL. IV

4540

TRAITS AND STORIES OF

THE IRISH PEASANTRY

BY

WILLIAM CARLETON

EDITED BY

D. J. O'DONOGHUE

LONDON
J. M. DENT AND CO.
NEW YORK: MACMILLAN AND CO.
MDCCCXCVI

Printed by Ballantyne, Hanson & Co.
At the Ballantyne Press

CONTENTS

	PAGE
TUBBER DERG; OR, THE RED WELL . .	1
DENIS O'SHAUGHNESSY GOING TO MAYNOOTH	71
PHELIM O'TOOLE'S COURTSHIP	208
NEAL MALONE	304
GLOSSARY	327

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

WILLIAM CARLETON . . . . . *Frontispiece*

(*From the Portrait by C. Grey.*)

PAGE

OWEN INVOLUNTARILY SAT UPON A CHAIR, AND COVERED HIS FACE WITH HIS HAND . . . 35

(*By Phiz.*)

"AY, BUT HE WOULDN'T BE PATTIN' ME ON THE CHEEK!" 96

(*By Phiz.*)

DENIS STOPPED, PULLED OUT HIS WATCH, AND TOLD THE HOUR 99

(*By Phiz.*)

MRS. MALONE TOOK HIM QUIETLY UP . . . AND WITH STATELY STEP MARCHED AWAY . . 320

(*By Phiz.*)

TRAITS AND STORIES OF

THE IRISH PEASANTRY

TUBBER DERG

OR, THE RED WELL

THE following story owes nothing to any colouring or invention of mine; it is unhappily a true one, and to me possesses a peculiar and melancholy interest, arising from my intimate knowledge of the man whose fate it holds up as a moral lesson to Irish landlords. I knew him well, and many a day and hour have I played about his knee, and ran, in my boyhood, round his path, when, as he said himself, the world was no trouble to him.

On the south side of a sloping tract of light ground, lively, warm, and productive, stood a white, moderate-sized farm-house, which, in consequence of its conspicuous situation, was a prominent, and, we may add, a graceful, object in the landscape of which it formed a part. The spot whereon it stood was a swelling natural terrace, the soil of which was heavier and richer than that of the adjoining lands. On each side of the house stood a clump of old beeches, the only survivors of that species then remaining in the country. These beeches extended behind the house in a kind of angle, with opening enough at their termination to form a vista, through which its white walls glistened with beautiful effect in the calm splendour of a summer evening. Above the mound on which it stood rose two steep hills, overgrown with furze and fern, except on their tops, which were clothed with purple heath;

they were also covered with patches of broom, and studded with grey rocks, which sometimes rose singly or in larger masses, pointed or rounded into curious and fantastic shapes. Exactly between these hills the sun went down during the month of June, and nothing could be in finer relief than the rocky and picturesque outlines of their sides, as, crowned with thorns and clumps of wild ash, they appeared to overhang the valley, whose green foliage was gilded by the sunbeams, which lit up the scene into radiant beauty. The bottom of this natural chasm, which opened against the deep crimson of the evening sky, was nearly upon a level with the house, and completely so with the beeches that surrounded it. Brightly did the sinking sun fall upon their tops, whilst the neat white house below, in their quiet shadow, sent up its wreath of smoke among their branches, itself an emblem of contentment, industry, and innocence. It was, in fact, a lovely situation; perhaps the brighter to me that its remembrance is associated with days of happiness and freedom from the cares of a world which, like a distant mountain, darkens as we approach it, and only exhausts us in struggling to climb its rugged and barren paths.

There was to the south-west of this house another little hazel glen, that ended in a precipice formed by a single rock some thirty feet high, over which tumbled a crystal cascade into a basin worn in its hard bed below. From this basin the stream murmured away through the copsewood, until it joined a larger rivulet that passed, with many a winding, through a fine extent of meadows adjoining it. Across the foot of this glen, and past the door of the house we have described, ran a bridle-road, from time immemorial, on which, as the traveller ascended it towards the house, he appeared to track his way in blood; for a chalybeate spa arose at its head, oozing out of the earth, and spread itself in a crimson stream over the path in every spot whereon a footmark could be made. From this circumstance it was called Tubber Derg, or the Red Well. In the meadow where the glen terminated was another spring of delicious crystal; and clearly do I remember the ever-beaten pathway that led to it through the grass, and up the green field which rose in a gentle

slope to the happy-looking house of Owen M'Carthy, for so was the man called who resided under its peaceful roof.

I will not crave your pardon, gentle reader, for dwelling at such length upon a scene so dear to my heart as this, because I write not now so much for your gratification as my own. Many an eve of gentle May have I pulled the May-gowans which grew about that well and over that smooth meadow. Often have I raised my voice to its shrillest pitch that I might hear its echoes rebounding in the bottom of the green and still glen, where silence, so to speak, was deepened by the continuous murmur of the cascade above; and when the cuckoo uttered her first note from among the hawthorns on its side, with what trembling anxiety did I, an urchin of some eight or nine years, look under my right foot for the white hair, whose charm was such that, by keeping it about me, the first female name I should hear was destined, I believed in my soul, to be that of my future wife. Sweet was the song of the thrush, and mellow the whistle of the blackbird, as they rose in the stillness of evening over the "birken shaws" and green dells of this secluded spot of rural beauty. Far, too, could the rich voice of Owen M'Carthy be heard along the hills and meadows, as, with a little chubby urchin at his knee and another in his arms, he sat on a bench beside his own door, singing the *Trougha* in his native Irish; whilst Kathleen, his wife, with her two maids, each crooning a low song, sat before the door milking the cows, whose sweet breath mingled its perfume with the warm breeze of evening.

Owen M'Carthy was descended from a long line of honest ancestors, whose names had never, within the memory of man, been tarnished by the commission of a mean or disreputable action. They were always a kind-hearted family, but stern and proud in the common intercourse of life. They believed themselves to be, and probably were, a branch of the MacCarthy More stock; and although only the possessors of a small farm, it was singular to observe the effect which this conviction produced upon their bearing and manners. To it might perhaps be attributed the high and stoical integrity for which they were remarkable. This severity, however, was no proof that they wanted feeling, or were insensible to the misery and sorrows of others: in all the

little cares and perplexities which chequered the peaceful neighbourhood in which they lived they were ever the first to console, or, if necessary, to support, a distressed neighbour with the means which God had placed in their possession; for, being industrious, they were seldom poor. Their words were few but sincere, and generally promised less than the honest hearts that dictated them intended to perform. There is in some persons an hereditary feeling of just principle, the result neither of education nor of a clear moral sense, but rather a kind of instinctive honesty, which descends, like a constitutional bias, from father to son, pervading every member of the family. It is difficult to define this, or to assign its due position in the scale of human virtues. It exists in the midst of the grossest ignorance, and influences the character in the absence of better principles. Such was the impress which marked so strongly the family of which I speak. No one would ever think of imputing a dishonest act to the M'Carthys; nor would any person acquainted with them hesitate for a moment to consider their word as good as the bond of another. I do not mean to say, however, that their motives of action were not higher than this instinctive honesty—far from it; but I say that they possessed it in addition to a strong feeling of family pride and a correct knowledge of their moral duties.

I can only take up Owen M'Carthy at that part of the past to which my memory extends. He was then a tall, fine-looking young man; silent, but kind. One of the earliest events within my recollection is his wedding; after that the glimpses of his state and circumstances are imperfect; but as I grew up they became more connected, and I am able to remember him the father of four children—an industrious, inoffensive small farmer, beloved, respected, and honoured. No man could rise, be it ever so early, who would not find Owen up before him; no man could anticipate him in an early crop; and if a widow or a sick acquaintance were unable to get in their harvest, Owen was certain to collect the neighbours to assist them, to be the first there himself, with quiet benevolence, encouraging them to a zealous performance of the friendly task in which they were engaged.

It was, I believe, soon after his marriage that the lease of

the farm held by him expired. Until that time he had been able to live with perfect independence; but even the enormous rise of one pound per acre, though it deprived him in a great degree of his usual comforts, did not sink him below the bare necessaries of life. For some years after that he could still serve a deserving neighbour; and never was the hand of Owen M'Carthy held back from the wants and distresses of those whom he knew to be honest.

I remember once an occasion upon which a widow Murray applied to him for a loan of five pounds, to prevent her two cows from being auctioned for half a year's rent, of which she only wanted that sum. Owen sat at dinner with his family, when she entered the house in tears, and, as well as her agitation of mind permitted, gave him a detailed account of her embarrassment.

"The blessin' o' God be upon all here," said she, on entering.

"The double o' that to you, Rosha," replied Owen's wife. "Won't you sit in an' be atin' ?—here's a sate beside Nanny; come over, Rosha."

Owen only nodded to her, and continued to eat his dinner, as if he felt no interest in her distress. Rosha sat down at a distance, and with the corner of a red handkerchief to her eyes, shed tears in that bitterness of feeling which marks the helplessness of honest industry under the pressure of calamity.

"In the name o' goodness, Rosha," said Mrs. M'Carthy, "what ails you, *asthore ?* Sure, Jemmy—God spare him to you—wouldn't be dead ?"

"Glory be to God ! no, *avourneen machree.* Och, och ! but it ud be the black sight an' the black day that ud see my brave boy, the staff of our support, an' the bread of our mouth, taken away from us. No, no, Kathleen dear, it's not that bad wid me yet. I hope we'll never live to see his manly head laid down before us. 'Twas his own manliness, indeed, brought it an him—backin' the sack when he was bringin' home our last *meldhre* from the mill; for, you see, he should do it, the crathur, to show his strinth, an' the sack, when he got it an, was too heavy for him, an' hurted the small of his back—for his bones, you see, are too young, an' hadn't time

to fill up yet. No, *avourneen.* Glory be to God! he's gettin' betther wid me!" and the poor creature's eyes glistened with delight through her tears and the darkness of her affliction.

Without saying a word, Owen, when she finished the eulogium on her son, rose, and taking her forcibly by the shoulder, set her down at the table, on which a large potful of potatoes had been spread out, with a circle in the middle for a dish of rashers and eggs, into which dish every right hand of those about it was thrust, with a quickness that clearly illustrated the principle of competition as a stimulus to action.

"Spare your breath," said Owen, placing her rather roughly upon the seat, "an' take share of what's goin; when all's cleared off we'll hear you, but the sorra word till then."

"*Musha,* Owen," said the poor woman, "you're the same man still; sure, we all know your ways. I'll strive, *avourneen,* to ate—I'll strive, *asthore*—to plase you, an' the Lord bless you an' yours, an' may you never be as I an' my fatherless childher are this sorrowful day!" and she accompanied her words by a flood of tears.

Owen, without evincing the slightest sympathy, withdrew himself from the table. Not a muscle of his face was moved; but as the cat came about his feet at the time, he put his foot under her, and flung her as easily as possible to the lower end of the kitchen.

"*Arrah,* what harm did the crathur do," asked his wife, "that you'd kick her for, that way? an' why but you ate out your dinner?"

"I'm done," he replied rather gruffly; "but that's no rason that Rosha, an' you, an' thim boys that has the work afore them, shouldn't finish your male's mate."

Poor Rosha thought that by his withdrawing he had already suspected the object of her visit, and of course concluded that her chance of succeeding was very slender.

The wife, who guessed what she wanted, as well as the nature of her suspicion, being herself as affectionate and obliging as Owen, reverted to the subject, in order to give her an opportunity of proceeding.

"Somethin' bitther, an' out o' the common coorse, is a throuble to you, Rosha," said she, "or you wouldn't be in the

state you're in. The Lord look down on you this day, you poor crathur—widout the father of your childher to stand up for you, an' your only other depindence laid on the broad of his back, all as one as a cripple. But no matther, Rosha; trust to Him that can be a husband to you, an' a father to your orphans—trust to Him, an' His blessed mother in heaven, this day, an' never fear but they'll rise up a frind for you. *Musha,* Owen, ate your dinner as you ought to do, wid your capers! How can you take a spade in your hand upon that morsel?"

"Finish your own," said her husband, "an' never heed me; jist let me alone. Don't you see that if I wanted it I'd ate it, an' what more would you have about it?"

"Well, *acushla,* it's your own loss, sure, of a sartinty. An', Rosha, whisper, *ahagur,* what can Owen or I do for you? Throth, it would be a bad day we'd see you at a deshort for a friend, for you never wor nothin' else nor a civil, oblagin' neighbour yourself; an' him that's gone before—the Lord make his bed in heaven this day—was as good a warrant as ever broke bread to sarve a friend, if it was at the hour of midnight."

"Ah! when I had him," exclaimed the distracted widow, "I never had occasion to throuble aither friend or neighbour; but he's gone, an' now it's otherwise wid me—glory be to God for all His mercies—*a wurrah dheelish!* Why, thin, since I must spake, an' has no other frind to go to—but somehow I doubt Owen looks dark upon me—sure, I'd put my hand to a stamp, if my word wouldn't do for it, an' sign the blessed crass that saved us, for the payment of it; or I'd give it to him in oats, for I hear you want some, Owen—phatie oats it is, and a betther-shouldhered or fuller-lookin' grain never went undher a harrow—indeed, it's it that's the beauty all out, if it's good seed you want."

"What is it for, woman alive?" inquired Owen, as he kicked a three-legged stool out of his way.

"What is it for, is it? Och, Owen darlin', sure, my two brave cows is lavin' me. Paddy Dannellan, the driver, is over wid me beyant, an' has them ready to set off wid. I reared them both, the two of them, wid my own hands. Cheehoney, that knows my voice, an' would come to me from

the fardest corner o' the field, is goin', an' nothin' will we have—nothin' will my poor sick boy have—but the black wather or the dhry salt; besides the butther of them bein' lost to us for the rent, or a small taste of it, of an odd time, for poor Jemmy. Owen, next to God, I have no friend to depind upon but yourself!"

"Me!" said Owen, as if astonished. "Phoo, that's quare enough! Now, do you think, Rosha—hut, hut, woman alive! Come, boys, you're all done; out wid yees to your spades, an' finish that *meerin* before night. Me!—hut, hut!"

"I have it all but five pounds, Owen, an' for the sake of him that's in his grave—an' that, maybe, is able to put up his prayer for you——"

"An' what would you want me to do, Rosha? Fitther for you to sit down an' finish your dinner when it's before you. I'm goin' to get an ould glove[1] that's somewhere about this chist, for I must weed out that bit of oats before night, wid a blessin';" and as he spoke he passed into another room, as if he had altogether forgotten her solicitation, and in a few minutes returned.

"Owen, *avick!*—an' the blessin' of the fatherless be upon you; sure an' many a one o' them you have, anyhow, Owen!"

"Well, Rosha, well?"

"Och, och, Owen, it's low days wid me to be depindin' upon the sthranger! Little thim that reared me ever thought it ud come to this. You know I'm a dacent father's child, an' I have stooped to you, Owen M'Carthy—what I'd scorn to do to any other but yourself—poor an' friendless as I stand here before you. Let thim take the cows, thin, from my childher; but the Father of the fatherless will support thim an' me. Och, but it's well for the O'Donohoes that their landlord lives at home among themselves, for, may the heavens look down on me, I wouldn't know where to find mine, if one sight of him ud save me an' my childher from the grave! The agent, even he lives in Dublin, an' how could I lave my sick boy an' small *girshas* by themselves, to go a hundher miles, an' maybe not see him afther all. Little

[1] In "hand-weeding," old gloves are used to prevent the hands from being injured by the thistles.

hopes I'd have from him, even if I did; he's paid for gatherin' in his rents; but it's well known he wants the touch of nathur for the sufferins of the poor, an' of them that's honest in their intintions."

"I'll go over wid you, Rosha, if that will be of any use," replied Owen composedly; "come, I'll go an' spake to dirty Dannellan."

"The sorra blame I blame him, Owen," replied Rosha; "his bread's depindin' upon the likes of sich doins, an' he can't get over it; but a word from you, Owen, will save me, for who ever refused to take the word of a M'Carthy?"

When Owen and the widow arrived at the house of the latter, they found the situation of the bailiff laughable in the extreme. Her eldest son, who had been confined to his bed by a hurt received in his back, was up, and had got the unfortunate driver, who was rather old, wedged in between the dresser and the wall, where his cracked voice—for he was asthmatic—was raised to the highest pitch, calling for assistance. Beside him was a large tub half filled with water, into which the little ones were emptying small jugs, carried at the top of their speed from a puddle before the door. In the meantime, Jemmy was tugging at the bailiff with all his strength—fortunately for that personage it was but little—with the most sincere intention of inverting him into the tub, which contained as much muddy water as would have been sufficient to make him a subject for the deliberation of a coroner and twelve honest men. Nothing could be more conscientiously attempted than the task which Jemmy had proposed to execute; every tug brought out his utmost strength, and when he failed in pulling down the bailiff, he compensated himself for his want of success by cuffing his ribs, and peeling his shins by hard kicks; whilst from those open points which the driver's grapple with his man naturally exposed, were inflicted on him by the rejoicing urchins numberless punches of tongs, potato-washers, and sticks whose points were from time to time hastily thrust into the coals, that they might more effectually either blind or disable him in some other manner.

As one of the little ones ran out to fill his jug, he spied his mother and Owen approaching, on which, with the empty

vessel in his hand, he flew towards them, his little features distorted by glee and ferocity, wildly mixed up together.

"Oh, mudher, mudher—ha, ha, ha!—don't come in yet; don't come in, Owen, till Jemmy, an' huz, an' the Denises, gets the bailey drownded. We'll soon have the *bot*[1] full; but Paddy an' Jack Denis have the eyes a'most pucked out of him; an' Katty's takin' the hook from behind the *cuppel*, to get it about his neck."

Owen and the widow entered with all haste, precisely at the moment when Dannellan's head was dipped, for the first time, into the vessel.

"Is it goin' to murdher him yees are?" said Owen, as he seized Jemmy with a grasp that transferred him to the opposite end of the house. "Hould back, ye pack of young devils, an' let the man up. What did he come to do but his duty! I tell you, Jemmy, if you wor *at* yourself, an' in full strinth, that you'd have the man's blood on you where you stand, and would suffer as you ought to do for it."

"There let me," replied the lad, his eyes glowing, and his veins swollen with passion; "I don't care if I did. It would be no sin an' no disgrace to hang for the like of him; dacenter to do that than stale a creel of turf or a wisp of straw, 'tanny rate."

In the meantime, the bailiff had raised his head out of the water, and presented a visage which it was impossible to view with gravity. The widow's anxiety prevented her from seeing it in a ludicrous light; but Owen's severe face assumed a grave smile as the man shook himself and attempted to comprehend the nature of his situation. The young urchins, who had fallen back at the appearance of Owen and the widow, now burst into a peal of mirth, in which, however, Jemmy, whose fiercer passions had been roused, did not join.

"Paddy Dannellan," said the widow, "I take the Mother of heaven to witness that it vexes my heart to see you get sich thratement in my place; an' I wouldn't for the best cow in my byre that sich a *brieuliagh* happened. *Dher chorp agus manim*, Jemmy, but I'll make you suffer for drawin' down this upon my head, an' me had enough over it afore."

[1] A tub.

"I don't care," replied Jemmy; "whoever comes to take our property from us, an' us willin' to work, will suffer for it. Do you think I'd see thim crathurs at their dhry phatie, an' our cows standin' in a pound for no rason? No; high hangin to me, but I'll split to the skull the first man that takes them; an' all I'm sorry for is that it's not the vagabone landlord himself that's near me. That's our thanks for payin' many a good pound in honesty an' dacency to him an' his—lavin' us to a schamin' agent, an' not even to that same, but to his undherstrappers, that's robbin' us on both sides between them. May hard fortune attind him for a landlord! You may tell him this, Dannellan—that his wisest plan is to keep clear of the counthry. Sure, it's a gambler he is, they say, an' we must be harrished an' racked to support his villainy. But wait a bit; maybe there's a good time comin', when we'll pay our money to thim that won't be too proud to hear our complaints wid their own ears, an' who won't turn us over to a divil's limb of an agent. He had need, anyhow, to get his coffin sooner nor he thinks. What signifies hangin' in a good cause?" said he, as the tears of keen indignation burst from his glowing eyes. "It's a dacent death, an' a happy death, when it's for the right," he added—for his mind was evidently fixed upon the contemplation of those means of redress which the habits of the country and the prejudices of the people present to them in the first moments of passion.

"It's well that Dannellan's one of ourselves," replied Owen coolly, "otherwise, Jemmy, you said words that would lay you up by the heels. As for you, Dannellan, you must look over this. The boy's the son of dacent poor parents, an' it's a new thing for him to see the cows druv from the place. The poor fellow's vexed, too, that he has been so long laid up wid a sore back; an' so, you see, one thing or another has put him through other. Jemmy is warm-hearted, afther all, an' will be sorry for it when he cools, an' remimbers that you wor only doin' your duty."

"But what am I to do about the cows? Sure, I can't go back widout either thim or the rint?" said Paddy, with a look of fear and trembling at Jemmy.

"The cows!" said another of the widow's sons, who then came in—"why, you dirty *spalpeen* of a rip, you may whistle

on the wrong side o' your mouth for them. I druv them off of the estate; an' now take them if you dar—it's conthrairy to law," said the urchin; "an' if you'd touch them, I'd make my mudher sarve you wid a *lattitat* or a *fiery flashes*."

This was a triumph to the youngsters, who began to shake their little fists at him, and to exclaim in a chorus, "Ha, you dirty rip! wait till we get you out o' the house, an' if we don't put you from ever drivin'! Why but you work like another?—ha, you'll get it!" and every little fist was shook in vengeance at him.

"Whisht wid yees," said Jemmy to the little ones; "let him alone, he got enough. There's the cows for you; an' keen may the curse o' the widow an' orphans light upon you, an' upon them that sent you, from first to last!—an' that's the *best* we wish you!"

"Paddy," said Owen to the bailiff, "is there any one in the town below that will take the rint an' give a resate for it? Do you think, man, that the neighbours of an honest, industrious woman ud see the cattle taken out of her byre for a thrifle? Hut, tut! no, man alive—no sich thing! There's not a man in the parish, wid manes to do it, would see them taken away to be canted at only about a fourth part of their value. Hut, tut—no!"

As the sterling fellow spoke, the cheeks of the widow were suffused with tears, and her son Jemmy's hollow eyes once more kindled, but with a far different expression from that which but a few minutes before flashed from them.

"Owen," said he, and utterance nearly failed him—"Owen, if I was well, it wouldn't be as it is wid us; but—no, indeed, it would not—but—may God bless you for this! Owen, never fear but you'll be paid—may God bless you, Owen!"

As he spoke the hand of his humble benefactor was warmly grasped in his. A tear fell upon it; for with one of those quick and fervid transitions of feeling so peculiar to the people, he now felt a strong, generous emotion of gratitude, mingled, perhaps, with a sense of wounded pride on finding the poverty of their little family so openly exposed.

"Hut, tut, Jemmy, *avick!*" said Owen, who understood his feelings; "phoo, man alive! hut—hem! Why, sure, it's nothin' at all, at all; anybody would do it—only a bare five-

an'-twenty shillins—(it was five pounds)—any neighbour—Mick Cassidy, Jack Moran, or Pether M'Cullagh—would do it. Come, Paddy, step out; the money's to the fore. Rosha, put your cloak about you, and let us go down to the agint or clerk, or whatsomever he is—sure, that makes no maxim, anyhow—I suppose he has power to give a resate. Jemmy, go to bed again, you're pale, poor *bouchal;* and childher, ye crathurs, ye, the cows won't be taken from yees this bout. Come, in the name of God, let us go, and see everything rightified at once—hut, tut—come."

Many similar details of Owen M'Carthy's useful life could be given, in which he bore an equally benevolent and Christian part. Poor fellow! he was ere long brought low; but to the credit of our peasantry, much as is said about their barbarity, he was treated, when helpless, with gratitude, pity, and kindness.

Until the peace of 1814, Owen's regular and systematic industry enabled him to struggle successfully against a weighty rent and sudden depression in the price of agricultural produce; that is, he was able, by the unremitting toil of a man remarkable alike for an unbending spirit and a vigorous frame of body, to pay his rent with tolerable regularity. It is true a change began to be visible in his personal appearance, in his farm, in the dress of his children, and in the economy of his household. Improvements, which adequate capital would have enabled him to effect, were left either altogether unattempted, or in an imperfect state resembling neglect—though, in reality, the result of poverty. His dress at mass, and in fairs and markets, had, by degrees, lost that air of comfort and warmth which bespeaks the independent farmer. The evidences of embarrassment began to disclose themselves in many small points, inconsiderable, it is true, but not the less significant. His house, in the progress of his declining circumstances, ceased to be annually ornamented by a new coat of whitewash; it soon assumed a faded and yellowish hue, and sparkled not in the setting sun as in the days of Owen's prosperity. It had, in fact, a wasted, unthriving look, like its master: the thatch became black and rotten upon its roof, the chimneys sloped to opposite points, the windows were less neat, and ultimately, when broken, were patched with a couple

of leaves from the children's blotted copy-books. His out-houses also began to fail; the neatness of his little farm-yard, and the cleanliness which marked so conspicuously the space fronting his dwelling-house, disappeared in the course of time; filth began to accumulate where no filth had been; his garden was not now planted so early, nor with such taste and neatness, as before; his crops were later and less abundant; his haggards neither so full nor so trim as they were wont to be, nor his ditches and enclosures kept in such good repair. His cars, ploughs, and other farming implements, instead of being put under cover, were left exposed to the influence of wind and weather, where they soon became crazy and useless.

Such, however, were only the slighter symptoms of his bootless struggle against the general embarrassment into which the agricultural interests were, year after year, so unhappily sinking.

Had the tendency to general distress among the class to which he belonged become stationary, Owen would have continued by toil and incessant exertion to maintain his ground; but, unfortunately, there was no point at which the national depression could then stop. Year after year produced deeper, more extensive, and more complicated misery; and when he hoped that every succeeding season would bring an improvement in the market, he was destined to experience not merely a fresh disappointment, but an unexpected depreciation in the price of his corn, butter, and other disposable commodities.

When a nation is reduced to such a state, no eye but that of God Himself can see the appalling wretchedness to which a year of disease and scarcity strikes down the poor and working classes.

Owen, after a long and noble contest for nearly three years, sank, at length, under the united calamities of disease and scarcity. The father of the family was laid low upon the bed of sickness, and those of his little ones who escaped it were almost consumed by famine. This twofold shock sealed his ruin; his honest heart was crushed, his hardy frame shorn of its strength, and he, to whom every neighbour fled as to a friend, now required friendship at a moment when the widespread poverty of the country rendered its assistance hopeless.

On rising from his bed of sickness, the prospect before him required his utmost fortitude to bear. He was now wasted in energy both of mind and body, reduced to utter poverty, with a large family of children too young to assist him, without means of retrieving his circumstances, his wife and himself gaunt skeletons, his farm neglected, his house wrecked, and his offices falling to ruin, yet every day bringing the half year's term nearer! Oh, ye who riot on the miseries of such men—ye who roll round the easy circle of fashionable life—think upon this picture! Ye vile and heartless landlords, who see not, hear not, know not those to whose heart-breaking toil ye owe the only merit ye possess—that of rank in society—come and contemplate this virtuous man, as unfriended, unassisted, and uncheered by those who are bound by a strong moral duty to protect and aid him, he looks shuddering into the dark, cheerless future! Is it to be wondered at that he, and such as he, should, in the misery of his despair, join the nightly meetings, be lured to associate himself with the incendiary, or seduced to grasp, in the apathy of wretchedness, the weapon of the murderer? By neglecting the people, by draining them, with merciless rapacity, of the means of life, by goading them on under a cruel system of rack-rents, ye become not their natural benefactors, but curses and scourges, nearly as much in reality as ye are in their opinion.

When Owen rose, he was driven by hunger, direct and immediate, to sell his best cow; and having purchased some oatmeal, at an enormous price, from a well-known devotee in the parish, who hoarded up this commodity for a "dear summer," he laid his plans for the future with as much judgment as any man could display. One morning after breakfast he addressed his wife as follows:—

"Kathleen, *mavourneen*, I want to consult wid you about what we ought to do. Things are low wid us, *asthore;* and except our heavenly Father puts it into the heart of them I'm goin' to mention, I don't know what we'll do, nor what 'ill become of these poor crathurs that's naked and hungry about us. God pity them, they don't know—and maybe that same's some comfort—the hardships that's before them. Poor crathurs, see how quiet and sorrowful they sit about

their little play, passin' the time for themselves as well as they can! Alley, *acushla machree,* come over to me. Your hair is bright and fair, Alley, and curls so purtily that the finest lady in the land might envy it; but, *acushla,* your colour's gone, your little hands are wasted away too; that sickness was hard and sore upon you, *a colleen machree,* and he that ud spend his heart's blood for you, darlin', can do nothin' to help you!"

He looked at the child as he spoke, and a slight motion in the muscles of his face was barely perceptible, but it passed away; and after kissing her, he proceeded—

"Ay, ye crathurs—you and I, Kathleen, could earn our bread for ourselves yet, but these can't do it. This last stroke, darlin', has laid us at the door of both poverty and sickness; but blessed be the Mother of heaven for it, they are all left wid us; an' sure that's a blessin' we've to be thankful for—glory be to God!"

"Ay, poor things, it's well to have them spared, Owen dear; sure, I'd rather a thousand times beg from door to door and have my childher to look at, than be in comfort widout them."

"Beg—that ud go hard wid me, Kathleen. I'd work—I'd live on next to nothing all the year round—but to see the crathurs that wor dacently bred up brought to that—I couldn't bear it, Kathleen—'twould break the heart widin me. Poor as they are, they have the blood of kings in their veins; and besides, to see a M'Carthy beggin' his bread in the counthry where his name was once great! The M'Carthy More, that was their title. No, *acushla;* I love them as I do the blood in my own veins; but I'd rather see them in the arms of God in heaven, laid down dacently, with their little sorrowful faces washed, and their little bodies stretched out purtily before my eyes—I would—in the graveyard there beyant, where all belonging to me lie, than have it cast up to them, or have it said, that ever a M'Carthy was seen beggin' on the highway."

"But, Owen, can you strike out no plan for us that ud put us in the way of comin' round agin? These poor ones, if we could hould out for two or three year, would soon be able to help us."

"They would—they would. I'm thinkin' this day or two

of a plan; but I'm doubtful whether it ud come to anything."

"What is it, *acushla?* Sure, we can't be worse nor we are, anyway."

"I'm goin' to go to Dublin. I'm tould that the landlord's come home from France, and that he's there now; and if I didn't see him, sure I could see the agent. Now, Kathleen, my intintion ud be to lay our case before the head landlord himself, in hopes he might hould back his hand and spare us for a while. If I had a line from the agent, or a scrape of a pen that I could show at home to some of the nabours, who knows but I could borry what ud set us up agin. I think many of them ud be sorry to see me turned out—eh, Kathleen?"

The Irish are an imaginative people—indeed, too much so for either their individual or national happiness; and it is this, and superstition, which also depends much upon imagination, that make them so easily influenced by those extravagant dreams that are held out to them by persons who understand their character.

When Kathleen heard the plan on which Owen founded his expectations of assistance, her dark, melancholy eye flashed with a portion of its former fire, a transient vivacity lit up her sickly features, and she turned a smile of hope and affection upon her children, then upon Owen.

"*Arrah,* thin, who knows, indeed!—who knows but he might do something for us? And maybe we might be as well as ever yet! May the Lord put it into his heart this day! I declare, ay!—maybe it was God put it into your heart, Owen!"

"I'll set off," replied her husband, who was a man of decision—"I'll set off on other morrow mornin'; and as nobody knows anything about it, so let there not be a word said upon the subject, good or bad. If I have success, well and good; but if not, why nobody need be the wiser."

The heart-broken wife evinced, for the remainder of the day, a lightness of spirits which she had not felt for many a month before. Even Owen was less depressed than usual, and employed himself in making such arrangements as he knew would occasion his family to feel the inconvenience of

his absence less acutely. But as the hour of his departure drew nigh, a sorrowful feeling of affection, rising into greater strength and tenderness, threw a melancholy gloom around his hearth. According to their simple view of distance, a journey to Dublin was a serious undertaking, and to them it was such. Owen was in weak health, just risen out of illness, and what was more trying than any other consideration was that since their marriage they had never been separated before.

On the morning of his departure he was up before daybreak, and so were his wife and children, for the latter had heard the conversation already detailed between them, and, with their simple-minded parents, enjoyed the gleam of hope which it presented; but this soon changed—when he was preparing to go, an indefinite sense of fear, and a more vivid clinging of affection, marked their feelings. He himself partook of this, and was silent, depressed, and less ardent than when the speculation first presented itself to his mind. His resolution, however, was taken, and should he fail, no blame at a future time could be attached to himself. It was the last effort; and to neglect it, he thought, would have been to neglect his duty. When breakfast was ready, they all sat down in silence; the hour was yet early, and a rushlight was placed in a wooden candlestick that stood beside them to afford light. There was something solemn and touching in the group as they sat in dim relief, every face marked by the traces of sickness, want, sorrow, and affection. The father attempted to eat, but he could not; Kathleen sat at the meal, but could taste nothing; the children ate, for hunger at the moment was predominant over every other sensation. At length it was over, and Owen rose to depart; he stood for a minute on the floor, and seemed to take a survey of his cold, cheerless house, and then of his family; he cleared his throat several times, but did not speak.

"Kathleen," said he, at length, "in the name of God, I'll go; and may His blessin' be about you, *asthore machree*, and guard you and these darlins till I come back to yees."

Kathleen's faithful heart could bear no more; she laid herself on his bosom—clung to his neck—and, as the parting kiss was given, she wept aloud, and Owen's tears fell silently

down his worn cheeks. The children crowded about them in loud wailings, and the grief of this virtuous and afflicted family was of that profound description which is ever the companion, in such scenes, of pure and genuine love.

"Owen!" she exclaimed—"Owen, *a-suilish mahuil agus machree!* I doubt we wor wrong in thinkin' of this journey. How can you, *mavourneen,* walk all the way to Dublin, and you so worn and weakly wid that sickness, and the bad feedin' both before and since? Och, give it up, *achree,* and stay wid us—let what will happen. You're not able for sich a journey—indeed, you're not. Stay wid me and the childher, Owen; sure, we'd be so lonesome widout you—will you, *agra?* and the Lord will do for us some other way, maybe."

Owen pressed his faithful wife to his heart, and kissed her chaste lips with a tenderness which the heartless votaries of fashionable life can never know.

"Kathleen, *asthore,*" he replied, in those terms of endearment which flow so tenderly through the language of the people—"sure, whin I remimber your fair young face, your yellow hair, and the light that was in your eyes, *acushla machree*—but that's gone long ago—och, don't ax me to stop. Isn't your lightsome laugh, whin you wor young, in my ears? and your step that ud not bend the flower of the field—Kathleen, I can't—indeed I can't bear to think of what you wor, nor of what you are now, when, in the coorse of age and natur, but a small change ought to be upon you! Sure, I ought to make every struggle to take you and these sorrowful crathurs out of the state you're in."

The children flocked about them, and joined their entreaties to those of their mother. "Father, don't lave us—we'll be lonesome if you go; and if my mother ud get unwell, who'd be to take care of her? Father, don't lave your own '*weeny* crathurs' (a pet name he had for them)—maybe the meal ud be eat out before you'd come back; or maybe something ud happen you in that strange place."

"Indeed, there's truth in what they say, Owen," said the wife; "do be said by your own Kathleen for this time, and don't take sich a long journey upon you. Afther all, maybe you wouldn't see him. Sure, the nabours will help us, if you could only humble yourself to ax them!"

"Kathleen," said Owen, "when this is past you'll be glad I went—indeed, you will; sure, it's only the tindher feelin' of your hearts, darlins. Who knows what the landlord may do when I see himself, and show him these resates—every penny paid him by our own family. Let me go, *acushla;* it does cut me to the heart to lave yees the way yees are in, even for a while; but it's far worse to see your poor wasted faces, widout having it in my power to do anything for yees."

He then kissed them again, one by one; and pressing the affectionate partner of his sorrows to his breaking heart, he bade God bless them, and set out in the twilight of a bitter March morning. He had not gone many yards from the door when little Alley ran after him, in tears; he felt her hand upon the skirts of his coat, which she plucked with a smile of affection that neither tears nor sorrow could repress. "Father, kiss me again," said she. He stooped down and kissed her tenderly. The child then ascended a green ditch, and Owen, as he looked back, saw her standing upon it; her fair tresses were tossed by the blast about her face, as with straining eyes she watched him receding from her view. Kathleen and the other children stood at the door, and also with deep sorrow watched his form, until the angle of the bridle-road rendered him no longer visible; after which they returned slowly to the fire and wept bitterly.

We believe no men are capable of bearing greater toil or privation than the Irish. Owen's *viaticum* was only two or three oaten cakes tied in a little handkerchief, and a few shillings in silver to pay for his bed. With this small stock of food and money, an oaken stick in his hand, and his wife's kerchief tied about his waist, he undertook a journey of one hundred and eighty miles in quest of a landlord who, so far from being acquainted with the distresses of his tenantry, scarcely knew even their names, and not one of them in person.

Our scene now changes to the metropolis. One evening about half-past six o'clock, a toil-worn man turned his steps to a splendid mansion in Mountjoy Square; his appearance was drooping, fatigued, and feeble. As he went along he examined the numbers on the respective doors, until he reached one—before which he stopped for a moment; he

then stepped out upon the street, and looked through the windows, as if willing to ascertain whether there was any chance of his object being attained. Whilst in this situation a carriage rolled rapidly up, and stopped with a sudden check that nearly threw the horses on their haunches. In an instant the thundering knock of the servant intimated the arrival of some person of rank ; the hall-door was opened, and Owen, availing himself of that opportunity, entered the hall. Such a visitor, however, was too remarkable to escape notice. The hand of the menial was rudely placed against his breast, and as the usual impertinent interrogatories were put to him, the pampered ruffian kept pushing him back, until the afflicted man stood upon the upper step leading to the door.

" For the sake of God, let me spake but two words to him. I'm his tenant; and I know he's too much of a gintleman to turn away a man that has lived upon his honour's estate—father and son—for upwards of two hundher years. My name's Owen——"

" You can't see him, my good fellow, at this hour. Go to Mr. M——, his agent. We have company to dinner. He never speaks to a tenant on business ; his agent manages all that. Please leave the way ; here's more company."

As he uttered the last word he pushed Owen back, who, forgetting that the stairs were behind him, fell, received a severe cut, and was so completely stunned that he lay senseless and bleeding. Another carriage drove up as the fellow, now much alarmed, attempted to raise him from the steps, and, by order of the gentleman who came in it, he was brought into the hall. The circumstance now made some noise. It was whispered about that one of Mr. ——'s tenants, a drunken fellow from the country, wanted to break in forcibly to see him ; but then it was also asserted that his skull was broken, and that he lay dead in the hall. Several of the gentlemen above stairs, on hearing that a man had been killed, immediately assembled about him, and by the means of restoratives he soon recovered, though the blood streamed copiously from the wound in the back of his head.

" Who are you, my good man ? " said Mr. S——.

Owen looked about him rather vacantly, but soon collected himself, and replied in a mournful and touching tone of voice,

"I'm one of your honour's tenants from Tubber Derg. My name is Owen M'Carthy, your honour—that is, if you be Mr. ——."

"And pray what brought you to town, M'Carthy?"

"I wanted to make an humble appale to your honour's feelins, in regard of my bit of farm. I and my poor family, your honour, have been broken down by hard times and the sickness of the sason—God knows how they are."

"If you wish to speak to me about that, my good man, you must know I refer all these matters to my agent—go to him; he knows them best; and whatever is right and proper to be done for you, he will do it. Sinclair, give him a crown, and send him to the —— Dispensary to get his head dressed. I say, M'Carthy, go to my agent; he knows whether your claim is just or not, and will attend to it accordingly."

"Plase your honour, I've been wid him, and he says he can't do nothin' whatsoever for me. I went two or three times, and couldn't see him, he was so busy; and when I did get a word or two wid him, he tould me there was more offered for my land than I'm payin', and that if I did not pay up I must be put out—God help me!"

"But I tell you, M'Carthy, I never interfere between him and my tenants."

"Och, indeed, and it would be well both for your honour's tenants and yourself if you did, sir. Your honour ought to know, sir, more about us, and how we're thrated. I'm an honest man, sir, and I tell you so for your good."

"And pray, sir," said the agent, stepping forward, for he had arrived a few minutes before, and heard the last observation of M'Carthy—"pray, how are they treated, you that know so well, and are so honest a man? As for honesty, you might have referred to me for that, I think," he added.

"Mr. M——," said Owen, "we're thrated very badly. Sir, you needn't look at me, for I'm not afeerd to spake the thruth; no bullyin,' sir, will make me say anything in your favour that you don't desarve. You've broken the half of them by severity; you've turned the tenants aginst yourself and his honour here; and I tell you now, though you're to the fore, that in the coorse of a short time there'll be bad work upon the estate, except his honour here looks into his

own affairs, and hears the complaints of the people. Look at these resates, yer honour; they'll show you, sir——"

"M'Carthy, I can hear no such language against the gentleman to whom I entrust the management of my property; of course I refer the matter solely to him; I can do nothing in it."

"Kathleen, *avourneen!*" exclaimed the poor man, as he looked up despairingly to heaven—"and ye, poor darlins of my heart! Is this the news I'm to have for yees whin I go home? As you hope for mercy, sir, don't turn away your ear from my petition that I'd humbly make to yourself. Cowld, and hunger, and hardship are at home before me, yer honour. If you'd be plased to look at these resates, you'd see that I always paid my rent, and 'twas sickness and hard times——"

"And your own honesty, industry, and good conduct," said the agent, giving a dark and malignant sneer at him. "M'Carthy, it shall be my business to see that you do not spread a bad spirit through the tenantry much longer. Sir, you have heard the fellow's admission. It is an implied threat that he will give us much serious trouble. There is not such another incendiary on your property—not one, upon my honour."

"Sir," said a servant, "dinner is on the table."

"Sinclair," said his landlord, "give him another crown, and tell him to trouble me no more." Saying which, he and the agent went up to the drawing-room, and, in a moment, Owen saw a large party sweep down stairs, full of glee and vivacity, by whom both himself and his distresses were as completely forgotten as if they had never existed.

He now slowly departed, and knew not whether the house steward had given him money or not until he felt it in his hand. A cold, sorrowful weight lay upon his heart; the din of the town deadened his affliction into a stupor; but an overwhelming sense of his disappointment and a conviction of the agent's diabolical falsehood entered like barbed arrows into his heart.

On leaving the steps he looked up to heaven in the distraction of his agonising thoughts; the clouds were black and lowering, the wind stormy, and as it carried them on

its dark wing along the sky, he wished, if it were the will of God, that his head lay in the quiet graveyard where the ashes of his forefathers reposed in peace. But he again remembered his Kathleen and their children, and the large tears of anguish, deep and bitter, rolled slowly down his cheeks.

We will not trace him into an hospital, whither the wound on his head occasioned him to be sent, but simply state that, on the second week after this, a man, with his head bound in a handkerchief, lame, bent, and evidently labouring under severe illness or great affliction, might be seen toiling slowly up the little hill that commanded a view of Tubber Derg. On reaching the top, he sat down to rest for a few minutes, but his eye was eagerly turned to the house which contained all that was dear to him on this earth. The sun was setting, and shone with half his disc visible, in that dim and cheerless splendour which produces almost in every temperament a feeling of melancholy. His house, which in happier days formed so beautiful and conspicuous an object in the view, was now, from the darkness of its walls, scarcely discernible. The position of the sun, too, rendered it more difficult to be seen, and Owen, for it was he, shaded his eyes with his hand, to survey it more distinctly. Many a harrowing thought and remembrance passed through his mind as his eye traced its dim outline in the fading light. He had done his duty—he had gone to the fountain-head, with a hope that his simple story of affliction might be heard. But all was fruitless: the only gleam of hope that opened upon their misery had now passed into darkness and despair for ever. He pressed his aching forehead with distraction as he thought of this; then clasped his hands bitterly, and groaned aloud.

At length he rose, and proceeded with great difficulty, for the short rest had stiffened his weak and fatigued joints. As he approached home his heart sank; and as he ascended the blood-red stream which covered the bridle-way that led to his house, what with fatigue and affliction, his agitation weakened him so much that he stopped and leaned on his staff several times that he might take breath.

"It's too dark, maybe, for them to see me, or poor Kathleen would send the darlins to give me the *she dha veha*. Kathleen,

avourneen machree, how my heart beats wid longing to see you, *asthore,* and to see the *weeny* crathurs—glory be to Him that has left them to me—praise and glory to His name!"

He was now within a few perches of the door; but a sudden misgiving shot across his heart when he saw it shut, and no appearance of smoke from the chimney, nor of stir or life about the house. He advanced.

"Mother of glory, what's this!—but wait, let me rap again. Kathleen—Kathleen—are you widin, *avourneen?* Owen—Alley—aren't yees widin, childher? Alley, sure I'm come back to yees all!" and he rapped more loudly than before. A dark breeze swept through the bushes as he spoke, but no voice nor sound proceeded from the house; all was still as death within. "Alley!" he called once more to his little favourite, "I'm come home wid something for you, *asthore.* I didn't forget you, *alanna*—I brought it from Dublin all the way—Alley!" but the gloomy murmur of the blast was the only reply.

Perhaps the most intense of all that he knew as misery was that which he then felt; but this state of suspense was soon terminated by the appearance of a neighbour who was passing.

"Why, thin, Owen, but yer welcome home agin, my poor fellow; and I'm sorry that I haven't betther news for you, and so are all of us."

He whom he addressed had almost lost the power of speech.

"Frank," said he, and he wrung his hand. "What—what? was death among them—for the sake of heaven, spake!"

The severe pressure which he received in return ran like a shock of paralysis to his heart. "Owen, you must be a man. Every one pities yees, and may the Almighty pity and support yees! She is, indeed, Owen, gone—the *weeny* fair-haired child, your favourite Alley, is gone. Yestherday she was berrid; and dacently the nabours attinded the place, and sent in, as far as they had it, both mate and dhrink to Kathleen and the other ones. Now, Owen, you've heard it; trust in God, an' be a man."

A deep and convulsive throe shook him to the heart. "Gone!—the fair-haired one!—Alley!—Alley!—the pride of both our hearts—the sweet, the quiet, and the sorrowful

child, that seldom played wid the rest, but kept wid mys——! Oh, my darlin', my darlin'! gone from my eyes for ever! God of glory! won't you support me this night of sorrow and misery!" With a sudden yet profound sense of humility, he dropped on his knees at the threshold, and as the tears rolled down his convulsed cheeks, exclaimed, in a burst of sublime piety not at all uncommon amongst our peasantry, "I thank you, O my God! I thank you; an' I put myself an' my *weeny* ones, my *pastchee boght*, into your hands. I thank you, O God, for what has happened! Keep me up and support me —och, I want it! You loved the *weeny* one, and you took her—she was the light of my eyes, and the pulse of my broken heart; but you took her, blessed Father of heaven! an' we can't be angry wid you for so doin'. Still, if you had spared her—if—if—O blessed Father, my heart was in the very one you took—but I thank you, O God! May she rest in pace, now and for ever, Amin!"

He then rose up, and slowly wiping the tears from his eyes, departed.

"Let me hould your arm, Frank dear," said he. "I am weak and tired wid a long journey. Och, and can it be that she's gone — the fair-haired *colleen!* When I was lavin' home, an' had kissed them all—'twas the first time we ever parted, Kathleen and I, since our marriage — the blessed child came over an' held up her mouth, sayin', 'Kiss *me* agin, father!' and this was afther herself an' all of them had kissed me afore. But och, oh! Blessed Mother, Frank, where's my Kathleen and the rest?—and why are they out of their own place?"

"Owen, I tould you a while agone that you must be a man. I gave you the worst news first, an' what's to come doesn't signify much. It was too dear; for if any man could live upon it you could—you have neither house nor home, Owen, nor land. An ordher came from the agint, your last cow was taken, so was all you had in the world—hem—barrin' a thrifle. No, bad manners to it—no, you're not widout a home, anyway—the family's in my barn, brave and comfortable compared to what your own house was, that let in the wather through the roof like a sieve; and while the same barn's to the fore, never say you want a home."

"God bless you, Frank, for that goodness to them and me. If you're not rewarded for it here, you will be in a betther place. Och, I long to see Kathleen and the childher! But I'm fairly broken down, Frank, and hardly able to mark the ground; and indeed no wondher, if you knew but all; still, let God's will be done! Poor Kathleen, I must bear up afore her, or she'll break her heart, for I know how she loved the golden-haired darlin' that's gone from us. Och, and how did she go, Frank, for I left her betther?"

"Why, the poor *girsha* took a relapse, and wasn't strong enough to bear up aginst the last attack; but it's one comfort that you know she's happy."

Owen stood for a moment, and looking solemnly in his neighbour's face, exclaimed, in a deep and exhausted voice, "Frank!"

"What are you goin' to say, Owen?"

"The heart widin me's broke—broke!"

The large tears rolled down his weather-beaten cheeks, and he proceeded in silence to the house of his friend. There was, however, a feeling of sorrow in his words and manner which Frank could not withstand. He grasped Owen's hand, and in a low and broken voice simply said, "Keep your spirits up—keep them up."

When they came to the barn in which his helpless family had taken up their temporary residence, Owen stood for a moment to collect himself; but he was nervous, and trembled with repressed emotion. They then entered; and Kathleen, on seeing her beloved and affectionate husband, threw herself on his bosom, and for some time felt neither joy nor sorrow—she had swooned. The poor man embraced her with a tenderness at once mournful and deep. The children, on seeing their father safely returned, forgot their recent grief, and clung about him with gladness and delight. In the meantime Kathleen recovered, and Owen for many minutes could not check the loud and clamorous grief—now revived by the presence of her husband—with which the heart-broken and emaciated mother deplored her departed child; and Owen himself, on once more looking among the little ones—on seeing her little frock hanging up, and her stool vacant by the fire—on missing her voice and her blue laughing eyes,

and remembering the affectionate manner in which, as with a presentiment of death, she held up her little mouth and offered him the last kiss—he slowly pulled the toys and cakes he had purchased for her out of his pocket, surveyed them for a moment, and then putting his hands on his face, bent his head upon his bosom and wept with the vehement outpouring of a father's sorrow.

The reader perceives that he was a meek man, that his passions were not dark nor violent; he bore no revenge to those who neglected or injured him; and in this he differed from many of his countrymen. No; his spirit was broken down with sorrow, and had not room for the fiercer and more destructive passions. His case excited general pity. Whatever his neighbours could do to soothe him and alleviate his affliction was done. His farm was not taken; for fearful threats were held out against those who might venture to occupy it. In these threats he had nothing to do; on the contrary, he strongly deprecated them. Their existence, however, was deemed by the agent sufficient to justify him in his callous and malignant severity towards him.

Owen for another year struggled on for his family without success; his firm spirit was broken; employment he could not get, and even had it been regular, he would have found it impracticable to support his helpless wife and children by his labour. The next year, unhappily, was also one of sickness and of want; the country was not only a wide waste of poverty, but overspread with typhus fever. One Saturday night he and the family found themselves without food; they had not tasted a morsel for twenty-four hours. There were murmurings and tears, and finally a low conversation among them, as if they held a conference upon some subject which filled them with both grief and satisfaction. In this alternation of feeling did they pass the time until the sharp gnawing of hunger was relieved by sleep. A keen December wind blew with a bitter blast on the following morning; the rain was borne along upon it with violence, and the cold was chill and piercing. Owen, his wife, and their six children issued at daybreak out of the barn in which, ever since their removal from Tubber Derg, they had lived until then; their miserable fragments of bedclothes were tied in a bundle, to

keep them dry; their pace was slow, need we say sorrowful; all were in tears. Owen and Kathleen went first, with a child upon the back, and another in the hand, of each. Their route lay by their former dwelling, the door of which was open, for it had not been inhabited. On passing it they stood a moment; then with a simultaneous impulse both approached —entered—and took one last look of a spot to which their hearts clung with enduring attachment. They then returned; and as they passed, Owen put forth his hand, picked a few small pebbles out of the wall, and put them in his pocket.

"Farewell!" said he, "and may the blessin' of God rest upon you! We now lave you for ever! We're goin' at last to beg our bread through the world wide, where none will know of the happy days we passed widin your walls! We must lave you; but glory be to the Almighty, we are goin' wid a clear conscience; we took no revenge into our own hands, but left everything to God above us. We are poor; but there is neither blood, nor murder, nor dishonesty upon our heads. Don't cry, Kathleen—don't cry, childher; there is still a good God above, who can and may do something for us yet, glory be to His name!"

He then passed on with his family, which, including himself, made, in all, eight paupers, being an additional burden upon the country, which might easily have been avoided. His land was about two years waste, and when it was ultimately taken the house was a ruin, and the money allowed by the landlord for building a new one, together with the loss of two years' rent, would, if humanely directed, have enabled Owen M'Carthy to remain a solvent tenant.

When an Irish peasant is reduced to pauperism he seldom commences the melancholy task of soliciting alms in his native place. The trial is always a severe one, and he is anxious to hide his shame and misery from the eyes of those who know him. Paupers of this description become a burden upon strangers, whilst those who are capable of entering with friendly sympathy into their misfortunes have no opportunity of assisting them. There is a strong spirit of family pride in Ireland, which would be sufficient to make many poor of both sexes exert themselves to the uttermost rather than cast a stain upon their name, or bring a blush to the face of

their relations. The mendicant sets out to beg, and in every instance commences his new mode of life in some distant part of the country, where his name and family are not known.

On the other hand, any person conversant with the Irish people must frequently have heard such dialogues as the following, during the application of a beggar for alms.

Mendicant. "We're axin' your charity, for God's sake!"

Poor Tenant. "Whethen, for His sake you would get it, poor crathur, if we had it; but it's not for you widin the four corners of the house. It ud be well for us if we had now all we gave away in charity durin' the whole year; we wouldn't have to be buyin' for ourselves at three prices. Why don't you go up to the Big House? They're rich, and can afford it."

Mendicant, with a shrug which sets all his coats and bags in motion. "Och! och! The Big House, *inagh! Musha,* do you want me, an' the childher here, to be torn to pieces wid the dogs? or lashed wid a whip by one o' the sarwints? No, no, *avourneen,*" with a hopeless shake of the head—"that ud be a blue look-up, like a clear evenin'."

Poor Tenant. "Then, indeed, we haven't it to help you now, poor man. We're buyin' ourselves."

Mendicant. "Thin, throth, that's lucky, so it is! I've as purty a grain o' male here as you'd wish to thicken wather wid, that I struv to get together, in hopes to be able to buy a quarther o' tobaccy, along wid a pair o' new bades an' a scapular for myself. I'm suspicious that there's about a stone ov it altogether. You can have it anundher the market price, for I'm frettin' at not havin' the scapular an me. Sure, the Lord will sind me an' the childher a bit an' sup some way else—glory to His name!—besides a lock o' praties in the corner o' the bag here, that'll do us for this day, anyway."

The bargain is immediately struck, and the poor tenant is glad to purchase, even from a beggar, his stone of meal, in consequence of getting it a few pence under market price. Such scenes as this, which are of frequent occurrence in the country parts of Ireland, need no comment.

This certainly is not a state of things which should be permitted to exist. Every man ought to be compelled to

support the poor of his native parish according to his means. It is an indelible disgrace to the Legislature so long to have neglected the paupers of Ireland. Is it to be thought of with common patience that a person rolling in wealth shall feed upon his turtle, his venison, and his costly luxuries of every description, for which he will not scruple to pay the highest price—that this heartless and selfish man, whether he reside at home or abroad, shall thus unconscionably pamper himself with viands purchased by the toil of the people, and yet not contribute to their miseries when poverty, sickness, or age throws them upon the scanty support of casual charity!

Another point in connection with pauperism is the immoral influence that proceeds from the relation in which the begging poor in Ireland stand towards the class by whom they are supported. These, as we have already said, are the poorest, least educated, and consequently the most ignorant description of the people. They are also the most numerous. There have been for centuries, probably since the Reformation itself, certain opinions floating among the lower classes in Ireland, all tending to prepare them for some great change in their favour, arising from the discomfiture of heresy, the overthrow of their enemies, and the exaltation of themselves and their religion.

Scarcely had the public mind subsided after the Rebellion of Ninety-eight, when the success of Bonaparte directed the eyes and the hopes of the Irish people towards him as the person designed to be their deliverer. Many a fine fiction has the author of this work heard about that great man's escapes, concerning the bullets that conveniently turned aside from his person, and the sabres that civilly declined to cut him down. Many prophecies, too, were related, in which the glory of this country under his reign was touched off in the happiest colours. Pastorini also gave such notions an impulse. Eighteen twenty-five was to be the year of their deliverance; George the Fourth was never to fill the British throne; and the mill of Louth was to be turned three times with human blood. The miller with the two thumbs was then living, said the mendicants, for they were the principal propagators of these opinions, and the great expounders of

their own prophecies; so that, of course, there could be no further doubt upon the subject. Several of them had seen him: a red-haired man, with broad shoulders, stout legs, exactly as a miller ought to have, and two thumbs on his right hand—all precisely as the prophecy had stated. Then there was *Beal-dearg*, and several others of the fierce old Milesian chiefs, who along with their armies lay in an enchanted sleep, all ready to awake and take a part in the delivery of the country. "Sure, such a man," and they would name him, in the time of the mendicant's grandfather, "was once going to a fair to sell a horse—well and good; the time was the dawn of morning, a little before daylight. He met a man who undertook to purchase his horse; they agreed upon the price, and the seller of him followed the buyer into a Rath, where he found a range of horses, each with an armed soldier asleep by his side, ready to spring upon him if awoke. The purchaser cautioned the owner of the horse, as they were about to enter the subterraneous dwelling, against touching either horse or man; but the countryman, happening to stumble, inadvertently laid his hand upon a sleeping soldier, who immediately leaped up, drew his sword, and asked, '*Wuil anam inh?*' (Is the time in it? Is the time arrived?) To which the horsedealer of the Rath replied, '*Ha niel. Gho dhee collhow areesht.*' (No; go to sleep again.) Upon this, the soldier immediately sank down in his former position, and unbroken sleep reigned throughout the cave." The influence on the warm imaginations of ignorant people of the fictions concocted by vagrant mendicants was very pernicious. They filled their minds with the most palpable absurdities, and, what is worse, with opinions which, along with being injurious to those who received them, in every instance ensured for those who propagated them a cordial and kind reception.

These mendicants consequently pander, for their own selfish ends, to the prejudices of the ignorant, which they nourish and draw out in a manner that has in no slight degree been subversive of the peace of the country. Scarcely any political circumstance occurs which they do not immediately seize upon and twist to their own purposes, or, in other words, to the opinions of those from whom they derive their support. When our present police first appeared in their uniforms and

black belts, another prophecy, forsooth, was fulfilled. Immediately before the downfall of heresy a body of "Black Militia" was to appear. The police, then, are the black militia, and the people consider themselves another step nearer the consummation of their vague speculations.

Far—far different from this description of impostors were Owen M'Carthy and his family. Their misfortunes were not the consequences of negligence or misconduct on their own part. They struggled long but unavailingly against high rents and low markets; against neglect on the part of the landlord and his agent; against sickness, famine, and death. They had no alternative but to beg or starve. Owen was willing to work, but he could not procure employment, and provided he could, the miserable sum of sixpence a day, when food was scarce and dear, would not support him, his wife, and six little ones. He became a pauper, therefore, only to avoid starvation.

Heavy and black was his heart, to use the strong expression of the people, on the bitter morning when he set out to encounter the dismal task of seeking alms in order to keep life in himself and his family. The plan was devised on the preceding night; but to no mortal, except his wife, was it communicated. The honest pride of a man whose mind was above committing a mean action would not permit him to reveal what he considered the first stain that ever was known to rest upon the name of M'Carthy. He therefore sallied out under the beating of the storm, and proceeded, without caring much whither he went, until he got considerably beyond the bounds of his own parish.

In the meantime hunger pressed keenly upon him and them. The day had no appearance of clearing up; the heavy rain and sleet beat into their thin, worn garments; and the clamour of his children for food began to grow more and more importunate. They came to the shelter of a hedge which enclosed on one side a remote and broken road, along which, in order to avoid the risk of being recognised, they had preferred travelling. Owen stood here for a few minutes to consult with his wife as to where and when they should "make a beginning," but on looking round he found her in tears.

"Kathleen, *asthore*," said he, "I can't bid you not cry. Bear up, *acushla machree*—bear up; sure, as I said when we came out this mornin', there's a good God above us, that can still turn over the good lafe for us, if we put our hopes in Him."

"Owen," said his sinking wife, "it's not altogether bekase we're brought to this that I'm cryin'. No, indeed."

"Thin what ails you, Kathleen darlin'?"

The wife hesitated, and evaded the question for some time; but at length, upon his pressing her for an answer, with a fresh gush of sorrow she replied—

"Owen, since you must know—och, may God pity us!—since you must know, it's wid hunger—wid hunger! I kept, unknownst, a little bit of bread to give the childher this mornin', and that was part of it I gave you yesterday early—I'm near two days fastin'."

"Kathleen! Kathleen! Och! sure I know your worth, *avillish*. You were too good a wife, an' too good a mother, a'most! God forgive me, Kathleen! I fretted about beggin', dear; but as my heavenly Father's above me, I'm now happier to beg wid you by my side, nor if I war in the best house in the province widout you! Hould up, *avourneen*, for a while. Come on, childher darlins, an' the first house we meet, we'll ax their char——their assistance. Come on, darlins, all of yees. Why, my heart's asier, so it is. Sure, we have your mother, childher, safe wid us, an' what signifies anything so long as she's left to us."

He then raised his wife tenderly, for she had been compelled to sit from weakness, and they bent their steps to a decent farm-house that stood a few perches off the road, about a quarter of a mile before them.

As they approached the door, the husband hesitated a moment; his face got paler than usual, and his lips quivered, as he said, "Kathleen——"

"I know what you're goin' to say, Owen. No, *acushla*, you won't; I'll ax it myself."

"Do," said Owen, with difficulty; "I can't do it; but I'll overcome my pride afore long, I hope. It's thryin' to me, Kathleen, an' you know it is—for you know how little I ever expected to be brought to this."

"Husht, *avillish!* We'll thry, then, in the name o' God."

As she spoke, the children, herself, and her husband entered, to beg for the first time in their lives a morsel of food. Yes! timidly—with a blush of shame, red even to crimson, upon the pallid features of Kathleen—with grief acute and piercing—they entered the house together.

For some minutes they stood and spoke not. The unhappy woman, unaccustomed to the language of supplication, scarcely knew in what terms to crave assistance. Owen himself stood back, uncovered, his fine but much-changed features overcast with an expression of deep affliction. Kathleen cast a single glance at him as if for encouragement. Their eyes met; she saw the upright man—the last remnant of the M'Carthy—himself once the friend of the poor, of the unhappy, of the afflicted—standing crushed and broken down by misfortunes which he had not deserved, waiting with patience for a morsel of charity. Owen, too, had his remembrances. He recollected the days when he sought and gained the pure and fond affections of his Kathleen, when beauty, and youth, and innocence encircled her with their light and their grace as she spoke or moved; he saw her a happy wife and mother in her own home, kind and benevolent to all who required her good word or her good office, and remembered the sweetness of her light-hearted song; but now she was homeless. He remembered, too, how she used to plead with himself for the afflicted. It was but a moment; yet when their eyes met, that moment was crowded by recollections that flashed across their minds with a keen sense of a lot so bitter and wretched as theirs. Kathleen could not speak, although she tried; her sobs denied her utterance; and Owen involuntarily sat upon a chair, and covered his face with his hand.

To an observing eye it is never difficult to detect the cant of imposture, or to perceive distress when it is real. The good woman of the house, as is usual in Ireland, was in the act of approaching them, unsolicited, with a double handful of meal—that is, what the Scotch and northern Irish call a gowpen, or as much as both hands locked together can contain—when noticing their distress, she paused a moment, eyed them more closely, and exclaimed—

"What's this? Why, there's something wrong wid you, good people! But first an' foremost take this, in the name an' honour of God."

"May the blessin' of the same Man[1] rest upon yees!" replied Kathleen. "This is a sorrowful thrial to us; for it's our first day to be upon the world, an' this is the first help of the kind we ever axed for or ever got; an' indeed, now I find we haven't even a place to carry it in. I've no—b—b—cloth, or anything to hould it."

"Your first, is it?" said the good woman. "Your first! May the marciful Queen o' heaven look down upon yees, but it's a bitther day yees war driven out on! Sit down there, you poor crathur. God pity you, I pray this day, for you have a heart-broken look! Sit down a while, near the fire, you and the childher! Come over, darlins, an' warm yourselves! Och, oh! but it's the thousand pities to see sich fine childher, handsome an' good-lookin' even as they are, brought to this! Come over, good man; get near the fire, for you're wet an' cowld all of yees. Brian, *ludher* them two lazy thieves o' dogs out o' that. *Eiree suas, a wadhee bradagh, agus go mah a shin!*—be off wid yees, ye lazy divils, that's not worth your feedin'! Come over, honest man."

Owen and his family were placed near the fire; the poor man's heart was full, and he sighed heavily.

"May He that is plased to thry us," he exclaimed, "reward you for this! We are," he continued, "a poor an' a sufferin' family; but it's the will o' God that we should be so, an' sure we can't complain widout committin' sin. All we ax now is that it may be plasin' to Him that brought us low to enable us to bear up undher our thrials. We would take it to our choice to beg an' be honest, sooner nor to be wealthy an' wicked! We have our failins an' our sins, God help us; but still there's nothin' dark or heavy on our consciences. Glory be to the name of God for it!"

"Throth, I believe you," replied the farmer's wife; "there's thruth an' honesty in your face; one may easily see the re-

[1] God is sometimes thus termed in Ireland. By "Man" here is meant person or being. He is also called the "Man above," although this is often applied to Christ only.

mains of dacency about yees all. *Musha,* throw your little things aside, an' stay where yees are to-day; you can't bring out the childher undher the teem of rain an' sleet that's in it. *Wurrah dheelish,* but it's the bitther day all out! Faix, Paddy will get a dhrookin', so he will, at that weary fair wid the stirks, poor *bouchal*—a son of ours that's gone to Ballyboulteen to sell some cattle, an' he'll not be worth three hapuns afore he comes back. I hope he'll have sinse to go into some house, when he's done, an' dhry himself well, anyhow, besides takin' somethin' to keep out the cowld. Put by your things, an' don't think of goin' out sich a day."

"We thank you," replied Owen. "Indeed, we're glad to stay undher your roof; for, poor things, they're badly able to thravel sich a day—these childher."

"*Musha,* yees ate no breakfast, maybe?"

Owen and his family were silent. The children looked wistfully at their parents, anxious that they should confirm what the good woman surmised; the father looked again at his famished brood and his sinking wife, and nature overcame him.

"Food did not crass our lips this day," replied Owen; "an' I may say hardly anything yesterday."

"Oh, Blessed Mother! Here, Katty Murray, drop scrubbin' that dresser, an' put down the midlin' pot for stirabout. Be livin'! *manim an diouol,* woman alive, handle yourself; you might a had it boilin' by this. God presarve us!—to be two days widout atin'! Be the crass, Katty, if you're not alive, I'll give you a douse o' the churnstaff that'll bring the fire to your eyes! Do you hear me?"

"I do hear you, an' did often feel you too, for fraid hearin' wouldn't do. You think there's no places in the world but your own, I b'lieve. Faix, indeed! it's well come up wid us, to be randied about wid no less a switch than a churnstaff!"

"Is it givin' back talk you are? Bad end to me, if you look crucked but I'll lave you a mark to remember me by. What woman ud put up wid you but myself, you shkamin' flipe? It wasn't to give me your bad tongue I hired you, but to do your business; and be the crass above us, if you turn your tongue on me agin, I'll give you the weight o' the churnstaff. Is it bekase they're poor people, that it plased God to bring to this, that you turn up your nose at doin' anything to sarve

them? There's not wather enough there, I say—put in more. What signifies all the stirabout that ud make? Put plinty in; it's betther always to have too much than too little. Faix, I tell you, you'll want a male's meat an' a night's lodgin' afore you die if you don't mend your manners."

"Och, *musha*, the poor girl is doin' her best," observed Kathleen; "an' I'm sure she wouldn't be guilty of usin' pride to the likes of us, or to any one that the Lord has laid His hand upon."

"She had betther not while I'm to the fore," said her mistress. "What is she herself? Sure, if it was a sin to be poor, God help the world! No, it's neither a sin nor a shame."

"Thanks be to God, no," said Owen, "it's neither the one nor the other. So long as we keep a fair name an' a clear conscience, we can't ever say that our case is hard."

After some further conversation a comfortable breakfast was prepared for them, of which they partook with an appetite sharpened by their long abstinence from food. Their stay here was particularly fortunate, for as they were certain of a cordial welcome, and an abundance of that which they much wanted—wholesome food—the pressure of immediate distress was removed. They had time to think more accurately upon the little preparations for misery which were necessary, and as the day's leisure was at their disposal, Kathleen's needle and scissors were industriously plied in mending the tattered clothes of her husband and her children in order to meet the inclemency of the weather.

On the following morning, after another abundant breakfast, and substantial marks of kindness from their entertainers, they prepared to resume their new and melancholy mode of life. As they were about to depart, the farmer's wife addressed them in the following terms—the farmer himself, by the way, being but the shadow of his worthy partner in life.

Wife. "Now, good people, you're takin' the world on your heads——"

Farmer. "Ay, good people, you're takin' the world on your heads——"

Wife. "Hold your tongue, Brian, an' suck your *dudeen*. It's me that's spakin' to them, so none of your palaver, if you

plase, till I'm done, an' then you may prache till Tib's Eve, an' that's neither before Christmas nor afther it."

Farmer. "Sure, I'm sayin' nothin', Evleen, barrin' houldin' my tongue, *a shuchar.*"

Wife. "You're takin' the world on yees, an' God knows 'tis a heavy load to carry, poor crathurs!"

Farmer. "A heavy load, poor crathurs! God He knows it's that."

Wife. "Brian! *Gluntho ma?*—did you hear me? You'll be puttin' in your gab, an' me spakin'? How-and-iver, as I was sayin', our house was the first yees came to, an' they say there's a great blessin' to thim that gives the first charity to a poor man or woman settin' out to look for their bit."

Farmer. "Throgs, ay! whin they set out to look for their bit."

Wife. "By the crass, Bryan, you'd vex a saint. What have you to say in it, you *pittiogue?* Hould your whisht now, an' suck your *dudeen,* I say; sure, I allow you a quarther o' tobaccy a week, an' what right have you to be puttin' in your *gosther* when other people's spakin'?"

Farmer. "Go an."

Wife. "So, you see, the long an' the short of it is, that whenever you happen to be in this side of the counthry, always come to us. You know the ould sayin'—when the poor man comes he brings a blessin', an' whin he goes he carries away a curse. You have as much meal as will last yees a day or two; an' God He sees you're heartily welcome to all yees got?"

Farmer. "God He sees you're heartily welcome——"

Wife. "*Chorp an diouol,* Brian, hould your tongue, or I'll turn you out o' the kitchen. One can't hear their own ears for you, you poor squakin' dhrone. By the crass I'll—eh? Will you whisht, now?"

Farmer. "Go an. Amn't I dhrawin' my pipe?"

Wife. "Well, dhraw it; but don't dhraw me down upon you, barrin'—Do you hear me? an' the sthrange people to the fore, too! Well, the Lord be wid yees, and bless yees! But afore yees go, jist lave your blessin' wid us; for it's a good thing to have the blessin' of the poor."

"The Lord bless you an' yours!" said Owen fervently.

"May you an' them never—oh, may you never—never suffer what we've suffered, nor know what it is to want a male's mate or a night's lodgin'!"

"Amin!" exclaimed Kathleen; "may the world flow upon you! for your good, kind heart desarves it."

Farmer. "An' whisper—I wish you'd offer up a prayer for the rulin' o' the tongue. The Lord might hear you, but there's no great hopes that ever He'll hear me; though I've prayed for it a'most ever since I was married, night an' day, winther an' summer; but no use, she's as bad as ever."

This was in a kind of friendly insinuating undertone to Owen, who, on hearing it, simply nodded his head, but made no other reply.

They then recommenced their journey, after having once more blessed, and been invited by, their charitable entertainers, who made them promise never to pass their house without stopping a night with them.

It is not our intention to trace Owen M'Carthy and his wife through all the variety which a wandering pauper's life affords. He never could reconcile himself to the habits of a mendicant. His honest pride and integrity of heart raised him above it; neither did he sink into the whine and cant of imposture, nor the slang of knavery. No; there was a touch of manly sorrow about him which neither time, nor familiarity with his degraded mode of life, could take away from him. His usual observation to his wife, and he never made it without a pang of intense bitterness, was, "Kathleen darlin', it's thrue we have enough to ate an' to dhrink; but we have no home!—no home!" To a man like him it was a thought of surpassing bitterness, indeed.

"Ah! Kathleen," he would observe, "if we had but the poorest shed that could be built, provided it was our own, wouldn't we be happy? The bread we ate, *avourneen,* doesn't do us good. We don't work for it—it's the bread of shame and idleness; and yet it's Owen M'Carthy that ates it! But, *avourneen,* that's past; an' we'll never see our own home or our own hearth agin. That's what's cuttin' into my heart, Kathleen. Never!—never!"

Many a trial, too, of another kind was his patience called upon to sustain; particularly from the wealthy and the more

elevated in life, when his inexperience as a mendicant led him to solicit their assistance.

"Begone, sirrah, off my grounds!" one would say. "Why don't you work, you sturdy impostor," another would exclaim, "rather than stroll about so lazily, training your brats to the gallows?" "You should be taken up, fellow, as a vagrant," a third would observe; "and if I ever catch you coming up my avenue again, depend upon it, I will slip my dogs at you and your idle spawn."

Owen, on these occasions, turned away in silence; he did not curse them; but the pangs of his honest heart went before Him who will, sooner or later, visit upon the heads of such men their cruel spurning and neglect of the poor.

"Kathleen," he observed to his wife one day, about a year or more after they had begun to beg—"Kathleen, I have been turnin' it in my mind that some of these childher might sthrive to earn their bit an' sup, an' their little coverin' of clo'es, poor things. We might put them to herd cows in the summer, an' the *girshas* to somethin' else in the farmers' houses. What do you think, *asthore?*"

"For God's sake do, Owen; sure, my heart's crushed to see them—my own childher, that I could lay down my life for—beggin' from door to door. Och, do something for them that way, Owen, an' you'll relieve the heart that loves them. It's a sore sight to a mother's eye, Owen, to see her childher beggin' their morsel."

"It is, darlin'—it is. We'll hire out the three eldest—Brian, an' Owen, an' Pether—to herd cows; an' we may get Peggy into some farmer's house, to do loose jobs an' run of messages. Then we'd have only little Kathleen an' poor Ned along wid us. I'll thry, anyway, an' if I can get them places, who knows what may happen? I have a plan in my head that I'll tell you, thin."

"*Arrah,* what is it, Owen jewel? Sure, if I know it, maybe when I'm sorrowful, that thinkin' of it, an' lookin' forrid to it, will make me happier. An' I'm sure, *acushla,* you would like that."

"But maybe, Kathleen, if it wouldn't come to pass, that the disappointment ud be heavy on you?"

"How could it, Owen? Sure, we can't be worse nor we are, whatever happens?"

"Thrue enough indeed—I forgot that; an' yet we might, Kathleen; sure, we'd be worse if we or the childher had bad health."

"God forgive me thin for what I said! We might be worse. Well, but what is the plan, Owen?"

"Why, when we get the childher places, I'll sthrive to take a little house, an' work as a cottar. Then, Kathleen, we'd have a home of our own. I'd work from light to light; I'd work before hours an' afther hours—ay, nine days in the week, or we'd be comfortable in our own little home. We might be poor, Kathleen, I know that, an' hard pressed too; but then, as I said, we'd have our own home, an' our own hearth; our morsel, if it ud be homely, would be sweet, for it would be the fruits of our own labour."

"Now, Owen, do you think you could manage to get that?"

"Wait, *acushla*, till we get the childher settled. Then I'll thry the other plan, for it's good to thry anything that could take us out of this disgraceful life."

This humble speculation was a source of great comfort to them. Many a time have they forgotten their sorrows in contemplating the simple picture of their happy little cottage. Kathleen, in particular, drew with all the vivid colouring of a tender mother and an affectionate wife the various sources of comfort and contentment to be found even in a cabin whose inmates are blessed with a love of independence, industry, and mutual affection.

Owen, in pursuance of his intention, did not neglect, when the proper season arrived, to place out his eldest children among the farmers. The reader need not be told that there was that about him which gained respect. He had therefore little trouble in obtaining his wishes on this point, and, to his great satisfaction, he saw three of them hired out to earn their own support.

It was now a matter of some difficulty for him to take a cabin and get employment. They had not a single article of furniture, and neither bed nor bedding, with the exception of blankets almost worn past use. He was resolved, however, to give up, at all risks, the life of a mendicant. For this

purpose he and his wife agreed to adopt a plan quite usual in Ireland under circumstances somewhat different from his: this was that Kathleen should continue to beg for their support until the first half-year of their children's service should expire; and in the meantime that he, if possible, should secure employment for himself. By this means his earnings and those of his children might remain untouched, so that in half a year he calculated upon being able to furnish a cabin, and proceed, as a cottier, to work for and support his young children and his wife, who determined, on her part, not to be idle any more than her husband. As the plan was a likely one, and as Owen was bent on earning his bread rather than be a burden to others, it is unnecessary to say that it succeeded. In less than a year he found himself once more in a home; and the force of what he felt on sitting for the first time since his pauperism at his own hearth may easily be conceived by the reader. For some years after this, Owen got on slowly enough; his wages as a daily labourer being so miserable that it required him to exert every nerve to keep the house over their head. What, however, will not carefulness and a virtuous determination, joined to indefatigable industry, do?

After some time, backed as he was by his wife, and even by his youngest children, he found himself beginning to improve. In the mornings and the evenings he cultivated his garden and his rood of potato ground. He also collected with a wheelbarrow, which he borrowed from an acquaintance, compost from the neighbouring road; scoured an old drain before his door; dug rich earth, and tossed it into the pool of rotten water beside the house, and, in fact, adopted several other modes of collecting manure. By this means he had, each spring, a large portion of rich stuff on which to plant his potatoes. His landlord permitted him to spread this for planting upon his land; and Owen, ere long, instead of a rood, was able to plant half an acre, and ultimately an acre of potatoes. The produce of this being more than sufficient for the consumption of his family, he sold the surplus, and with the money gained by the sale was enabled to sow half an acre of oats, of which, when made into meal, he disposed of the greater share.

Industry is capital; for even when unaided by capital it creates it; whereas idleness with capital produces only poverty and ruin. Owen, after selling his meal and as much potatoes as he could spare, found himself able to purchase a cow. Here was means of making more manure; he had also straw enough for her provender during the winter. The cow, by affording milk to his family, enabled them to live more cheaply; her butter they sold, and this, in addition to his surplus meal and potatoes every year, soon made him feel that he had a few guineas to spare. He now bethought him of another mode of helping himself forward in the world: after buying the best "slip" of a pig he could find, a sty was built for her, and ere long he saw a fine litter of young pigs within a snug shed. These he reared until they were about two months old, when he sold them, and found that he had considerably gained by the transaction. This department, however, was under the management of Kathleen, whose life was one of incessant activity and employment. Owen's children, during the period of his struggles and improvements, were, by his advice, multiplying their little capital as fast as himself. The two boys, who had now shot up into the stature of young men, were at work as labouring servants in the neighbourhood. The daughters were also engaged as servants with the adjoining farmers. The boys bought each a pair of two-year-old heifers, and the daughters one. These they sent to graze up in the mountains at a trifling charge for the first year or two; when they became springers, they put them to rich infield grass for a few months, until they got a marketable appearance, after which their father brought them to the neighbouring fairs, where they usually sold to great advantage, in consequence of the small outlay required in rearing them.

In fact, the principle of industry ran through the family. There was none of them idle, none of them a burden or a check upon the profits made by the labourer. On the contrary, "they laid their shoulders together," as the phrase is, and proved to the world that when the proper disposition is followed up by suitable energy and perseverance it must generally reward him who possesses it.

It is certainly true that Owen's situation in life now was

essentially different from that which it had been during the latter years of his struggles as a farmer. It was much more favourable, and far better calculated to develop successful exertion. If there be a class of men deserving public sympathy, it is that of the small farmers of Ireland. Their circumstances are fraught with all that is calculated to depress and ruin them: rents far above their ability, increasing poverty, and bad markets. The land, which during the last war might have enabled the renter to pay three pounds per acre, and yet still maintain himself with tolerable comfort, could not now pay more than one pound, or, at the most, one pound ten; and yet such is the infatuation of landlords, that, in most instances, the terms of leases taken out then are rigorously exacted. Neither can the remission of yearly arrears be said to strike at the root of the evils under which they suffer. The fact of the disproportionate rent hanging over them is a disheartening circumstance that paralyses their exertion and sinks their spirits. If a landlord remit the rent for one term, he deals more harshly with the tenant at the next: whatever surplus, if any, his former indulgence leaves in the tenant's hands, instead of being expended upon his property as capital, and being permitted to lay the foundation of hope and prosperity, is drawn from him at next term, and the poor struggling tenant is thrown back into as much distress, embarrassment, and despondency as ever. There are, I believe, few tenants in Ireland of the class I allude to who are not one gale to three in arrear. Now, how can it be expected that such men will labour with spirit and earnestness to raise crops which they may never reap—crops which the landlord may seize upon to secure as much of his rent as he can?

We have known a case in which the arrears were not only remitted, but the rent lowered to a reasonable standard, such as, considering the markets, could be paid. And what was the consequence? The tenant, who was looked upon as a negligent man, from whom scarcely any rent could be got, took courage, worked his farm with a spirit and success which he had not evinced before, and ere long was in a capacity to pay his gales to the very day; so that the judicious and humane landlord was finally a gainer by his

own excellent economy. This was an experiment, and it succeeded beyond expectation.

Owen M'Carthy did not work with more zeal and ability as a humble cottier than he did when a farmer; but the tide was against him as a landholder, and instead of having advanced, he actually lost ground until he became a pauper. No doubt the peculiarly unfavourable run of two hard seasons, darkened by sickness and famine, were formidable obstacles to him; but he must eventually have failed, even had they not occurred. They accelerated his downfall, but did not cause it.

The Irish people, though poor, are exceedingly anxious to be independent. Their highest ambition is to hold a farm. So strong is this principle in them, that they will, without a single penny of capital, or any visible means to rely on, without consideration or forethought, come forward and offer a rent which, if they reflected only for a moment, they must feel to be unreasonably high. This, indeed, is a great evil in Ireland. But what, in the meantime, must we think of those imprudent landlords, and their more imprudent agents, who let their land to such persons, without proper inquiry into their means, knowledge of agriculture, and general character as moral and industrious men. A farm of land is to be let; it is advertised through the parish; application is to be made, before such a day, to so and so. The day arrives, the agent or the land-steward looks over the proposals, and after singling out the highest bidder, declares him tenant, as a matter of course. Now perhaps this said tenant does not possess a shilling in the world, nor a shilling's worth. Most likely he is a new-married man, with nothing but his wife's bed and bedding, his wedding-suit, and his blackthorn cudgel, which we may suppose him to keep in reserve for the bailiff. However, he commences his farm; and then follow the shiftings, the scramblings, and the fruitless struggles to succeed where success is impossible. His farm is not half tilled; his crops are miserable; the gale day has already passed, yet he can pay nothing until he takes it out of the land. Perhaps he runs away—makes a moonlight flitting, and, by the aid of his friends, succeeds in bringing the crop with him. The landlord or agent declares he is a knave,

forgetting that the man had no other alternative, and that they were the greater knaves, and fools too, for encouraging him to undertake a task that was beyond his strength.

In calamity we are anxious to derive support from the sympathy of our friends; in our success we are eager to communicate to them the power of participating in our happiness. When Owen once more found himself independent and safe, he longed to realise two plans on which he had some time before been seriously thinking. The first was to visit his former neighbours, that they might at length know that Owen M'Carthy's station in the world was such as became his character. The second was, if possible, to take a farm in his native parish, that he might close his days among the companions of his youth and the friends of his maturer years. He had also another motive: there lay the burying-place of the MacCarthys, in which slept the mouldering dust of his own "golden-haired" Alley. With them—in his daughter's grave—he intended to sleep his long sleep. Affection for the dead is the memory of the heart. In no other graveyard could he reconcile it to himself to be buried; to it had all his forefathers been gathered; and though calamity had separated him from the scenes where they had passed through existence, yet he was resolved that death should not deprive him of its last melancholy consolation—that of reposing with all that remained of the "departed," who had loved him, and whom he had loved. He believed that to neglect this would be to abandon a sacred duty, and felt sorrow at the thought of being like an absent guest from the assembly of his own dead; for there is a principle of undying hope in the heart that carries, with bold and beautiful imagery, the realities of life into the silent recesses of death itself.

Having formed the resolution of visiting his old friends at Tubber Derg, he communicated it to Kathleen and his family; his wife received the intelligence with undisguised delight.

"Owen," she replied, "indeed, I'm glad you mintioned it. Many a time the thoughts of our place, an' the people about it, comes over me. I know, Owen, it'll go to your heart to see it; but still, *avourneen*, you'd like, too, to see the ould

faces an' the warm hearts of them that pitied us an' helped us as well as they could when we war broken down."

"I would, Kathleen; but I'm not goin' merely to see thim an' the place. I intind, if I can, to take a bit of land somewhere near Tubber Derg. I'm unasy in my mind, for fraid I'd not sleep in the graveyard where all belongin' to me lie."

A chord of the mother's heart was touched, and in a moment the memory of their beloved child brought the tears to her eyes.

"Owen, *avourneen,* I have one requist to ax of you, and I'm sure you won't refuse it to me: if I die afore you, let me be buried wid Alley. Who has a right to sleep so near her as her own mother?"

"The child's in my heart still," said Owen, suppressing his emotion; "thinkin' of the unfortunate mornin' I wint to Dublin brings her back to me. I see her standin', wid her fair, pale face—pale—oh, my God!—wid hunger an' sickness —her little thin clo'es an' her golden hair tossed about by the dark blast—the tears in her eyes, an' the smile that she once had on her face—houldin' up her mouth, an' sayin', 'Kiss *me* agin, father,' as if she knew, somehow, that I'd never see her, nor her me, any more. An' whin I looked back as I was turnin' the corner, there she stood, strainin' her eyes afther her father, that she was then takin' the last sight of until the judgment day!"

His voice here became broken, and he sat in silence for a few minutes.

"It's sthrange," he added, with more firmness, "how she's so often in my mind!"

"But, Owen dear," replied Kathleen, "sure it was the will of God that she should lave us. She's now a bright angel in heaven, an' I dunna if it's right—indeed, I doubt it's sinful for us to think so much about her. Who knows but her innocent spirit is makin' inthercession for us all, before the blessed Mother o' God! Who knows but it was her that got us the good fortune that flowed in upon us, an' that made our strugglin' an' our labourin' turn out so lucky."

"It's very true, Kathleen," replied her husband; "but God is ever ready to help them that keeps an honest heart, an' do everything in their power to live creditably. They

may fail for a time, or He may thry them for a while, but sooner or later good intintions and honest labour will be rewarded. Look at ourselves—blessed be His name!"

"But whin do you mane to go to Tubber Derg, Owen?"

"In the beginnin' of the next week. An' Kathleen, *ahagur*, if you remimber the bitther mornin' we came upon the world—but we'll not be spakin' of that now. I don't like to think of it. Some other time, maybe, when we're settled among our ould friends, I'll mintion it."

"Well, the Lord bliss your endayvours, anyhow! Och, Owen, do thry an' get us a snug farm somewhere near them. But you didn't answer me about Alley, Owen?"

"Why, you must have your wish, Kathleen, although I intended to keep that place for myself. Still, we can sleep one on aich side of her; an' that may be asily done, for our buryin'-ground is large; so set your mind at rest on that head. I hope God won't call us till we see our childher settled dacently in the world. But sure, at all evints, let His blessed will be done!"

"Amin! amin! It's not right of any one to keep their hearts fixed too much upon the world; nor even, they say, upon one's own childher."

"People may love their childher as much as they plase, Kathleen, if they don't let their *grah* for them spoil the crathurs, by givin' them their own will, till they become headstrong an' overbearin'. Now, let my linen be as white as a bone before Monday, plase goodness; I hope, by that time, that Jack Dogherty will have my new clo'es made, for I intind to go as dacent as ever they seen me in my best days."

"An' so you will too, *avillish*. Throth, Owen, it's you that'll be the proud man, steppin' in to them in all your grandeur! Ha, ha, ha! The spirit o' the M'Carthys is in you still, Owen."

"Ha, ha, ha! It is, darlin'—it is indeed; an' I'd be sarry it wasn't. I long to see poor Widow Murray. I dunna is her son Jemmy married. Who knows, afther all we suffered, but I might be able to help her yet—that is, if she stands in need of it. But I suppose her childher's grown up now, an' able to assist her. Now, Kathleen, mind Monday next,

an' have everything ready. I'll stay away a week or so at the most, an' afther that I'll have news for you about all o' them."

When Monday morning arrived, Owen found himself ready to set out for Tubber Derg. The tailor had not disappointed him; and Kathleen, to do her justice, took care that the proofs of her good house-wifery should be apparent in the whiteness of his linen. After breakfast he dressed himself in all his finery; and it would be difficult to say whether the harmless vanity that peeped out occasionally from his simplicity of character, or the open and undisguised triumph of his faithful wife, whose eye rested on him with pride and affection, was most calculated to produce a smile.

"Now, Kathleen," said he, when preparing for his immediate departure, "I'm thinkin' of what they'll say when they see me so smooth and warm-lookin'. I'll engage they'll be axin' one another, '*Musha*, how did Owen M'Carthy get an at all, to be so well to do in the world as he appears to be, afther failin' on his ould farm?'"

"Well, but, Owen you know how to manage them."

"Throth, I do that. But there's one thing they'll never get out o' me, anyway."

"You won't tell that to any o' them, Owen?"

"Kathleen, if I thought they only suspected it, I'd never show my face in Tubber Derg agin. I think I could bear to be—an' yet it ud be a hard struggle wid me too—but I think I could bear to be buried among black strangers, rather than it should be said, over my grave, among my own, 'There's where Owen M'Carthy lies—who was the only man of his name that ever begged his morsel on the king's highway. There he lies, the descendant of the great M'Carthy Mores, an' yet he was a beggar.' I know, Kathleen, *achora*, it's neither a sin nor a shame to ax one's bit from our fellow-creatures whin fairly brought to it widout any fault of our own; but still I feel something in me that can't bear to think of it widout shame an' heaviness of heart."

"Well, it's one comfort that nobody knows it but ourselves. The poor childher, for their own sakes, won't ever breathe it; so that it's likely the sacret 'ill be berrid wid us."

"I hope so, *acushla.* Does this coat sit asy atween the shouldhers? I feel it catch me a little."

"The sorra nicer. There—it was only your waistcoat that was turned down in the collar. Here—hould your arm. There now—it wanted to be pulled down a little at the cuffs. Owen, it's a beauty; an' I think I have good right to be proud out of it, for it's every thread my own spinnin'."

"How do I look in it, Kathleen? Tell me truth, now."

"Throth, you're twenty years younger—the never a day less."

"I think I needn't be ashamed to go afore my ould friends in it, anyway. Now bring me my staff from undher the bed above, an' in the name o' God I'll set out."

"Which o' them, Owen? Is it the oak or the blackthorn?

"The oak, *acushla.* Oh no, not the blackthorn. It's it that I brought to Dublin wid me, the unlucky thief, an' that I had while we wor *a shaughran.* Divil a one o' me but ud blush in the face if I brought it even in my hand afore them. The oak, *ahagur*—the oak. You'll get it atween the foot o' the bed an' the wall."

When Kathleen placed the staff in his hand, he took off his hat and blessed himself, then put it on, looked at his wife, and said, "Now, darlin', in the name o' God I'll go. Husht, *avillish machree,* don't be cryin'; sure, I'll be back to you in a week."

"Och! I can't help it, Owen. Sure, this is the second time you war ever away from me more nor a day; an' I'm thinkin' of what happened, both to you and me, the first time you wint. Owen, *acushla,* I feel that if anything happened you I'd break my heart."

"*Arrah,* what ud happen me, darlin', wid God to protect me? Now, God be wid you, Kathleen *dheelish,* till I come back to you, wid good news I hope. I'm not goin' in sickness an' misery, as I wint afore, to see a man that wouldn't hear my appale to him; an' I'm lavin' you comfortable, *agra,* an' wantin' for nothin'. Sure, it's only about five-an'-twenty miles from this—a mere step. The good God bless an' take care of you, my darlin' wife, till I come home to you!"

He kissed the tears that streamed from her eyes, and

hemming several times, pressed her hand, his face rather averted, then grasped his staff, and commenced his journey.

Scenes like this were important events to our humble couple. Life, when untainted by the crimes and artificial manners which destroy its purity, is a beautiful thing to contemplate among the virtuous poor; and where the current of affection runs deep and smooth, the slightest incident will agitate it. So was it with Owen M'Carthy and his wife. Simplicity, truth, and affection constituted their character. In them there was no complication of incongruous elements. The order of their virtues was not broken, nor the purity of their affections violated, by the anomalous blending together of opposing principles, such as are to be found in those who are involuntarily contaminated by the corruption of human society.

Owen had not gone far, when Kathleen called to him: "Owen, *ahagur* — stand, darlin'; but don't come back a step, for fraid o' bad luck."[1]

"Did I forget anything, Kathleen?" he inquired. "Let me see—no; sure, I have my beads an' my tobaccy box, an' my two clane shirts an' hankerchers in the bundle. What is it, *acushla?*"

"I needn't be axin' you, for I know you wouldn't forget it; but for fraid you might—Owen, whin you're at Tubber Derg, go to little Alley's grave, an' look at it, an' bring me back word how it appears. You might get it cleaned up, if there's weeds or anything growin' upon it; and, Owen, would you bring me a bit o' the clay, tied up in your pocket? Whin you're there, spake to her; tell her it was the lovin' mother that bid you, an' say anything that you'd think might keep her asy an' give her pleasure. Tell her we're not now as we wor whin she was wid us; that we don't feel hunger, nor cowld, nor want; an' that nothin' is a throuble to us, barrin' that we miss her—ay, even yet — *a suillish machree* that she was—that we miss her fair face an' goolden head from among us. Tell her this; an' tell her it was

[1] When an Irish peasant sets out on a journey, or to transact business in a fair or market, he will not, if possible, turn back. It is considered unlucky; as it is also to be crossed by a hare, or met by a red-haired woman.

the lovin' mother that said it, an' that sint the message to her."

"I'll do it all, Kathleen; I'll do it all — all. An' now go in, darlin', an' don't be frettin'. Maybe we'll soon be near her, plase God, where we can see the place she sleeps in often."

They then separated again; and Owen, considerably affected by the maternal tenderness of his wife, proceeded on his journey. He had not, actually, even at the period of his leaving home, been able to determine on what particular friend he should first call. That his welcome would be hospitable, nay, enthusiastically so, he was certain. In the meantime, he vigorously pursued his journey; and partook neither of refreshment nor rest until he arrived, a little after dusk, at a turn of the well-known road, which, had it been daylight, would have opened to him a view of Tubber Derg. He looked towards the beeches, however, under which it stood; but to gain a sight of it was impossible. His road now lying a little to the right, he turned to the house of his sterling friend Frank Farrell, who had given him and his family shelter and support, when he was driven without remorse from his own holding. In a short time he reached Frank's residence, and felt a glow of sincere satisfaction at finding the same air of comfort and warmth about it as formerly. Through the kitchen window he saw the strong light of the blazing fire, and heard, ere he presented himself, the loud hearty laugh of his friend's wife, precisely as light and animated as it had been fifteen years before.

Owen lifted the latch and entered, with that fluttering of the pulse which every man feels on meeting with a friend after an interval of many years.

"*Musha*, good people, can yees tell me is Frank Farrell at home?"

"Why, thin, he's not jist widin now, but he'll be here in no time entirely," replied one of his daughters. "Won't you sit down, honest man, an' we'll sind for him?"

"I'm thankful to you," said Owen. "I'll sit, sure enough, till he comes in."

"Why, thin!—eh! it must—it can be no other!" exclaimed Farrell's wife, bringing over a candle and looking Owen

earnestly in the face; "sure, I'd know that voice all the world over! Why, thin, marciful Father—Owen M'Carthy, —Owen M'Carthy, is it your four quarthers that's livin' an' well? Queen o' heaven, Owen M'Carthy, darlin', you're welcome!"—the word was here interrupted by a hearty kiss from the kind housewife—"welcome a thousand an' a thousand times! *Vick na hoiah!* Owen dear, an' are you livin' at all? An' Kathleen, Owen, an' the childher, an' all of yees —an' how are they?"

"Throth, we're livin' an' well, Bridget; never was betther, thanks be to God an' you, in our lives."

Owen was now surrounded by such of Farrell's children as were old enough to remember him, every one of whom he shook hands with and kissed.

"Why, thin, the Lord save my sowl, Bridget," said he, "are these the little *bouchaleens* and *colleens* that were runnin' about my feet whin I was here afore? Well, to be sure! how they do shoot up! An' is this Atty?"

"No; but this is Atty, Owen; faix, Brian outgrew him; an' here's Mary, an' this is Bridget Oge."

"Well!—well! But where did these two young shoots come from—this boy an' the *colleen* here? They worn't to the fore in my time, Bridget."

"This is Owen, called afther yourself; an' this is Kathleen—I needn't tell you who she was called afther."

"*Gutsho, alanna? thurm pogue?*—come here, child, and kiss me," said Owen to his little namesake; "an' sure I can't forget the little woman here—*gutsho, a colleen,* and kiss me too."

Owen took her on his knee, and kissed her twice.

"Och, but poor Kathleen," said he, "will be the proud woman of this when she hears it; in throth she will be that."

"*Arrah!* what's comin' over me!" said Mrs. Farrell. "Brian, run up to Micky Lowrie's for your father; an' see, Brian, don't say who's wantin' him, till we give him a start. Mary, come here, *acushla,*" she added to her eldest daughter in a whisper—"take these two bottles, and fly up to Peggy Finigan's for the full o' them o' whisky. Now be back before you're there, or if you don't, that I mightn't, but you'll see

what you'll get. Fly, *aroon*, an' don't let the grass grow undher your feet. An' Owen darlin'—but first sit over to the fire—here, get over to this side, it's the snuggest—*arrah*, Owen, an' sure I dunna what to ax you first. You're all well? all to the fore?"

"All well, Bridget, an' thanks be to heaven, all to the fore."

"Glory be to God! Throth, it warms my heart to hear it. An' the childher's all up finely, boys an' girls?"

"Throth, they are, Bridget, as good-lookin' a family o' childher as you'd wish to see. An' what is betther, they're as good as they're good-lookin'."

"Throth, they couldn't but be that if they tuck at all afther their father an' mother. Bridget, *aroon*, rub the pan betther—an' lay the knife down, I'll cut the bacon myself; but go and get a dozen o' the freshest eggs. An' Kathleen, Owen—how does poor Kathleen look? Does she stand it as well as yourself?"

"As young as ever you seen her—God help her! a thousand degrees betther now nor whin you seen her last."

"An' well to do, Owen?—now tell the truth! Och, *musha*, I forget who I'm spakin' to, or I wouldn't disremimber the ould sayin' that's abroad this many a year: who ever knew a M'Carthy of Tubber Derg to tell a lie, break his word, or refuse to help a friend in distress. But, Owen, you're well to do in the world?"

"We're as well, Bridget, or maybe betther, nor you ever knew us, except, indeed, afore the ould lase was run out wid us."

"God be praised agin! *Musha*, turn round a little, Owen, for fraid Frank ud get too clear a sight of your face at first. *Arrah*, do you think he'll know you? Och, to be sure he will—I needn't ax. Your voice would tell upon you any day."

"Know me! Indeed, Frank ud know my shadow. He'll know me wid half a look."

And Owen was right, for quickly did the eye of his old friend recognise him, despite of the little plot that was laid to try his penetration. To describe their interview would be to repeat the scene we have already attempted to depict

between Owen and Mrs. Farrell. No sooner were the rites of hospitality performed than the tide of conversation began to flow with greater freedom. Owen ascertained one important fact, which we will here mention, because it produces in a great degree the want of anything like an independent class of yeomanry in the country. On inquiring after his old acquaintances, he discovered that a great number of them, owing to high rents, had emigrated to America. They belonged to that class of independent farmers who, after the expiration of their old leases, finding the little capital which they had saved beginning to diminish in consequence of rents which they could not pay, deemed it more prudent, while anything remained in their hands, to seek a country where capital and industry might be made available. Thus did the landlords, by their mismanagement and neglect, absolutely drive off their estates the only men who, if properly encouraged, were capable of becoming the strength and pride of the country. It is this system, joined to the curse of middlemen and subletting, which has left the country without any third grade of decent, substantial yeomen, who might stand as a bond of peace between the highest and the lowest classes. It is this which has split the kingdom into two divisions, constituting the extreme ends of society—the wealthy and the wretched. If this third class existed, Ireland would neither be so political nor discontented as she is, but, on the contrary, more remarkable for peace and industry.

Owen now heard anecdotes and narratives of all occurrences, whether interesting or strange, that had taken place during his absence. Among others, was the death of his former landlord, and the removal of the agent who had driven him to beggary. Tubber Derg, he found, was then the property of a humane and considerate man, who employed a judicious and benevolent gentleman to manage it.

"One thing I can tell you," said Frank: "it was but a short time in the new agent's hands when the dacent farmers stopped goin' to America."

"But, Frank," said Owen, and he sighed on putting the question, "who is in Tubber Derg now?"

"Why, thin, a son of ould Rousin' Red-head's, of Tully-

vernon—young Con Roe, or the Ace o' Hearts—for he was called both by the youngsters—if you remimber him. His head's as red, an' double as big, even, as his father's was, an' you know that no hat would fit ould Con, until he sent his measure to Jemmy Lamb the hatter. Dick Nugent put it out on him that Jemmy always made Rousin' Red-head's hat either upon the half-bushel pot or a five-gallon keg of whisky. 'Talkin' of the keg,' says Dick, 'for the matther o' that,' says he, 'divil a much differ the hat will persave; for the one'—meaning ould Con's head, who was a hard drinker—'the one,' says Dick, 'is as much a keg as the other—ha! ha! ha!' Dick met Rousin' Red-head another day. '*Arrah*, Con,' says he, 'why do you get your hats made upon a pot, man alive? Sure, that's the rason that you're so fond o' *poteen*.' A quare mad crathur was Dick, an' would go forty miles for a fight. Poor fellow, he got his skull broke in a scrimmage betwixt the Redmonds and the O'Hanlons; an' his last words were, 'Bad luck to you, O'Hanlon, I never thought you, above all men, dead an' gone, would be the death o' me.' Poor fellow! he was for pacifyin' them, for a wondher; but instead o' that, he got pacified himself."

"An' how is young Con doin', Frank?"

"Hut, divil a much time he has to do aither well or ill yit. There was four tenants on Tubber Derg since you left it, an' he's the fifth. It's hard to say how he'll do; but I believe he's the best o' thim, for so far. That may be owin' to the landlord. The rent's let down to him; an' I think he'll be able to take bread, an' good bread too, out of it."

"God send, poor man!"

"Now, Owen, would you like to go back to it?"

"I can't say that. I love the place, but I suffered too much in it. No; but I'll tell you, Frank, if there was e'er a snug farm near it that I could get rasonable, I'd take it."

Frank slapped his knee exultingly. "*Ma chorp?*—do you say so, Owen?"

"Indeed I do."

"Thin, upon my song, that's the luckiest thing I ever knew. There's this blessed minute a farm o' sixteen acres that the Lacys is lavin'—goin' to America—an' it's to be set. They'll

go the week afther next, an' the house needn't be cowld, for you can come to it the very day afther they lave it."

"Well," said Owen, "I'm glad of that. Will you come wid me to-morrow, an' we'll see about it?"

"To be sure I will; an' what's better, too, the agint is a son of ould Misther Rogerson's, a man that knows you an' the history o' them you came from well. An' another thing, Owen! I tell you, whin it's abroad that you want to take the farm, there's not a man in the parish would bid agin you. You may know that yourself."

"I think, indeed, they would rather serve me than otherwise," replied Owen; "an' in the name o' God, we'll see what can be done. Misther Rogerson himself ud spake to his son for me, so that I'll be sure of his intherest. *Arrah*, Frank, how is an ould friend o' mine, that I have a great regard for—poor Widow Murray?"

"Widow Murray! Poor woman, she's happy."

"You don't mane she's dead?"

"She's dead, Owen, and happy, I trust, in the Saviour. She died last spring two years."

"God be good to her sowl! An' are the childher in her place still? It's she that was the dacent woman."

"Throth, they are; an' sorrow a betther doin' family in the parish than they are. It's they that'll be glad to see you, Owen. Many a time I seen their poor mother—heavens be her bed—lettin' down the tears whin she used to be spakin' of you, or mintionin' how often you sarved her; espishially about some day or other that you previnted her cows from bein' canted for the rint. She's dead now, an' God He knows an honest, hard-workin' woman she ever was."

"Dear me, Frank, isn't it a wondher to think how the people dhrop off! There's Widow Murray, one o' my ouldest frinds, an' Pether M'Mahon, an' Barny Lorinan—not to forget pleasant Rousin' Red-head—all taken away! Well!—well! Sure, it's the will o' God! We can't be here always."

After much conversation, enlivened by the bottle, though but sparingly used on the part of Owen, the hour of rest arrived, when the family separated for the night.

The grey dawn of a calm, beautiful summer's morning found Owen up and abroad long before the family of honest Frank

had risen. When dressing himself, with an intention of taking an early walk, he was asked by his friend why he stirred so soon, or if he—his host—should accompany him.

"No," replied Owen; "lie still; jist let me look over the country while it's asleep. Whin I'm musin' this a-way I don't like anybody to be along wid me. I have a place to go an' see, too—an' a message—a tendher message, from poor Kathleen, to deliver, that I wouldn't wish a second person to hear. Sleep, Frank. I'll jist crush the head o' my pipe agin one o' the half-burned turf that the fire was raked wid, an' walk out for an hour or two. Afther our breakfast we'll go an' look about this new farm."

He sallied out as he spoke, and closed the door after him in that quiet, thoughtful way for which he was ever remarkable. The season was midsummer, and the morning wanted at least an hour of sunrise. Owen ascended a little knoll above Frank's house, on which he stood and surveyed the surrounding country with a pleasing but melancholy interest. As his eye rested on Tubber Derg, he felt the difference strongly between the imperishable glories of nature's works and those which are executed by man. His house he would not have known except by its site. It was not in fact the same house, but another which had been built in its stead. This disappointed and vexed him. An object on which his affections had been placed was removed. A rude stone-house stood before him, rough and unplastered, against each end of which was built a stable and cow-house, sloping down from the gables to low doors at both sides; adjoining these rose two mounds of filth, large enough to be easily distinguished from the knoll on which he stood. He sighed as he contrasted it with the neat and beautiful farmhouse which shone there in his happy days, white as a lily, beneath the covering of the lofty beeches. There was no air of comfort, neatness, or independence about it; on the contrary, everything betrayed the evidence of struggle and difficulty, joined, probably, to want both of skill and of capital. He was disappointed, and turned his gaze upon the general aspect of the country, and the houses in which either his old acquaintances or their children lived. The features of the landscape were certainly the same; but even here was a change for the worse. The

warmth of colouring which wealth and independence give to the appearance of a cultivated country was gone. Decay and coldness seemed to brood upon everything he saw. The houses, the farmyards, the ditches, and enclosures were all marked by the blasting proofs of national decline. Some exceptions there were to this disheartening prospect; but they were only sufficient to render the torn and ragged evidences of poverty and its attendant—carelessness—more conspicuous. He left the knoll, knocked the ashes out of his pipe, and putting it into his waistcoat pocket, ascended a larger hill, which led to the graveyard where his child lay buried. On his way to this hill, which stood about half a mile distant, he passed a few houses of a humble description, with whose inhabitants he had been well acquainted. Some of these stood nearly as he remembered them; but others were roofless, with their dark mud gables either fallen in or partially broken down. He surveyed their smoke-coloured walls with sorrow; and looked, with a sense of the transient character of all man's works, upon the chickweed, docks, and nettles which had shot up so rankly on the spot where many a chequered scene of joy and sorrow had flitted over the circumscribed circle of humble life, ere the annihilating wing of ruin swept away them and their habitations.

When he had ascended the hill his eye took a wider range. The more distant and picturesque part of the country lay before him. "Ay!" said he, in a soliloquy, "Lord bless us, how sthrange is this world!—an' what poor crathurs are men! There's the dark mountains, the hills, the rivers, an' the green glens, all the same; an nothin' else a'most but's changed! The very song of that blackbird in thim thornbushes an' hazels below me is like the voice of an ould friend to my ears. Och, indeed, hardly that, for even the voice of man changes; but that song is the same as I heard it for the best part o' my life. That mornin' star, too, is the same bright crathur up there that it ever was! God help us! Hardly anything changes but man, an' he seems to think he can never change, to judge by his folly an' wickedness!"

A smaller hill, around the base of which went the same imperfect road that crossed the glen of Tubber Derg, pre-

vented him from seeing the graveyard to which he was about to extend his walk. To this road he directed his steps. On reaching it, he looked, still with a strong memory of former times, to the glen in which his children, himself, and his ancestors had all, during their day, played in the happy thoughtlessness of childhood and youth. But the dark and ragged house jarred upon his feelings. He turned from it with pain, and his eyes rested upon the still green valley with evident relief. He thought of his "buried flower"—"his goolden-haired darlin'," as he used to call her—and almost fancied that he saw her once more wandering waywardly through its tangled mazes, gathering berries, or strolling along the green meadow with a garland of gowans about her neck. Imagination, indeed, cannot heighten the image of the dead whom we love; but even if it could, there was no standard of ideal beauty in her father's mind beyond that of her own. She had been beautiful, but her beauty was pensive—a fair yet melancholy child; for the charm that ever encompassed her was one of sorrow and tenderness. Had she been volatile and mirthful, as children usually are, he would not have carried so far into his future life the love of her which he cherished. Another reason why he still loved her strongly was a consciousness that her death had been occasioned by distress and misery; for, as he said, when looking upon the scenes of her brief but melancholy existence —"*Avourneen machree,* I remimber to see you pickin' the berries; but *asthore—asthore*—it wasn't for play you did it; it was to keep away the cuttin' of hunger from your heart! Of all our childher every one said that you wor the M'Carthy —never sayin' much, but the heart in you ever full of goodness an' affection. God help me, I'm glad—an', now that I'm comin' near it, loth—to see her grave."

He had now reached the verge of the graveyard. Its fine old ruin stood there as usual, but not altogether without the symptoms of change. Some persons had, for the purposes of building, thrown down one of its most picturesque walls. Still its ruins clothed with ivy, its mullions moss-covered, its gothic arches and tracery grey with age, were the same in appearance as he had ever seen them.

On entering this silent palace of death he reverently

uncovered his head, blessed himself, and, with feelings deeply agitated, sought the grave of his beloved child. He approached it; but a sudden transition from sorrow to indignation took place in his mind, even before he reached the spot on which she lay. "Sacred Mother!" he exclaimed, "who has dared to bury in our ground? Who has—what villain has attimpted to come in upon the M'Carthys—upon the M'Carthy Mores of Tubber Derg? Who could—had I no friend to prev——eh? Sacred Mother, what's this? Father of heaven, forgive me! Forgive me, sweet Saviour, for this bad feelin' I got into! Who—who—could raise a headstone over the darlin' o' my heart widout one of us knowin' it? Who—who could do it? But let me see if I can make it out. Oh, who could do this blessed thing for the poor an' the sorrowful?" He began, and with difficulty read as follows:—

"Here lies the body of Alice M'Carthy, the beloved daughter of Owen and Kathleen M'Carthy, aged nine years. She was descended from the M'Carthy Mores.

"*Requiescat in pace.*

"This headstone was raised over her by Widow Murray, and her son, James Murray, out of grateful respect for Owen and Kathleen M'Carthy, who never suffered the widow and orphan, or a distressed neighbour, to crave assistance from them in vain, until it pleased God to visit them with affliction."

"Thanks to you, my Saviour!" said Owen, dropping on his knees over the grave. "Thanks an' praise be to your holy name, that in the middle of my poverty—of all my poverty—I was not forgotten! nor my darlin' child let to lie widout honour in the grave of her family! Make me worthy, blessed Heaven, of what is written down upon me here! An' if the departed spirit of her that honoured the dust of my buried daughter is unhappy, oh, let her be relieved, an' let this act be remimbered to her! Bless her son, too, gracious Father, an' all belongin' to her on this earth! an' if it be your holy will, let them never know distress, or poverty, or wickedness!"

He then offered up a Pater Noster for the repose of his

child's soul, and another for the kind-hearted and grateful Widow Murray, after which he stood to examine the grave with greater accuracy.

There was, in fact, no grave visible. The little mound, under which lay what was once such a touching image of innocence, beauty, and feeling, had sunk down to the level of the earth about it. He regretted this, inasmuch as it took away, he thought, part of her individuality. Still he knew it was the spot wherein she had been buried, and with much of that vivid feeling and strong figurative language inseparable from the habits of thought and language of the old Irish families, he delivered the mother's message to the inanimate dust of her once-beautiful and heart-loved child. He spoke in a broken voice, for even the mention of her name aloud over the clay that contained her struck with a fresh burst of sorrow upon his heart.

"Alley," he exclaimed in Irish, "Alley, *nhien machree*, your father, that loved you more nor he loved any other human crathur, brings a message to you from the mother of your heart, *avourneen!* She bid me call to see the spot where you're lyin', my buried flower, an' to tell you that we're not now, thanks be to God, as we wor whin you lived wid us. We are well to do now, *acushla oge machree*, an' not in hunger, an' sickness, an' misery, as we wor whin you suffered them all! You will love to hear this, pulse of our hearts, an' to know that, through all we suffered—an' bittherly we did suffer since you departed—we never let you out of our memory. No, *asthore villish*, we thought of you, an' cried afther our poor dead flower many and many's the time. An' she bid me tell you, darlin' of my heart, that we feel nothin' now so much as that you are not wid us to share our comfort an' our happiness. Oh, what wouldn't the mother give to have you back wid her—but it can't be; an' what wouldn't I give to have you before my eyes agin, in health an' in life—but it can't be. The lovin' mother sent this message to you, Alley; take it from her: she bid me tell you that we are well an' happy; our name is pure, and, like yourself, widout spot or stain. Won't you pray for us before God, an' get Him an' His blessed Mother to look on us wid favour and compassion? Farewell, Alley, *asthore!* May you sleep in

peace, an' rest on the breast of your great Father in heaven, until we all meet in happiness together. It's your father that's spakin' to you, our lost flower; an' the hand that often smoothed your golden head is now upon your grave."

He wiped his eyes as he concluded, and after lifting a little of the clay from her grave, he tied it carefully up, and put it into his pocket.

Having left the graveyard, he retraced his steps towards Frank Farrell's house. The sun had now risen, and as Owen ascended the larger of the two hills which we have mentioned, he stood again to view the scene that stretched beneath him. About an hour before all was still: the whole country lay motionless, as if the land had been a land of the dead. The mountains, in the distance, were covered with the thin mists of morning; the milder and richer parts of landscape had appeared in that dim grey distinctness which gives to distant objects such a clear outline. With the exception of the blackbird's song, everything seemed as if stricken into silence; there was not a breeze stirring; both animate and inanimate nature reposed as if in a trance; the very trees appeared asleep, and their leaves motionless, as if they had been of marble. But now the scene was changed. The sun had flung his splendour upon the mountain-tops, from which the mists were tumbling in broken fragments to the valleys between them; a thousand birds poured their songs upon the ear; the breeze was up, and the columns of smoke from the farmhouses and cottages played, as if in frolic, in the air; a white haze was beginning to rise from the meadows; early teams were afoot; and labourers going abroad to their employment. The lakes in the distance shone like mirrors; and the clear springs on the mountain-sides glittered in the sun like gems on which the eye could scarcely rest. Life and light and motion appeared to be inseparable. The dew of morning lay upon nature like a brilliant veil, realising the beautiful image of Horace, as applied to woman—

"Vultus nimium lubricus aspici."

By-and-by the songs of the early workmen were heard; nature had awoke; and Owen, whose heart was strongly,

though unconsciously, alive to the influence of natural religion, participated in the general elevation of the hour, and sought with freshened spirits the house of his entertainer.

As he entered this hospitable roof, the early industry of his friend's wife presented him with a well-swept hearth and a pleasant fire, before which had been placed the identical chair that they had appropriated to his own use. Frank was enjoying "a blast o' the pipe," after having risen, to which luxury the return of Owen gave additional zest and placidity. In fact, Owen's presence communicated a holiday spirit to the family; a spirit, too, which declined not for a moment during the period of his visit.

"Frank," said Owen, "to tell you the thruth, I'm not half plased wid you this mornin'! I think you didn't thrate me as I ought to expect to be thrated."

"*Musha*, Owen M'Carthy, how is that?"

"Why, you said nothin' about Widow Murray raisin' a headstone over our child. You kep' me in the dark there, Frank, an' sich a start I never got as I did this mornin' in the graveyard beyant."

"Upon my sowl, Owen, it wasn't my fau't, nor any of our fau'ts; for to tell you the thruth, we had so much to think and discoorse of last night that it never sthruck me, good or bad. Indeed, it was Bridget that put it first in my head, afther you wint out, an' thin it was too late. Ay, poor woman, the dacent strain was ever in her, the heavens be her bed!"

"Frank, if any one of her family was to abuse me till the dogs wouldn't lick my blood, I'd only give them back good for evil afther that. Oh, Frank, that goes to my heart. To put a headstone over my *weeny* golden-haired darlin', for the sake of the little thrifles I sarved thim in! Well!—may none belonging to her ever know poverty or hardship! but if they do, an' that I have it——How-an'-iver, no matther. God bless thim! Wait till Kathleen hears it!"

"An' the best of it was, Owen, that she never expected to see one of your faces. But, Owen, you think too much about that child. Let us talk of something else. You seen Tubber Derg wanst more?"

"I did; an' I love it still, in spite of the state it's in."

"Ah! it's different from what it was in your happy days.

I was spakin' to Bridget about the farm, an' she advises us to go, widout losin' a minute, an' take it if we can."

"It's near this place I'll die, Frank. I'd not rest in my grave if I wasn't berrid among my own; so we'll take the farm if possible."

"Well, then, Bridget, hurry the breakfast, *avourneen;* an', in the name o' goodness, we'll set out, an' clinch the business this very day."

Owen, as we said, was prompt in following up his determinations. After breakfast they saw the agent and his father, for both lived together. Old Rogerson had been intimately acquainted with the M'Carthys, and, as Frank had anticipated, used his influence with the agent in procuring for the son of his old friend and acquaintance the farm which he sought.

"Jack," said the old gentleman, "you don't probably know the history and character of the Tubber Derg M'Carthys so well as I do. No man ever required the written bond of a M'Carthy; and it was said of them, and is said still, that the widow and orphan, the poor man or the stranger, never sought their assistance in vain. I myself will go security, if necessary, for Owen M'Carthy."

"Sir," replied Owen, "I'm thankful to you; I'm grateful to you. But I wouldn't take the farm, or bid for it at all, unless I could bring forrid enough to stock it as I wish, an' to lay in all that's wantin' to work it well. It ud be useless for me to take it—to struggle a year or two—impoverish the land—an' thin run away out of it. No, no; I have what'll put me upon it wid dacency an' comfort."

"Then, since my father has taken such an interest in you, M'Carthy, you must have the farm. We shall get leases prepared, and the business completed in a few days; for I go to Dublin on this day week. Father, I now remember the character of this family; and I remember, too, the sympathy which was felt for one of them who was harshly ejected, about seventeen or eighteen years ago, out of the lands on which his forefathers had lived, I understand, for centuries."

"I am that man, sir," returned Owen. "It's too long a story to tell now; but it was only out o' part of the lands, sir, that I was put. What I held was but a poor patch com-

pared to what the family held in my grandfather's time. A great part of it went out of our hands at his death."

"It was very kind of you, Misther Rogerson, to offer to go security for him," said Frank; "but if security was wantin', sir, I'd not be willin' to let anybody but myself back him. I'd go all I'm worth in the world—an', be my sowl, double as much—for the same man."

"I know that, Frank, an' I thank you; but I could put security in Mr. Rogerson's hands here, if it was wanted. Good mornin', an' thank you both, gintlemen. To tell yees the thruth," he added, with a smile, "I long to be among my ould friends—manin' the people, an' the hills, an' the green fields of Tubber Derg—agin; an', thanks be to goodness, sure I will soon."

In fact, wherever Owen went within the bounds of his native parish, his name, to use a significant phrase of the people, was before him. His arrival at Frank Farrell's was now generally known by all his acquaintances, and the numbers who came to see him were almost beyond belief. During the two or three successive days he went among his old *croniens;* and no sooner was his arrival at any particular house intimated than the neighbours all flocked to him. Scythes were left idle, spades were stuck in the earth, and work neglected for the time being; all crowded about him with a warm and friendly interest, not proceeding from idle curiosity, but from affection and respect for the man.

The interview between him and Widow Murray's children was affecting. Owen felt deeply the delicate and touching manner in which they had evinced their gratitude for the services he had rendered them; and young Murray remembered, with a strong gush of feeling, the distresses under which they lay when Owen had assisted them. Their circumstances, owing to the strenuous exertions of the widow's eldest son, soon afterwards improved; and, in accordance with the sentiments of hearts naturally grateful, they had taken that method of testifying what they felt. Indeed, so well had Owen's unparalleled affection for his favourite child been known that it was the general opinion about Tubber Derg that her death had broken his heart.

"Poor Owen! he's dead," they used to say; "the death of

his *weeny* one, while he was away in Dublin, gave him the finishin' blow. It broke his heart."

Before the week was expired, Owen had the satisfaction of depositing the lease of his new farm, held at a moderate rent, in the hands of Frank Farrell, who, tying it up along with his own, secured it in "the black chest." Nothing remained now but to return home forthwith, and communicate the intelligence to Kathleen. Frank had promised, as soon as the Lacys should vacate the house, to come with a long train of cars and a number of his neighbours, in order to transfer Owen's family and furniture to his new dwelling. Everything, therefore, had been arranged, and Owen had nothing to do but hold himself in readiness for the welcome arrival of Frank and his friends.

Owen, however, had no sense of enjoyment when not participated in by his beloved Kathleen. If he felt sorrow, it was less as a personal feeling than as a calamity to her. If he experienced happiness, it was doubly sweet to him as reflected from his Kathleen. All this was mutual between them. Kathleen loved Owen precisely as he loved her. Nor let our readers suppose that such characters are rare in humble life. It is in humble life, where the springs of feeling are not corrupted by dissimulation and evil knowledge, that the purest and tenderest and strongest virtues are to be found.

As Owen approached his home he could not avoid contrasting the circumstances of his return now with those under which, almost broken-hearted after his journey to Dublin, he presented himself to his sorrowing and bereaved wife about sixteen years before. He raised his hat, and thanked God for the success which had, since that period, attended him; and immediately after his silent thanksgiving, entered the house.

His welcome, our readers may be assured, was tender and affectionate. The whole family gathered about him, and on his informing them that they were once more about to reside on a farm adjoining to their beloved Tubber Derg, Kathleen's countenance brightened, and the tear of delight gushed to her eyes.

"God be praised, Owen!" she exclaimed; "we will have the ould place afore our eyes, an' what is betther, we will be

near where Alley is lyin'. But that's true, Owen," she added, "did you give the light of our hearts the mother's message?"

Owen paused, and his features were slightly overshadowed, but only by the solemnity of the feeling.

"Kathleen," said he, "I gave her your message; but, *avourneen*, I have sthrange news for you about Alley."

"What, Owen? What is it, *acushla?* Tell me quick."

"The blessed child was not neglected—no, but she was honoured in our absence. A headstone was put over her, an' stands there purtily this minute."

"Mother of glory, Owen!"

"It's thruth. Widow Murray an' her son Jemmy put it up, with words upon it that brought the tears to my eyes. Widow Murray is dead, but her childher's doin' well. May God bless an' prosper them, an' make her happy!"

The delighted mother's heart was not proof against the widow's gratitude, expressed, as it had been, in a manner so affecting. She rocked herself to and fro in silence, whilst the tears fell in showers down her cheeks. The grief, however, which this affectionate couple felt for their child was not always such as the reader has perceived it to be. It was rather a revival of emotions that had long slumbered, but never died; and the associations arising from the journey to Tubber Derg had thrown them back, by the force of memory, almost to the period of her death. At times, indeed, their imagination had conjured her up strongly; but the present was an epoch in the history of their sorrow.

There is little more to be said. Sorrow was soon succeeded by cheerfulness and the glow of expected pleasure, which is ever the more delightful as the pleasure is pure. In about a week their old neighbours, with their carts and cars, arrived; and before the day was closed on which Owen removed to his new residence, he found himself once more sitting at his own hearth, among the friends of his youth, and the companions of his maturer years. Ere the twelvemonth elapsed, he had his house perfectly white, and as nearly resembling that of Tubber Derg in its better days as possible. About two years ago we saw him one evening in the month of June, as he sat on a bench beside his door, singing with a happy heart his favourite song of *Colleen dhas crootha na mo.* It was

about an hour before sunset. The house stood on a gentle eminence, beneath which a sweep of green meadow stretched away to the skirts of Tubber Derg. Around him was a country naturally fertile, and, in spite of the national depression, still beautiful to contemplate. Kathleen and two servant-maids were milking, and the whole family were assembled about the door.

"Well, childher," said the father, "didn't I tell yees, the bitther mornin' we left Tubber Derg, not to cry or be disheartened—that 'there was a good God above, who might do somethin' for us yet?' I never did give up my trust in Him, an' I never will. You see, afther all our little throubles, He has wanst more brought us together, and made us happy. Praise an' glory to His name!"

I looked at him as he spoke. He had raised his eyes to heaven, and a gleam of elevated devotion, perhaps worthy of being called sublime, irradiated his features. The sun, too, in setting, fell upon his broad temples and iron-grey locks with a light solemn and religious. The effect to me, who knew his noble character, and all that he had suffered, was as if the eye of God then rested upon the decline of a virtuous man's life with approbation; as if He had lifted up the glory of His countenance upon him. Would that many of his thoughtless countrymen had been present! They might have blushed for their crimes, and been content to sit and learn wisdom at the feet of Owen M'Carthy.

DENIS O'SHAUGHNESSY GOING TO MAYNOOTH

YOUNG Denis O'Shaughnessy was old Denis's son; and old Denis, like many great men before him, was the son of his father and mother in particular, and of a long line of respectable ancestors in general. He was, moreover, a great historian, a perplexing controversialist, deeply read in Dr. Gallagher and Pastorini,[1] and equally profound in the history of Harry the Eighth, and Luther's partnership with the devil, at that particular period when they invented the Protestant Church between them, and gave the Popeship of it to Her Holiness Queen Elizabeth. Denis was a tall man, who, from his peculiar appearance, and the nature of his dress —a light drab-coloured frieze—was nick-named the walking pigeon-house; and truly on seeing him at a distance a man might naturally enough hit upon a worse comparison. He was quite straight, carried both arms hanging by his sides, motionless and at their full length, like the pendulums of a clock that has ceased going. In his head, neck, and chest there was no muscular action visible; he walked, in fact, as if a milk-pail were upon his crown, or as if a single nod of his head would put the planets out of order. But the principal cause of the similarity lay in his roundness, which resembled that of a pump, running to a point, or the pigeon-house aforesaid, which is still better.

Denis, though a large man, was but a small farmer, for he rented only eighteen acres of good land. His family, however, like himself, was large, consisting of thirteen children, among whom Denis junior stood pre-eminent. Like old Denis, he was exceedingly long-winded in argument, pedantic

[1] Pastorini's "History of the Christian Church" was at one time well known to the Irish peasantry, and Dr. Gallagher's "Sermons" (in Irish) are considered classic.—Ed.

as the schoolmaster who taught him, and capable of taking a very comprehensive grasp of any tangible subject.

Young Denis's display of controversial talents was so remarkably precocious that he controverted his father's statements upon all possible subjects with a freedom from embarrassment which promised well for that most distinguished trait in a controversialist—hardihood of countenance. This delighted old Denis to the finger-ends.

"Dinny, if he's spared," he would say, "will be a credit to us all yet. The sorra one of him but's as manly as anything, and as long-headed as a four-footed baste, so he is! Nothing daunts or dashes him, or puts him to an amplush;[1] but he'll look you in the face so stout an' 'cute, an' never redden or stumble, whether he's right or wrong, but it does one's heart good to see him. Then he has such a laning to it, you see, that the crathur ud ground an argument on anything, thin draw it out to a narration, an' make it as clear as rock-water, besides insensing you so well into the rason of the thing that Father Finnerty himself ud hardly do it betther from the althar."

The highest object of an Irish peasant's ambition is to see his son a priest. Whenever a farmer happens to have a large family, he usually destines one of them for the Church, if his circumstances are at all such as can enable him to afford the boy a proper education. This youth becomes the centre in which all the affections of the family meet. He is cherished, humoured in all his caprices, indulged in his boyish predilections, and raised over the heads of his brothers, independently of all personal or relative merit in himself. The consequence is that he gradually becomes self-willed, proud, and arrogant, often to an offensive degree; but all this is frequently mixed up with a lofty bombast, and an undercurrent of strong, disguised affection, that render his early life remarkably ludicrous and amusing. Indeed, the pranks of pedantry, the pretensions to knowledge, and the humour with which it is mostly displayed, render these scions of divinity, in their intercourse with the people until the period of preparatory education is completed, the most interesting and comical class, perhaps,

[1] *i.e.*, nonplusses him.

to be found in the kingdom. Of these learned priestlings young Denis was undoubtedly a first-rate specimen. His father, a man of no education, was nevertheless as profound and unfathomable upon his favourite subjects as a philosopher; but this profundity raised him mightily in the opinion of the people, who admired him the more the less they understood him.

Now old Denis was determined that young Denis should tread in his own footsteps; and, sooth to say, young Denis possessed as bright a talent for the dark and mysterious as the father himself. No sooner had the son commenced Latin, with the intention of adorning the Church, than the father put him in training for controversy. For a considerable time the laurels were uniformly borne away by the veteran; but what will not learning do? Ere long the son got as far as syntax, about which time the father began to lose ground, in consequence of some ugly quotations which the son threw into his gizzard, and which unfortunately stuck there. By-and-by the father receded more and more as the son advanced in his Latin and Greek, until, at length, their encounters were only resorted to for the purpose of showing off the son.

When young Denis had reached the age of sixteen or seventeen, he was looked upon by his father and his family, as well as by all their relations in general, as a prodigy. It was amusing to witness the delight with which the worthy man would call upon his son to exhibit his talents—a call to which the son instantly attended. This was usually done by commencing a mock controversy for the gratification of some neighbour to whom the father was anxious to prove the great talents of his son. When old Denis got the young *sogarth* fairly in motion, he gently drew himself out of the dispute, but continued a running comment upon the son's erudition, pointed out his good things, and occasionally resumed the posture of a controversialist, to reinspirit the boy if he appeared to flag.

"Dinny, *abouchal*, will you come up till Phadrick Murray hears you arguin' Scripther wid myself, Dinny. Now, Phadrick, listen, but keep your tongue sayin' nothin'; jist lave us to ourselves. Come up, Dinny, till you have a hate at arguin' wid myself."

"Father, I condimnate you at once—I condimnate you as being a most ungrammatical ould man, an' not fit to argue wid any one that knows Murray's English Grammar, an' more espaciously the three concords of Lilly's Latin one—that is, the cognation between the nominative case and the verb, the consanguinity between the substantive and the adjective, and the blood-relationship that irritates between the relative and the antecedent."

"I tould you, Phadrick! There's the boy that can rattle off the high English and the larned Latin, jist as if he was born wid an English Dictionary in one cheek, a Latin Necksuggawn[1] in the other, an' Doctor Gallagher's Irish Sarmons nately on the top of his tongue between the two."

"Father, but that unfortunately I am afflicted wid modesty, I'd blush *crocus* for your ignorance, as Virgil asserts in his Bucolics, *ut Virgilius ait in Bucolicis;* and as Horatius, a book that I'm well acquainted wid, says in another place, '*Huc pertinent verba,*' says he, '*commodandi, comparandi, dandi, promittendi, solvendi, imperandi, nuntiandi, fidendi, obsequendi, minandi, irascendi, et iis contraria.*"

"That's a good boy, Dinny; but why would you blush for my ignorance, *avourneen?* Take care of yourself now, an' spake deep, for I'll out-argue you at the heel o' the hunt, 'cute as you are."

"Why do I blush for your ignorance, is it? Why, thin, I'm sure I have sound rasons for it: only think of the gross persivarance wid which you call that larned work, the Lexicon in Greek, a Necksuggawn. Fadher, never attimpt to argue or display your ignorance wid me again. But, moreover, I can probate you to be an ungrammatical man, from your own *modus* of argument."

"Go on, *avourneen.* Phadrick!"

"I'm listenin'. The sorra's no match for his 'cuteness, an' one's puzzled to think where he can get it all."

"Why, you don't know at all what I could do by larnin'. It would be no throuble to me to divide myself into two halves, an' argue the one agin the other."

"You would, in throth, Dinny."

[1] Lexicon.

"Ay, father, or cut myself acrass, an' dispute my head, maybe, agin my heels."

"Throth would you!"

"Or practise logic wid my right hand, and bate that agin wid my left."

"The sarra lie in it."

"Or read the Greek Tistament wid my right eye, an' thranslate it at the same time wid my left, according to the Greek an' English sides of my face, wid my tongue constrein' into Irish, unknownst to both o' them."

"Why, Denis, he must have a head like a bell to be able to get into things."

"Throth an' he has that, an' 'ill make a noise in conthroversy yet, if he lives. Now, Dinny, let us have a hate at histhory."

"A hate at histhory?—wid all my heart. But before we begin, I tell you that I'll confound you precipitately; for you see, if you bate me in the English, I'll scarify you wid Latin, and give you a bang or two of Greek into the bargain. Och! I wish you'd hear the sackin' I gave Tom Reilly the other day—rubbed him down, as the masther says, wid a Greek towel; an' whenever I complimented him with the loan of a cut on the head, I always gave him a plaster of Latin to heal it; but the sorra worse healin' flesh in the world than Tom's is for the Latin, so I bruised a few Greek roots and laid them to his *caput* so nate that you'd laugh to see him. Well, is it histhory we are to begin wid? If it is, come on—advance. I'm ready for you—in protection—wid my guards up."

"Ha, ha, ha! Well, if he isn't the drollest crathur, an' so 'cute! But now for the histhory. Can you prove to me, upon a clear foundation, the differ atween black an' white, or prove that Phadrick Murray here—long life to him—is an ass? Now, Phadrick, listen, for you must decide betune us."

"*Arrah,* have you no other larnin' than that to argue upon? Sure, if you call upon me to decide, I must give it agin Dinny. Why, my judgment won't be worth a ha'porth if he makes an ass of me!"

"What matther how you decide, man alive, if he proves

you to be one; sure, that's all we want. Never heed shakin' your head—listen an' it will be well worth your while. Why, man, you'll know more nor you ever knew or suspected before when he proves you to be an ass."

"In the first place, father, you're ungrammatical in one word; instead of sayin' 'prove,' always say probate or probe; the word is descinded—that is, the ancisthor of it is *probo*, a deep Greek word—*probo probas, prob-ass*—that is to say, I'm to *probe* Phadrick here to be an *ass*. Now, do you see how pat I brought that in? That's the way, Phadrick, I chastise my father with the languages."

"In throth it is; go on, *avick*. Phadrick!"

"I'm listenin'."

"Phadrick, do you know the differ atween black an' white?"

"Atween black an' white? Hut, *gorsoon*, to be sure I do."

"Well, an' what might it be, Phadrick, my larned Athiop? What might it be, I negotiate?"

"Why, thin, the differ atween them is this, Dinny, that black is—let me see—why—that black is not red—nor yallow—nor brown—nor green—nor purple—nor cutbeard—nor a heather colour—nor a grogram——"

"Nor a white?"

"Surely, Dinny, not a white, *abouchal;* don't think to come over me that way."

"But I want to know what colour it is, most larned sager."

"All rasonable, Dinny. Why, thin, black is—let me see—but, death alive!—it's—a—a—why, it's black, an' that's all I can say about it—yes, faix, I can—black is the colour of Father Curtis's coat."

"An' what colour is that, Phadrick?"

"Why, it's black, to be sure."

"Well, now, what colour is white, Phadrick?"

"Why, it's a snow colour—for all the world the colour of snow."

"White is?"

"Ay, is it."

"The dear help your head, Phadrick, if that's all you know about snow. In England, man, snow is an Oxford grey, an' in Scotland a pepper an' salt, an' sometimes a cutbeard, when

they get a hard winther. I found that much in the Greek, anyway, Phadrick. Thry agin, you imigrant; I'll give you another chance—what colour is white?"

"Why, thin, it's—white—an' nothin' else. The sorra one but you'd puzzle a saint wid your long-headed screwtations from books."

"So, Phadrick, your preamble is that white is white, and black is black."

"Asy, *avick*. I said, sure enough, that white is white; but the black I deny—I said it was the colour of Father Curtis's black coat."

"Oh, you barbarian of the world, how I scorn your profundity an' emotions! You're a disgrace to the human sex by your superciliousness of knowledge an' your various quotations of ignorance. *Ignorantia*, Phadrick, is your date an' superscription. Now, stretch out your ears, till I probate or probe to you the differ atween black an' white."

"Phadrick!!" said the father.

"I'm listenin'."

"Now, Phadrick, here's the griddle, an' here's a clane plate—do you see them here beside one another?"

"I'm lookin' at them."

"Now shut your eyes."

"Is that your way, Denis, of judgin' colours?"

"Shut your eyes, I say, till I give you ocular demonstration of the differ atween these two respectable colours."

"Well, they're shut."

"An' keep them so. Now, what differ do you *see* atween them?"

"The sorra taste, man alive; I never seen anything in my whole life so clearly of a colour as they are both this minute."

"Don't you see now, Phadrick, that there's not the smallest taste o' differ in them, an' that's accordin' to Euclid."

"Sure enough, Phadrick, that's the point settled. There's no discrimination at all atween black an' white. They're both of the same colour—so long as you keep your eyes shut."

"But if a man happens to open his eyes, Dinny?"

"He has no right to open them, Phadrick, if he wants to prove the truth of a thing. I should have said probe—but it does not significate."

"The heavens mark you to grace, Dinny. You did that in brave style. Phadrick, *ahagur,* he'll make the darlin' of an arguer when he gets the robes an him."

"I don't deny that; he'll be aquil to the best o' thim. Still, Denis, I'd rather, whin I want to pronounce upon colours, that he'd let me keep my eyes open."

"Ay, but he did it out o' the books, man alive; and there's no goin' beyant thim. Sure, he could prove it out o' the Divinity, if you went to that. An' what is still more, he could, by shuttin' your eyes, in the same way prove black to be white, an' white black, jist as asy."

"Surely myself doesn't doubt it. I suppose by shutting my eyes the same lad could prove anything to me."

"But, Dinny, *avourneen,* you didn't prove Phadrick to be an ass yit. Will you do that by histhory, too, Dinny, or by the norrations of illocution?"

"Father, I'm surprised at your gross imperception. Why, man, if you were not a *rara avis* of somnolency, a man of most frolicsome determinations, you'd be able to see that I've proved Phadrick to be an ass already."

"Throth, I deny that you did; there wasn't a word about my bein' an ass in the last discoorse. It was all upon the differ atween black an' white."

"Oh, how I scorn your gravity, man! *Ignorantia,* as I said, is your date an' superscription; an' when you die you ought to go an' engage a stone-cutter to carve you a headstone, an' make him write on it, *Hic jacet Ignorantius Redivivus.* An' the translation of that is, accordin' to Publius Virgilius Maro —'Here lies a quadruped who didn't know the differ atween black an' white.'"

"But, Dinny, won't you give us the histhory of how the Protestant Church was invinted by the divil an' Luther, backed by Harry the Aighth while he was a Protestant? Give it to Phadrick, Dinny, till he hears it."

"Yes, my worthy *paterfamilias,* it shall be done; but upon the hypothesis of your taciturnity. *Experientia docet*—which is, on bein' rendered into vernacularity, 'You are too much

addicted to intherruption, an' throw the darkness of your intellect over the splendour of my narrations.'"

"But afore you go on, Dinny, will you thranslate *doshet* for Phadrick?"

"Father, I'll tolerate incongruity in no man. If you must become jocular, why go an' larn Latin an' Greek to substantiate your jocularity. Become erudite for yourself, an' tell the story to your friends; but I vow to Demosthenes, if you provoke me I'll unsluice the flood-gates of my classicality, an' bear you off like a sthraw on the surface of my larned indignation."

"Well, I won't Dinny—I won't, *avick*. I'll say nothin' barrin' listen. Phadrick, isn't that the larnin'?"

"Bedad, it couldn't be bate."

"Well! is it the history of the confab atween Luther an' the invintor o' the long-tailed heresy I'm to give you?"

"But why was it long-tailed, Dinny? Tell that to Phadrick."

"Father, I tould you before that I'll not tolerate incongruity in any man who is ignorant of the classics. Was it not that Phadrick Murray's ignorance protects you, I'd take the liberty of lettin' you contemplate your own impenetrability to admonition. I call the Protestant heresy long-tailed for three reasons: first—*id est*—*primo*——"

"Phadrick!!!"

"I'm list'nin'!"

"*Primo*—Because it was not short. *Secundo*—Because the dragon that invinted it in the Revelations had a tail that reached over the third part of heaven. *Tertio*—Because the divil, who was joint-partner wid the dragon, never goes widout a switcher. So that it is from the purest of logic I call it the long-tailed heresy. Are you now satisfied?"

"Throth, we are, *avick*. Isn't that the larnin', Phadrick?"

"Bedad, he's as ould as Killileagh bog, all but one bank."

"Well! *Quid multis?* Luther was sittin' one evenin' in his *studium* or study, afther havin' secured a profound dinner; one foot was upon the hob, an' the other in the most convanient place, of coorse. One elbow was placed upon a round black table, near a decanther of wine an' a bottle of Innishowen whisky. I will not purtind to say which he was most

in the habit of drinkin', lest I might glide into veracity. Ovid says, in his Metamorphoses, that tradition is in favour of the whisky. His words are—*Lutherus semper potavit merum Ennishonum,* which has puzzled the commentators very much. St. Augustin, who was a good judge, thinks that 'merum Ennishonum' means the 'pure native,' which, he says, is jolly drink. Paul the Hermit, an' St. Anthony, on the other hand, say that 'merum Ennishonum' is incorrect; for that had he stuck, as they did, to 'merum Ennishonum' he would never have left the Church. Others read 'clarum Ennishonum.' However, it does not significate. There he sat, as I have chalked him out for you, in a state of relaxation, frolicsome an' solitary, wid his countenance placid an' bloomin', his rosy, semi-demi-quaver dewlap dependin' from his chin, just ripe for meditation an' a tumbler.

"'Now, Luther, you sinner,' says he, lookin' over at his own shadow upon the wall beyant—'Luther,' says he, 'here you sit, wid a good coat to your back, good shoes to your feet, good Connemara stockings to your legs, and excellent linen undher your penitential hair-cloth shirt. What more do you want, you knave, you?' says he, continuin' to hould a logical controversy wid himself. 'I say, you born desaver,' says he, 'what is it you would be at? Maybe it's a fat mithre you'd be smellin' afther? But I doubt,' says he, 'that an ecclesiastical union between your head an' a mithre was never intinded to be *in rerum natura.*'"

"Phadrick!!!"

"I'm list'nin'!"

"'What would you be at then?' said he, carryin' on the controversy. 'Haven't you enough o' the world? Haven't you ase an' indepindence, an' susceptibility, an' tergiversation, not to mintion that a fast dinner wid you would make a faste for a layman? Go off wid you,' says he to a fly that was leadin' a party of pleasure towards his nose—'go 'long wid you, you sinner, an' don't be timptin' me! The fact or *factum* is, Luther,' says he——"

"Dinny, thranslate whackdem for Phadrick."

"Father, you're incorrigible. Why, *factum's* a fact, an' so is what I'm relatin'. 'The fact or *factum* is, Luther,' says he, 'that you are anxious to thranslate some honest man's daughter

into an *uxor* for yourself—you are,' says he, 'you born sconce; an' you're puzzlin' your pineal gland how to effectuate the *vinculum matrimonii.*' He was thinkin', too, at the time, of a small taste of a vow—*votum* it is in the larned languages—that he had to dispose of at first cost, because the shabby intintion was in him. But no matther, it was all the same to honest Luther in the Greek.

"'Hould up your anterior countenance,' says he, 'an' look yourself straight in the face widout blushin', if you can.'"

"What's the manin' of antlerian countenance, Dinny?"

"It signifies, father, that part of the human *caput* upon which the faces of most single-faced gintlemen are to be found."

"An' where do thim that have two faces keep the second, Dinny?"

"Did you never hear of the *facies hypocritica* an' the *facies atra?* The *facies hypocritica* is worn over the *facies atra,* like a mask on a blackamoor. The former, father, is for the world in general, an' the latter for private use when the wearer happens to practise a thrifle in the reflectin' style. These belong to the double-faced gintlemen. There is a third, called the *facies candida,* which every fool an' knave can look through; but it's not worth washin'. I wouldn't give three sthraws for the *facies candida.* No, no; commend me to the other two."

"Sure, they say, Dinny, two heads is betther than one; an' so, of coorse, is two faces."

"Right, father. *Saltem recte dixisti.* I'll practise wid both myself, plase the fates."

"Throth, you will, *avick.*"

"'Well,' the Reformer proceeded, 'Luther, how are we to manage? Your health! in the meantime,' says he, puttin' the dilution to his lips. 'Our best plan, at all evints, is to dhrink upon it. It's a hard subject, an' requires to be softened by the moisture, so as to make it tractable. The fact is,' he went on, 'that you're gettin' frolicsome on my hands—you are, you sinner; and have a tendency to make some honest man's daughter flesh of your flesh, an' bone of your bone, by effectin' the *vinculum.* Isn't that the case, Luther?'

"'Faith, I bleeve so,' said he to himself; 'but I'd give a thrifle to know in what manner I could accomplish the union. However, the fact cannot be denied that I'm runnin' fast into uxoriety, an' will marry, if the whole Christian world should become champions of abnegation. There's nothin' like a plural life,' says Luther. 'I'll not only live in my own person, but by proxy, as the bishops an' cardinals go to heaven.'

"In this manner was Luther debatin' the subject wid himself, assisted by the dilution, when a grave-looking man, in the garbage of a monk, walked in to him. He had all the appearance of a steady, sober ecclesiastic; his countenance was what they call a slate-colour—'*vultus slate-colorius*,' as Jugurtha says when giving an account of the transaction to Cornelius Agrippa the centurion.

"'*Salve, Lutherum*,' says the *peregrinus;* which is, 'Good-morrow, Luther.'

"'*Tu sis salvus quoque*,' says Luther back to him; which is, 'Good-morrow, an' good luck.'"

"Phadrick!!"

"I'm list'nin'."

"'Won't you take a sate, brother,' says Luther, 'an' be sated?'

"'Thank you kindly, brother,' replied the other. They called each other brothers, because the stranger was dressed, as I said, in the garbage of a monk, the vagrant. 'Thank you kindly,' says he; 'an' if you'll allow me, I'll also take a tumbler of Innishowen,' says he, 'bein' a little warm an' thirsty afther my walk.'

"'You're as welcome as the flowers o' May,' says Luther, 'to the best in my house. Katty, get another tumbler an' more hot wather, an' place a chair over there on the opposite side o' the table. I'm sorry, brother,' says he, 'that I haven't somethin' betther to offer you; but the thruth is, this bein' a fast day wid me, I had only a cut o' salmon, an' two or three other things, more in the shape of a collation than a dinner—not but that I came undher the exception, an' might have ate meat; for, indeed, I wasn't to say too well to-day. However, I always think it right to obsarve the rules o' the Church, an' to practise macerosity an' timperance. Here's to our betther acquaintance!'

"'Thank you kindly, an' here's ditto,' says the other. 'I'm much of your way o' thinkin' myself,' says he, 'an' think it both clerical an' churchmanlike to mortify myself upon turbot, salmon, or any other miserable substitute for a dinner that smacks of penance; though, indeed, like yourself, I wasn't to say well to-day, bein' rather feverish, an' might have practised the exception too.'

"'In that case, then,' said Luther, 'I'll ordher down a couple of fat pullets an' a ham for supper. You know we're commanded to observe hospitality towards God's saints; but in case you have a scruple about the exception, why I'll absolve you, an' you'll absolve me, so that, after all, it won't signify. The thing's as long as it's short,' says Luther. '*Shud orth!*' says he, puttin' the dilution to his lips agin.

"'Here's to your best wishes!' says the other. 'Yes, Luther,' says he, with a sigh of devotion, 'there's nothin' like humility an' carnation in a religious ministher. We have weighty duties to perform, an' we ought to see that the practice of self-denial is properly theorised in our own persons, an' its theory reduced to practicality by the hardened laity, who would ate and dhrink like ourselves, an' encroach upon our other privileges widout remorse, as if they had a right to them. They would ate like bastes, an' dhrink like fishes, Luther, if we allowed them,' says he. 'Here's to you!'

"'They would, the vulgarians,' says Luther. 'Katty, more hot wather; an', Katty, *asthore*, put down two of the fattest of them crammed pullets, an' a ham, an' have them ready for supper, an' fetch another bottle of Innishowen; afther which, Katty, we'll give you a dispensation for absence until supper-time. Well but, my worthy,' says Luther, 'what's your opinion of clerical affairs in general? Don't you think they're in a bad state?'

"'Not at all,' says the other. 'I think they're just as they ought to be.'

"'I doubt that,' says Luther. 'The infarior clargy laid undher great restrictions, in quensequence of their poverty. Look at the cardinals, an' bishops, an' rich abbots! Why, they've a monopoly of all that the world's good for.'

"'Thrue,' said the *peregrinus*."

"Phadrick!!!"

"I'm list'nin'!"

"'Thrue,' says the *peregrinus*, 'an' my wish is to see that broken down.'

"'An' so is mine,' says Luther. 'They won't allow us infarior clargy to take wives to ourselves, though they're not ashamed to carry comforters about their necks in the open face of day. A poor clerical now can't afford to be licentious, for want o' money.'

"'Thrue; an' I would wish to see it made chape,' says the other, 'if it was only to vex the wealthy.'

"'You know as well as I do,' says Luther, 'that profligacy at present is at an extravagant price. The rich can afford to buy themselves dispensations for a month's or three months' licentiousness, or from a year's to seven years' indulgence, or seven hundred years', for that matther, if they lay down the cash; but wid us it's different—we can't afford to purchase the right to sin an' threspass, yet we won't be allowed to marry. Now I'm determined to rescue the people an' the dhrudgin' clargy from this tyranny.'

"'Then you'd wish to see the clargy married, an' dispensations taken away?'

"'To be sure I would; an' an interesting sight it ud be, to see the rogues, every man wid a legal doxy undher his arm. I tell you, the *vinculum* must be effected.'

"'I have no objection to the *vinculum*,' replied the *advena*, 'for it's all the same thing in the end. How do you think it could be brought about?'

"Luther, who was meditatin' upon the subject at the time, didn't hear him.

"'I'll hould you a gallon of Roscrea to a gallon of Innishowen,' says the strange monk, 'that I could put you on a plan of havin' them married in scores—ay, in dhroves.'

"'If you do,' says Luther, 'I'll say you're a cleverer man than I am.'

"'Do you know much about England?' says the sthranger.

"'A thrifle,' says Luther.

"'Well,' says the other, 'there's Harry the Aighth goin' to put away his wife, an' to take another in her place. Now's your time,' says he; 'strike while the iron's hot. He's at

loggerheads wid the Pope an' the Church in gineral, an' will defend the right o' marrying to the last day of his life. Broach the subject now, Luther, an' he's the boy will support it.'

"'Give me your hand,' says Luther. 'Eh, St. Pether, but your palm's burnin'.'

"'Not at all,' says the other, 'I'm naturally hot; besides, as I said a while ago, I'm a thrifle faverish. Will you take my hint?'

"'Would a cat take new milk?' says Luther.

"'Well then,' says the other; 'I'll give you some advice.'"

"But, Dinny," said the father, "wasn't all the two thieves said about the Church lies?"

"Every word of it a lie—as gross as Luther himself. There was no such thing as tyranny, or persecution, or overgrown wealth in the Church then at all. No man ud be punished for not thinkin' or spakin' accordin' as the Church commanded. The clargy were as mild as lambs, an' didn't lord it over or trample upon the people, good or bad. If a washerwoman was to summon a bishop for his quarther's washin', he'd attend like any other man, an' pay down the money if he had it, or if he hadn't he'd give it to her at half-a-crown a week; so that Luther, the dirty vagrant, had no grounds for makin' such a schism in the Church as he did."

"Phadrick, there's the knowledge!"

"Bedad, it bangs!"

"The *advena* thin instructed Luther at a great rate, tellin' him how he'd get on wid his heresy, an' many other things o' that nature. Luther, however, began to feel unasy where he sat. He first put one finger to his nosthril, afther that his thumb to the other, lookin' arnestly at the monk all the time.

"'I beg your pardon,' says he, 'but maybe you'd take the other side o' the room; I think you'd find yourself more comfortable in it. There's a blast o' wind from your side,' says he, 'that's not pleasant, somehow.'

"'Oh, that ud be too much throuble,' says the other; 'I'm very well where I am.'

"'No throuble in life to me,' says Luther, 'but the conthrary. I find that I'm no sich theologian as you are; an'

I think it but right that you should keep me at as respectful a distance as possible. I'll thank you to take the other side o' the room, I say; or indeed, for that matther, if you sat on the outside for some time, it ud be as well. A thrifle o' fresh air ud sarve us both.'

"'Why, you're too delicate entirely,' said the stranger.

"'Don't stand on ceremony wid me,' says Luther; 'you may go out like shot, an' I'll never say ill you did it. St. Pether, what's this at all!'

"He then looked at the monk, an' saw a grim sneer upon his face; his eyes, too, began to blaze, an' a circle o' fire played round his head. Another peep undher the table showed Luther the cloven foot, an' a long tail coiled round the chair. Luther, however, was a hardened sinner that there was no puttin' fear into; so he instantly whipped up the poker that had been stickin' between the bars, an', of coorse, red hot; an' the monk, seein' him about to commence the attack, took the liberty of rethratin' in double-quick time.

"'Ha!' exclaimed Luther, 'there you go, you common vagabone; but a sweet perfume do you lave behind you!'

"Now, Phadrick, that's the way the Protestant Church was invinted by the divil an' Martin Luther. Harry the Aighth, an' his daughther Elizabeth, who was then Queen o' Scotland, both came in an' supported him aftherwards."

"Well, by the livin', Dinny, I dunna where you get all this deep readin'!"

"Sure, he gets it all in the Dixonary."

"Bedad, that Dixonary must be a fine book entirely, to thim that can undherstand it."

"But, Dinny, will you tell Phadrick the Case of Conscience atween Barny Branagan's two goats an' Parra Ghastha's mare?"

"Father, if you were a grammarian I'd castigate your incompatibility as it desarves—I'd lay the scourge o' syntax upon you as no man ever got it since the invintion o' the nine parts o' speech. By what rule of logic can you say that aither Barny Branagan's goats or Parra Ghastha's mare had a conscience? I tell you it wasn't they had the conscience, but the divine who decided the difficulty. Phadrick, lie down till I illusthrate."

"How is that, Dinny? I can hear you sittin'."

"Lie down, you reptile, or I shall decline the narration altogether."

"*Arrah,* lie down, Phadrick; sure, he only wants to show you the rason o' the thing."

"Well, well, I'm down. Now, Dinny, don't let your feet be too larned, if you plase."

"Silence!—*taceto!* you reptile. Now, Phadrick, here, on this side o' you, lies Barny Branagan's field; an' there, on that side, lies a field of Parra Ghastha's: you're the ditch o' mud betuxt them."

"The ditch o' mud! Faix, that's dacent!"

"Now here, on Barny Branagan's side, feeds Parra Ghastha's mare; an' there, on Parra Ghastha's side, feed Barny Branagan's goats. Do you comprehend? Do you insinuate?"

"I do—I do. Death alive! there's no use in punchin' my sides wid your feet that way."

"Well, get up now an' set your ears."

"Now listen to him, Phadrick!"

"It was one night in winter, when all nature shone in the nocturnal beauty of tenebrosity: the sun had set about three hours before; an', accordin' to the best logicians, there was a dearth of light. It's the general opinion of philosophers —that is, of the soundest o' them—that when the sun is down, the moon an' stars are usually up; and so they were on the night that I'm narratin' about. The moon was, wid great respect to her character, night-walkin' in the sky; and the stars vegetated in celestial genuflection around her. Nature, Phadrick, was in great state. The earth was undher our feet, an' the sky above us. The frost, too, was hard, Phadrick, the air keen, an' the grass tendher. All things were enrobed wid verisimilitude an' scrupulosity. In this manner was the terraqueous part of our system, when Parra Ghastha's mare, after havin' taken a cowld collation on Barny Branagan's grass, was returnin' to her master's side o' the *merin;* an' Barny Branagan's goats, havin' tasted the sweets of Parra Ghastha's cabbages, were on their way acrass the said *merin* to their own side. Now it so happened that they met exactly at a narrow gap in the ditch behind Rosha

Halpin's house. The goats, bein' coupled together, got one on each side of the rift, wid the rope that coupled them extended acrass it. The mare stood in the middle of it, so that the goats were in the way of the mare, an' the mare in the way of the goats. In the meantime they surveyed one another wid great composure, but had neither of them the politeness to stir, until Rosha Halpin came suddenly out an' emptied a vessel of untransparent wather into the ditch. The mare, who must have been an animal endowed wid great sensibility of soul, stooped her head suddenly at the noise; an' the goats, who were equally sentimental, gave a start from nervishness. The mare, on raisin' her head, came in contact wid the cord that united the goats; and the goats, havin' lost their commandin' position, came in contact wid the neck o' the mare. *Quid multis?* They pulled an' she pulled, an' she pulled an' they pulled, until at length the mare was compelled to practise the virtue of resignation in the ditch, wid the goats about her neck. She died by suspinsion; but the mettlesome ould crathur, wid a love of justice that did her honour, hanged the goats in requital; for they departed this vale of tears on the mountain-side along wid her, so that they had the satisfaction of dyin' a social death together. Now, Phadrick, you quadruped, the case of conscience is, whether Parra Ghastha has a right to make restitution to Barny Branagan for the loss of his goats, or Barny Branagan to Parra Ghastha for the loss of his mare?"

"Bedad, that's a puzzler!"

"Isn't it, Phadrick? But wait till you hear how he'll clear it up! Do it for Phadrick, Dinny."

"Yis, Phadrick, I'll illusthrate your intellects by divinity. You see, Phadrick, you're to suppose me to be in the chair as confessor. Very well—or *valde*, in the larned languages—Parra Ghastha comes to confess to me, an' tells me that Barny Branagan wants to be paid for his goats. I tell him it's a disputed point, an' that the price o' the goats must go to the Church. On the other hand, Barny Branagan tells me that Parra Ghastha wishes to be paid for his mare. I say, again, it's a disputed point, an' that the price o' the mare must go to the Church—the amount of the proceeds to be applied in

prayer towards the benefit of the parties in the first instance, an' of the faithful in general afterwards."

"Phadrick!!!"

"Oh, that I may never, but he bates the globe!"

Denny's character is a very common one in the remote parts of Ireland, where knowledge is novelty, and where the slightest tinge of learning is looked upon with such reverence and admiration as can be properly understood only by those who have an opportunity of witnessing it. Indeed, few circumstances prove the great moral influence which the Irish priesthood possess over the common people more forcibly than the extraordinary respect paid by the latter to such as are designed for the "mission." The moment the determination is made, an incipient sanctity begins, as it were, to consecrate the young priest, and a high opinion of his learning and talents to be entertained, no matter how dull he may be so far as honest nature is concerned. Whatever he says is sure to have some hidden meaning in it, that would be highly edifying if they themselves understood it. But their own humility comes in here to prop up his talents; and whatsoever perplexity there may be in the sense of what he utters is immediately attributed to learning altogether beyond their depth.

Love of learning is a conspicuous principle in an Irish peasant; and in no instance is it seen to greater advantage than when the object of it appears in the "makins of a priest." Among all a peasant's good and evil qualities, this is not the least amiable. How his eye will dance in his head with pride when the young priest thunders out a line of Virgil or Homer, a sentence from Cicero, or a rule from syntax! And with what complacency and affection will the father and relations of such a person, when sitting during a winter evening about the hearth, demand from him a translation of what he repeats, or a grammatical analysis, in which he must show the dependencies and relations of word upon word—the concord, the verb, the mood, the gender, and the case; into every one and all of which the learned youth enters with an air of oracular importance, and a polysyllabicism of language that fails not in confounding them with astonishment and edification. Neither does Paddy confine himself to Latin or Greek,

for his curiosity in hearing a little upon all known branches of human learning is boundless. When a lad is designed for the priesthood, he is, as if by a species of intuition, supposed to know more or less of everything; astronomy, fluxions, Hebrew, Arabic, and the black-art are subjects upon which he is frequently expected to dilate; and vanity scruples not, under the protection of their ignorance, to lead the erudite youth through what they believe to be the highest regions of imagination, or the profoundest depths of science and philosophy.

It is, indeed, in those brilliant moments, when the young priest is launching out in full glory upon some topic of which he knows not a syllable, that it would be a learned luxury to catch him. These flights, however, are very pardonable, when we consider the importance they give him in the eyes of his friends, and reflect upon that lofty and contemptuous pride, and those delectable sensations, which the appearance of superior knowledge gives to the pedant, whether raw or trained, high or low, in this profession or the other. It matters little that such a feeling dilates the vanity in proportion to the absence of real knowledge or good sense; it is not real but affected knowledge we are writing about. Pride is confined to no condition; nor is the juvenile pedantry of a youth upon the hob of an Irish chimney-corner much different from the pride which sits upon the brow of a worthy Lord Mayor, freshly knighted, lolling with strained dignity beside his honourable brother, the mace, during a city procession; or of a Lady Mayoress, when she reads upon a dead-wall her own name, flaming in yellow capitals, at the head of a subscription ball; or, what is better still, the contemptuous glance which, while about to open the said ball, her ladyship throws at that poor creature and upstart—the sheriff's wife.

In addition, however, to the enjoyment of this assumption of profound learning which characterises the young priest, a different spirit, considerably more practical, often induces him to hook in other motives. The learning of Denis O'Shaughnessy, for instance, blazed with peculiar lustre whenever he felt himself out at elbows; for the logic with which he was able to prove the connection between his

erudition and a woollen-draper's shop was, like the ignorance of those who are to be saved, invincible. Whenever his father considered a display of the son's powers in controversy to be capital, Denis, who knew the *mollia tempora fandi*, applied to him for a hat. Whenever he drew a heretic as a person who will be found hereafter without the wedding garment, and clinched the argument with half a dozen quotations from syntax or Greek grammar, he uniformly came down upon the father for a coat, the cloth of which was fine in proportion to the web of logic he wove during the disputation. Whenever he seated himself in the chair of rhetoric, or gave an edifying homily on prayer, with such eloquence as rendered the father's admiration altogether inexpressible, he applied for a pair of small-clothes; and if in the excursiveness of his vigorous imagination he travelled anywhere beyond the bounds of common sense, he was certain to secure a pair of shoes.

This, of course, did not escape the satirical observation of the neighbours, who commented upon the circumstance with that good-humour which renders their mother-wit so pleasant and spicy. The scenes where many of these displays took place varied according to the occurrence of those usual incidents which diversify country life. Sometimes old Denis's hearth was selected, at others a neighbouring wake-house, and not unfrequently the chapel-green, where, surrounded by a crowd of eager listeners, the young priest and his Latin would succeed in throwing the hedge schoolmaster and his problems completely into the shade.

The father's pride on these occasions always prompted him to become the aggressor; but he only did this to draw out the talents of his son to more advantage. Never was man foiled with less regret than old Denis; nor did ever man more bitterly repent those little touches of vanity which sometimes induced him, when an opportunity of prostrating Denny arrived, to show what he could have done, by giving the son's argument an unexpected brain-blow. These accidental defeats always brought the son more than he lost by them; for the father usually made him a peace-offering in the shape of pocket-money, books, or clothes. The great amusement of the peasantry around the chapel-green of a

Sunday was to hear the father and son engaged in argument; and so simple was the character of both that their acquaintances declared they could know by the state of young Denis's coat, and the swaggering grasp with which old Denis held his staff, that an encounter was about to take place.

"Young Shaughnessy's gettin' bare," they would observe; "there'll be hard arguin' till he gets the clothes. He's puttin' in for a black coat now, he's so grave. Go on, Denny," they would say again; "more power an' a dacenter sleeve to your elbow. Stick to him!—very good!—that's a clincher!—you're gone beyond the skirts, Denny!—let him pocket that larnin'! Dinis, you're bate, body an' slaves![1]—you're no match for the *gorsoon*, Dinis. Good agin, *abouchal!*—that's puttin' the collar on it!" And so on, varying the phrase according to the whim of the moment.

Nothing gave the father greater pleasure than these observations; although the affected earnestness with which he encountered the son, and his pretended indignation at those who affirmed him to have been beaten, were highly amusing to the bystanders.

Such discussions were considered highly edifying and instructive by them, and they were sometimes at a loss whether to give the palm of ingenuity and eloquence to the father or Denny. The reader, however, must not suppose that the contemptuous expressions scattered over Denny's rhetorical flourishes when discussing these points with his father implied want of reverence or affection—far from it. On the contrary, the father always liked him the better for them, inasmuch as they proved Denny's vast superiority over himself. They were, therefore, only the licenses and embellishments of discussion, tolerated and encouraged by him to whom they were applied.

Denny at length shot up to the stature of a young man, probably about eighteen; and during the two last years of his school studies he presented a considerable if not a decidedly marked change in his character and external appearance. His pride became more haughty, and the consciousness of his learning, and of the influence annexed to

[2] Sleeves—*i.e.*, completely.

the profession for which he was intended, put itself forth with less discussion but more energy. His manners and attitude became constrained; the expression of his face began to darken, and to mould itself into a stiff, gloomy formality that was strongly calculated to conceal the natural traits of his character. His dress, too, had undergone a great improvement; for instead of wearing shop blue or brown, he wore good black broadcloth, had a watch in his fob, a respectable hat, and finer linen.

This change, now necessary in consequence of his semi-clerical character, influenced him through every relation of life. His nearest friends, whilst their pride in him increased, fell off to a more respectful distance; and his deportment, so far from being that of the good-humoured Bobadil of polemics and pedantry upon all known and unknown subjects, became silent and solemn, checkered only during the moments of family conviviality by an excessive flow of that pleasant and still incomprehensible learning for the possession of which he had so honestly earned himself a character. Much of his pedantry was now lopped off, it is true, because the pride of his station prevented him from entering into discussions with the people. It cost him, however, some trouble to overcome his early tendencies; nor, after all, can it be affirmed that he altogether succeeded in eradicating them. Many a grave shrug, and solemn wink, and formal nod had he to answer for, when his foot touched the debatable land of controversy. Though contrary to the keeping and dignity of his position in life, yet did honest Denny then get desperately significant, and his face amazingly argumentative. Many a pretender has he fairly annihilated by a single smile of contempt that contained more logic than a long argument from another man. In fact, the whole host of rhetorical figures seemed breaking out of his face. By a solitary glance of his eye he could look a man into a dilemma, and practise a *sorites*, or a home-made syllogism, by the various shiftings of his countenance, as clearly as if he had risen to the full flight of his former bombast. He had, in short, a *primâ facie* disposition to controversy; his nose was set upon his face in a kind of firm defiance against infidels, heretics, and excommunicated persons; and when it curled with contempt of another, or with pride in

the power that slumbered in itself, it seemed to give the face from which it projected, and the world at large, the assurance of a controversialist. Nor did his negative talents rest here: a twist of his mouth to the right or left ear was nicely shaded away into a negative or affirmative, according as he intended it should be taken; and when he used his pocket-handkerchief he was certain, though without uttering a syllable, to silence his opponent, so contemptuously did his intonations rout the arguments brought against him. The significance and force of all these were heightened by the mystery in which they were wrapped; for whenever unbending decorum constrained him to decline the challenges of the ignorant, with whom discussion would now be degradation, what could he do to soothe his vanity, except, as the poet says, with folded arms and a shaking of the head to exclaim—"Well, well, we know;" or, "We could, an' if we would;" or, "If we list to speak;" or, "There be, an' if they might;" which left the imaginations of his hearers at liberty to conceive more fully of those powers which his modesty declined exhibiting. For some time before he got absolutely and finally into black, even his father gave up his accustomed argument in despair. The son had become an adept in all the intricacies and obscurities of Latin, and literally overwhelmed the old man with small inundations of that language, which, though, like all inundations, rather muddy, yet were quite sufficient to sweep the worthy veteran before them.

Young Denis O'Shaughnessy was now pretty nearly finished at school—that is to say, almost fit for Maynooth; his studies, though higher, were less assiduous; his leisure was consequently greater; and it is well known that a person of his character is never asked to work, except it be his own pleasure to labour a day or two by way of amusement. He might now be seen walking of a warm day along the shady sides of the hedges, with a book in his hand, or stretched listlessly upon the grass, at study; or sauntering about among the neighbouring workmen, with his forefinger between the leaves of his book, a monument of learning and industry.

It is not to be supposed, however, that Denis, who was an Irishman of eighteen, handsome and well made, could be altogether insensible to female beauty and the seductive charms

of the sex. During his easy saunterings—or, as the Scotch say, "daunerings"—along the road and about the green hedges, it often happened that he met a neighbour's daughter; and Denis, who, as a young gentleman of breeding, was bound to be courteous, could not do less than accost her with becoming urbanity.

"Good-mornin', Miss Norah," we will suppose him to say when meeting a good-looking, arch girl of his acquaintance.

"Good-morrow, Mr. O'Shaughnessy. I hope you're well, sir?"

"Indeed, I am at present in superlatively ecclesiastical health, Miss Norah. I hope all your family are well?"

"All very well, I thank you, sir, barrin' myself."

"An' pray what's the matter wid you, Miss Norah? I hope"—with an exceeding grave but complacent smile—"you're not affected wid the amorous passion of love?"

"Oh, that ud be tellin', Mr. O'Shaughnessy! But supposin' I am, what ought I to do?"

"That's really a profound question, Miss Norah. But though I cannot tell you what to do, I can tell you what I think."

"An' what is that, sir?"

"Why, Miss Norah, that he who is so beatified as to secure you in the matrimonial paction—*compactum* it is in the larned languages—in other words, to condescend to your capacity, he who is married to you will be a happy man. There is a juvenility about your eyes, and an efflorescence of amaranthine odoriferousness about your cheeks and breath, that are enough to communicate the centrifugal motion to any brain adorned with the slightest modicum of sentiment."

"He who marries me will be a happy man!" she exclaimed, repeating his expressions, probably because they were the only words she understood. "I hope so, Misther O'Shaughnessy. But, sure enough, who'd expect to hear sich soft talk from the makins of a priest! Very well, sir! Upon my word I'll be tellin' Father Finnerty that you do be spakin' up to the girls!—now!!"

"No, no, Miss Norah; you wouldn't do that merely for my sayin' that you're the handsomest girl in the parish. Father

Finnerty himself might say as much, for it would be nothing but veracity—nothing but truth, Miss Norah."

"Ay, but he wouldn't be pattin' me on the cheek! Be asy, Mr. O'Shaughnessy; there's Darby Brady lookin' at you, an' he'll be tellin'!"

"Where?" said Denis, starting.

The girl replied only by an arch laugh.

"Upon my classicality, Miss Norah, you're a rogue; there's nobody lookin', you seraphim!"

"Then there's a pair of us rogues, Misther Dinis."

"No, no, Miss Norah; I was only feeling your cheek as a philosophical experiment. Philosophers often do it, in order to make out an hypothesis."

"Misther Dinis, if I'm not married till you're a priest, won't you say the words for me for nothing?"

"So long as you ask it wid such a brilliant smile, Miss Norah, do you think that any educated young man, who has read about beauty an' sentimentality in books, could refuse you? But you know, Miss Norah, that the clergyman who marries a couple has always the right of kissin' the bride. Now, I wouldn't claim my right then; but it might be possible by a present compromise to—to——What would you think, for instance, to give me that now?"

"To give you what?"

"Why the—indeed, it's but a slight recompense, the—k—the salutation—the kiss. You know what tasting the head means?"

"Faix, Misther Dinis, you're a great rogue. Who'd think it, indeed? Sure enough, they say smooth water runs deep! Why, one ud suppose butther wouldn't melt in your mouth to look at you; an' yet you want to be toyin' wid the girls! Indeed an' faix, it's a great shame for the likes o' you, that's bint on Maynooth, to be thinkin' of coortin' at all. But wait! Upon my word, I'll have a fine story agin you, plase goodness!"

This latter threat the mischievous girl threw out with a grave face, in order to bring Denis into a more ridiculous dilemma; for she saw clearly that he laboured under a heavy struggle between timidity and gallantry. The *ruse* succeeded. Denis immediately changed his tone, and composed his face

into a grave, admonitory aspect, nearly equal to a homily on prudence and good conduct.

"Miss Norah," said he, "perhaps I acted wrong in carrying my trial of your disposition too far. It's a thing, however, which we who are intended for the Church are ordered to do, that we may be able to make out what are called, in this very book you see wid me, cases of conscience. But the task is now over, Miss Norah; and in requital for your extreme good-nature I am bound to administer to you a slight lecture on decorum.

"In the first place, attend your duties regularly. I will soon be goin' to Maynooth; an' as you are one of the girls for whom I have the greatest regard, I will expect on my return to hear a good account of you. It is possible that you will be introduced in my absence to the honours of matrimony; but even so, I know that peace, an' taciturnity, an' submission will be your most signal qualifications. You will then be in a situation equal to that of a Roman matron. As for us, Miss Norah, we are subject to the dilapidations of occasional elevation. The ambrosia of sentiment lies in our path. We care not for the terrestrialities of life when separated from the great principle of the poet—

'Omnia vinicit amor, et nos cedamus amori.'

That's Hebrew, Miss Norah!"

"They say you know a power of larnin', Misther Dinis."

"Yes, I know the seven languages; but what is all that compared to the cardinal virtues? This world is a mere bird of passage, Miss Norah; and it behoves us to be ever on the wing for futurity and premeditation. Now, will you remember the excellent moral advice I have given you?"

"Indeed, I will, sir," replied the roguish minx, tripping away, "particularly that you promised to marry me for nothin' if I'd give you a kiss!"

"Give up everything like levity, Miss Norah. Attend your du——"

"You're a fool, Misther O'Shaughnessy! Why didn't you take the kiss an' spare the king's English?"

On making this observation she redoubled her pace, and

left Denis now perfectly sensible that he was a proper subject for her mirth. He turned about, and called after her—

"Had I known you were only in jocosity, Miss Norah, upon my classicality I'd have given you the k——"

He now perceived that she was beyond hearing, and that it was unnecessary to finish the sentence.

These accidental meetings between Denis and the pretty daughters of the neighbouring farmers were, somehow, very frequent. Our hero, however, was always extremely judicious in tempering his gallantry and moral advice to his young female acquaintances. In the beginning of the conversation he was sly and complimentary, afterwards he became more insinuating, then more direct in his praises of their beauty; but as his timidity on the point of character was known, the mischief-loving girls uniformly ended with a threat of exposing him to the priest, to his friends, or to the neighbours, as the whim directed them. This brought him back to his morality again; he immediately commenced an exhortation touching their religious duties, thus hoping to cover, by a trait more becoming his future destination, the little harmless badinage in which he had indulged.

The girls themselves frequently made him the topic of conversation—a proof that he was not altogether indifferent to them. In these little conclaves he came very well off. Among them all it was admitted "that there was a rogue in his coat," but this was by no means uttered in a tone of voice that betrayed any disrelish to him. On the contrary, they often said—and many of them with an involuntary sigh—that "he was too purty to be made a priest of;" others, that "it was a pity to make a priest of so fine a young man;" others, again, that "if he must be a priest, the *colleens* would be all flockin' to hear his sarmons." There was one, however, among them who never mentioned him either in praise or censure; but the rapid changes of her expressive countenance gave strong indications to an observing eye that his name, person, and future prospects were capable of exciting a deep and intense interest in her heart.

At length he began to appear on horseback; and as he had hitherto been in the habit of taking that exercise bare-backed, so he was resolved to get into a saddle, and ride like

a gentleman. Henceforth he might be seen mounted upon one of his father's horses, quite erect, and with but one spur—which was, in fact, the only spur, except the whisky bottle, that had been in the family for three generations. This was used, he declared, for no other purpose in life than that of stimulating the animal to the true clerical trot.

From the moment he became a mounted man he assumed an air of less equivocal command in the family; and not only to his own relations was this authority manifested, but to his more distant acquaintances, and, in short, to the whole parish. The people now began to touch their hats to him, which act of respect he returned as much in imitation of the parish priest as possible. They also began to ask him what o'clock it was, and Denis, with a peculiar condescension, balanced still with becoming dignity, stopped, pulled out his watch, and told the hour, after which he held it for a few seconds to his ear with an experienced air, then put it in a dignified manner in his fob, touched the horse with the solitary spur, put himself more erect, and proceeded with—as he himself used to say when condemning the pride of the curate—"all the lordliness of the parochial priest."

The notions which the peasantry entertain of a priest's learning are as extravagant as they are amusing, and such, indeed, as would be too much for the pedantic vanity inseparable from a half-educated man to disclaim. The people are sufficiently reasonable, however, to admit gradations in the extent of knowledge acquired by their pastors; but some of the figures and illustrations which they use in estimating their comparative merits are highly ludicrous. I remember a young man who, at the age of twenty-two, set about preparing himself for the Church. He lived in the bosom of a mountain, whose rugged breast he cultivated with a strength proportioned to the difficulty of subduing it. He was a powerful young fellow, quiet and inoffensive in his manners, and possessed of great natural talents. It was upon a Monday morning in the month of June that the schoolroom door opened a foot and a half wider than usual, and a huge, colossal figure stalked in, with a kind of bashful laugh upon his countenance, as if conscious of the disproportion betwixt his immense size and that of the other schoolboys. His

figure, without a syllable of exaggeration, was precisely such as I am about to describe. His height six feet, his shoulders of an enormous breadth, his head red as fire; his body-coat made after the manner of his grandfather's—the skirts of it being near his heels, and the buttons behind little less than eighteen inches asunder; the pockets were cut so low that when he stretched his arm to its full length his fingers could not get further than the flaps; the breast of it was about nine inches longer than was necessary, so that when he buttoned it he appeared all body. He wore no cravat, nor was his shirt-collar either pinned or buttoned, but lay open, as if to disclose an immense neck and chest scorched by the sun into a rich and healthy scarlet. His chin was covered with a "sole" of red dry bristles, that appeared to have been clipped about a fortnight before; and as he wore neither shoe nor stocking, he exhibited a pair of legs to which Rob Roy's were drumsticks —they gave proof of powerful strength, and the thick fell of bristly hair with which they were covered argued an amazing hardihood of constitution and tremendous physical energy.

"Sure, masther, I'm comin' to school to you!" were the first words he uttered.

Now there ran beneath the master's solemnity of manner a broad but shallow undercurrent of humour which agreed but poorly with his pompous display of learning. On this occasion his struggle to retain the grave and overcome the ludicrous was unavailing. The startling fact thus uncouthly announced by so grotesque a candidate for classical knowledge, occasioned him to receive the intelligence with more mirth than was consistent with good breeding. His pupils, too, who were hitherto afraid to laugh aloud, on observing his countenance dilate into an expression of laughter which he could not conceal, made the roof of the house ring with their mirth.

"Silence, gintlemen!" said he, "*legite, perlegite, relegite*—study, gintlemen, study—pluck the tree of knowledge, I say, while the fruit is in season. Denny Shaughnessy, what are you facetious for? *Quid rides, Dionysi?* And so, Pether—is Pether your pronomen—*quo nomine gowdes?* Silence, boys!—perhaps he was at Latin before, and we'll try him—*quo nomine gowdes, Pethre?*"

A stare of awkward perplexity was the only reply he could get from the colossus he addressed.

"And so you're fished up from the Streights at last, Pether?"

"Sir, my name's not Pether. My father's name is Paddy Doorish, but my own is Franky. I was born in Lisnagh; but we lived double as long as I can mind in the Mountain Bar."

"And, Franky, what put Latin into your head?"

"There was no Latin put into my head; I'm comin' to you for that."

"And, you graceful sprig of juvenility, have you the conscience to think that I'd undhertake to fill what you carry on your showlders on the same terms that I'd take for replenishing the head of a rasonable youth? Would you be so unjust in all the principles of correct erudition as to expect that, my worthy man-mountain?"

"I don't expect it," said Frank; "all that's in your head wouldn't fill a corner of mine, if you go accordin' to size; but I'll pay you for tachin' me as much as you know yourself, an' the more I larn the less pains you'll have wid me."

Franky, however, made an amazing progress—so very rapid, indeed, that in about three years after that day he found himself in Maynooth, and in three years more was an active curate, to whom that very teacher appeared as slavishly submissive as if he had never ridiculed his vulgarity or ungainly dimensions. Poor Frank, however, in consequence of the rapid progress he made, and of the very short interval which elapsed from the period of his commencing Latin until that of his ordination, was assigned by the people the lowest grade in learning. The term used to designate the rank which they supposed him to hold was both humorous and expressive.

"Franky," they would say, "is no finished priest in the larnin'; he's but a *scowdher*."

Now a *scowdher* is an oaten cake laid upon a pair of tongs placed over the *greeshaugh*, or embers, that are spread out for the purpose of baking it. In a few minutes the side first laid down is scorched; it is then turned, and the other side is also scorched; so that it has the appearance of being baked, though it is actually quite raw within. It is a homely but an

exceedingly apt illustration when applied to such men as Frank.

"Poor Frank," they would observe, "is but a *scowdher;* the sign of the tongs—No. 11—is upon him; so that it is asy known he never was laid to the *muddha arran*" [1]—that is to say, properly baked—or duly and thoroughly educated.

Denis, however—to resume more directly the thread of our narrative—on finding himself mounted, took an inveterate prejudice against walking. There was something, he thought, far more dignified in riding than in pacing slowly upon the earth, like a common man, who had not the justification of Latin and Greek for becoming an equestrian. Besides this accomplishment, there were also many other habits to be broken off, and more genteel ones to be adopted in their place. These were all suggested by his rising pride; and, in sooth, they smacked strongly of that adroitness with which the Irish priest, and every priest, contrives to accomplish the purpose of feeding well through the ostensible medium of a different motive.

He accordingly took his father aside one morning, after he had eaten a more meagre breakfast than usual, and, after licking his lips, addressed him in these words:—

"I think, father, that upon considering the consequence to which I am now entitled, and the degree of respectability which, in my own person—*in propriâ personâ*—I communicate to the vulgarians with whom I am connected—I call them vulgarians from no derogatory motive; but you will concede yourself that they are ignorant of the larned languages, an' consequently, though dacent enough, still, in reference to Latin an' Greek, but vulgarians. Well! *Quid multis?*—I say, that taking all these things into speculation, looking at them—*veluti in speculum*—it is neither dacent nor becoming that I should ate in the manner I have done, as vulgarly as themselves—that I should ate, I say, any longer without knife and fork. Neither, I announce, shall I in future drink

[1] The *muddha arran* is literally "the bread stick," a term in opposition to the *scowdher*. It is a forked stick with three legs, that stands opposite the fire, and supports the cake, which is placed on the edge until it is gradually baked. The *scowdher* is, for the most part, made in cases of hurry.

my milk any longer, as I have, with all humility, done hitherto, out of a noggin; nor continue to disrobe my potatoes any longer without a becoming instrument. I must also have better viands to consume. You are to be informed that I am in that situation of life in which, from my education and other accomplishments, I must be estimated as duly qualified to ate beef and mutton instead of bacon, an' to have my tay breakfast instead of stirabout, which, in polite society, is designated porridge. You know yourself, and must acknowledge, that I'm soon likely to confer distinction and pre-eminence upon the poor illiterate but honest creatures with whom I am associated in the bonds of blood-relationship. If I were a dunce, or a booby, or a leather-head, the case might be different; but you yourself are well acquainted with my talents at logic and conthroversy; an' I have sound rasons and good authority, which I could quote, if necessary, for proving that nothing increases the weight of the brain, and accelerates to gravity and solidity, more than good feeding. Pay attention, therefore, to my words, for I expect that they will be duly observed. Buy me a knife and fork; and when I get them, it's not to lay them past to rust, you consave. The beef and mutton must follow; and in future I'm resolved to have my tay breakfast. There are geese and turkeys and pullets enough about the yard, and I am bent on accomplishing myself in the art of carving them. I'm not the man now to be placed among the other riff-raff of the family over a basket of potatoes, wid a black clerical coat upon me, and a noggin of milk under my arm! I tell you the system must be changed; the schoolmaster is abroad, and I'll tolerate such vulgarity no longer. Now saddle the horse till I ride across the bog to Pether Rafferty's station, where I'm to sarve mass. Plase heaven, I'll soon be able to say one myself, and give you all a lift in spirituals —ehem!"

"Throth, Dinny, I b'lieve you're right, *avick;* and——"

"*Vick* me no longer, father—that's another thing I forgot. It's full time that I should be sirred; and if my own relations won't call me sir instead of Dinny, it's hardly to be expected that strangers will do it. I wish to goodness you had never stigmatised me wid so vulgar an epithet as Dinny. The

proper word is Dionysius; and in future I'll expect to be called Misther Dionysius."

"Sure, I or your mother needn't be sirrin' you, Dinny?"

"I haven't made up my mind as to whether I'll demand that proof of my respectability from you and my mother or not; but on this I'm immovable, that, instead of Dinny, you must, as I said, designate me Dionysius."

"Well, well, *avourneen*, I suppose only it's right you wouldn't be axin' us; but I'm sure your poor mother will never be able to get her tongue about Dionnisis, it's so long and larned a word."

"It is a larned word, no doubt; but she must persevere until she's able to masther it. I wouldn't for three ten-pennies that the priest would hear one of you call me Dinny; it would degradate me very much in his estimation. At all events, if my mother cannot manage the orthography of Dionysius, let it be Denis, or anything but that signature of vulgarity, Dinny. Now, father, you won't neglect to revale what I've ordered to the family."

"No, indeed, I will not, *avick*—I mane Dionnisis, *avourneen*—I'll tell them everything as you ordhered; but as to Dionnisis, I'm cock sure that poor Mave will never be able to get her ould tongue about so new-fangled a piece of larnin' as that is. Well, well, this knowledge bates the world!"

When the horse was saddled, and Dionysius on his way with all due pomp to the station, old Denis broke the matter to his wife.

"Mave, *achora*," said he, "I have sthrange news to tell you: sure, Dionnisis is goin' to make himself a gintleman."

"Sure, what?"

"Dionnisis, our son Dionnisis, is goin' to make himself a gintleman; he'll ate no longer widout a knife and fork."

"Saints about us!" exclaimed Mave, rising, and looking with alarm into her husband's face—"saints about us, Denis! what is't ails you? Sure, there would be nothin' wrong wid you about the head, Denis? or maybe it's a touch of a faver you've got, out riddling that corn bareheaded yistherday? I remimber the time my aunt Bridget tuck the scarlet faver she began to rave and spake foolish in the same way."

"Why, woman, if your aunt Bridget had a faver made up

of all the colours in the rainbow, I tell you I'm spakin' sinse! Our son Dionnisis proved himself a gintleman out in the garden wid me about an hour ago."

"I suppose so, Denis," she replied, humouring him, for she was still doubly convinced that he laboured under some incipient malady, if not under actual insanity. "An' what son is this, Dinny? I've never heard of him before."

"Our son Denis, woman alive. You must know he's not to be called Dinny or Dinis any more, but Dionnisis; he's to begin atin' wid a knife an' fork to-morrow; we must get him beef and mutton, an' a tay breakfast. He says it's not fair play in any one that's so deep read in the larnin' as he is to ate like a vulgarian, or to peel his phaties wid his fingers, an' him knows so much Latin an' Greek; an' my sowl to happiness, but he'll stick to the gintlemanly way of livin' so far as the beef an' mutton an' tay is consarned."

"He will! An', Dinis Shaughnessy, who has a betther right to turn gintleman nor the *gorsoon* that studied for that? Isn't it proud you ought to be that he has the spirit to think of sich things?"

"I'll engage, Mave, on that point you'll find him spirited enough. For my part, I don't begrudge him what he wants; but I heard the people say that no man's a gintleman who's not college-bred, and you know he's not that yet."

"You forget that he has gentle blood in his veins, Denis. There was a day when my family, the Magennises, held their heads up; and Kolumkill says that the same time is to come back agin to all the ould families. Who knows if it's altogether from himself he's takin' to the beef an' mutton, but from prophecy; he knows what he's about, I'll warrant him. For our part, it's not right for us to cross him in it; it's for the good of the Church, no doubt, an' we might lose more by a blast upon the corn or the cattle than he'd ate the other way. That's my dhrame out that I had last night about him. I thought we were all gother somewhere that I can't rightly remimber; but anyhow, there was a great sight of people in it, an' high doins goin' an in the atin' way. I looked about me, an' seen ever so many priests dressed all like the Protestant clargy. Our Dinis was at the head of them, wid a three-cocked hat an' a wig upon him; he was cuttin' up beef an'

mutton at the rate of a weddin', an' dhrinkin' wine in metherfuls.

"'*Musha*, Dinis,' says myself, 'what's all this for?'

"'Why,' says he, 'it's all for the good of the Church an' the faithful. I'm now archbishop of the county,' says he. 'The Protestants are all banished, an' we are in their place.'

"The sorra one o' myself all this time but thought he was a priest still; so says I, 'Dinny, you're a-wantin' to anoint Paddy Diarmud, who's given over,-an' if you don't make haste you won't overtake him.'

"'He must wait, then, till mornin',' says Dinny; 'or if he chooses to die against my will an' the will o' the Church, let him take the quensequences. We're wealthy now.'

"I was so much frightened at the kind of voice that he spoke to me in that I awoke; an' sure enough, the first thing I heard was the fizzin' o' bacon in the pan. I wondered who could be up so early, an' puttin' my head through the door, there was Dinny busy at it, wid an ould knife in one hand, an' an iron skiver in the other, imitatin' a fork.

"'What are you doin' so early, Dinny?' says I.

"'I'm practisin',' says he.

"'What for?' says I.

"'Oh, I'm practisin',' says he back again—'go to bed; I'm practisin' for the Church, an' the station that's to be in Pether Rafferty's to-day.'

"Now, Dinny, between you an' me, that dhrame didn't come for nothin'. So give the *gorsoon* his way, an' if he chooses to be a gintleman, why, let him; he'll be the more honour to thim that reared him."

"Thrue for you, indeed, Mave; he always had a high spirit ever since he was intinded for the robes, and would have his own way and will in whatever he took into his head, right or wrong, as cleverly as if he had the authority for it."

"An' so he ought, seein' he wasn't to be slavin' at the spade like the rest o' the family. The ways o' them that have great larnin' as he has isn't like other people's ways—they must be humoured, and have their own will, otherwise what ud they be betther than their neighbours?"

The other arrangements laid down by Denis touching his determination not to be addressed so familiarly by his brothers

and sisters, were next discussed in this conversation, and of course the same prejudice in his favour was manifested by his indulgent parents. The whole code of his injunctions was subsequently disclosed to the family in all its extent and rigour. Some of them heard it with surprise, and others with that kind of dogged indignation evinced by those who are in some degree prepared for the nature of the communication about to be laid before them. Altogether the circumstances in which it placed them were peculiar and embarrassing. The Irish peasant can seldom bear to have the tenderness of domestic affection tampered with, whether from pride, caprice, or any other motive not related to his prejudices. In this instance the strongest feelings of the O'Shaughnessys were brunted, as it were, in hostile array against each other; and although the moral force on each side was nearly equal, still the painful revulsion produced by Denis's pride, as undervaluing their affection, and substituting the cold forms of artificial life for the warmth of honest hearts like theirs, was, in the first burst of natural fervour, strongly and somewhat indignantly expressed.

Denis had been their pride, the privileged person among them—the individual whose talents were to throw lustre upon a nameless and unknown family; the future priest—the embryo preacher of eminence — the resistless controversialist — the holy father confessor; and perhaps—for with that vivacity of imagination peculiar to the Irish they could scarcely limit his exaltation—perhaps the bishop of a whole diocese. Had not the Lord Primate himself been the son of as humble a man? "And who knows," said his youngest and fairest sister, who of all the family was most devoted to him, "but Dinny might yet be a primate?" And as she spoke the tear of affection, pride, and enthusiasm glistened in her eye. Denis, therefore, had been much, even in his youth, to their simple hearts, and far more to their hopes and expectations than he was in all the pride of his petty polemics; but when he, before whose merits, both real and imaginary, every heart among them bowed as before the shrine of a tutelar saint, turned round, ere the destined eminence he aimed at was half attained, and laid upon their fervent affection the icy chain of pride and worldly etiquette, the act was felt

keenly and unexpectedly as the acute spasm of some sudden malady.

The father and mother, however, both defended him with great warmth; and by placing his motives in that point of view which agreed best with their children's prejudices, they eventually succeeded in reconciling his brothers and sisters in some degree to the necessity of adopting the phraseology he proposed, that they might treat him with suitable respect in the eye of the world.

"It's proud of him we ought to be," said his father, "and delighted that he has sich a risin' spirit; an' sure, the more respect is paid to him, the greater credit he will be to ourselves."

"But sure, he has no right," said his eldest brother, "to be settin' up for a gintleman till he's priested. I'm willin' enough to sir him, only that it cuts me more than I'll say, to think that I must be callin' the boy that I'd spill the last dhrop of my blood for, afther the manner of a sthranger; and besides," he added, "I'm not clear but the neighbours will be passin' remarks upon us, as they did when you and he used to be arguin'."

"I'd like to see them that ud turn it into a joke," said his father; "I would let them know that Dinis O'Shaughnessy's dog is neither to be made nor meddled wid in a disrespectful manner, let alone his son. We are not widout friends and connections that ud take our quarrel upon them in his defince, if there was a needcessity for it; but there will not, for didn't my heart lep the other day to my throat wid delight when I saw Larry Neil put his hand to his hat to him, comin' up the Esker upon the mare; an' may I never do an ill turn, if he didn't answer the bow to Larry as if he was the priest of the parish already. It's the wondher of the world how he picks up a ginteel thing, anyhow, an' ever did, since he was the hoith o' that."

"Why," said the mother, "what a norration yees rise about thratin' the boy as every one like him ought to be thrated. Wait till ye see him a parish priest, and then ye'll be comin' round him to get your daughters to keep house for him, and your sons edicated and made priests of; but now that the child takes a ginteel relish for beef and mutton, and wants

to be respected, yees are mane an' low-spirited enough to grumble about it."

"No, mother," said his youngest sister, bursting into tears, "I'd beg it for him, sooner nor he should want; but I can't bear to be callin' my brother Dinny sir—like a stranger; it looks as if *I* didn't love him, or as if *he* was forgettin' us, or carin' less about us nor he used to do."

This, in fact, was the root and ground of the opposition which Denis's plan received at the hands of his relations; it repressed the cordial and affectionate intercourse which had hitherto subsisted between them; but the pride of life, and, what is more, the pride of an office which ought always to be associated with humility, had got into his heart; the vanity of learning, too, thin and shallow though it was, inflated him; and the effect of both was a gradual induration of feeling—an habitual sense of his own importance, and a notion of supreme contempt for all who were more ignorant than himself.

After the first impression of pain and mortification had passed away from the minds of his brothers and sisters, it was, however, unanimously admitted that he was right, and ere long no other feeling than one of good-humour mingled with drollery could be perceived among them.

The night of that evening was pretty far advanced, when a neighbour's son, named Condy Callaghan, came to inform the family that Denis, when crossing the bog on his way home, had ridden into a swamp, from which he found much difficulty in extricating himself, but added, "The mare is sunk to the saddle-skirts, and cannot get out widout men and ropes." In a short time a sufficient number of the neighbours were summoned together, and proceeded to the animal's relief. Denny's importance, as well as his black dress, was miserably tarnished; he stood, however, with as dignified an air as possible, and in a bombastic style proceeded to direct the men as to the best manner of relieving her.

"Asy, Dinny," said his brother, with a good-humoured but significant smile—"larning may be very good in its place; in the manetime, lave the business in our hands rather than in your head—or if you have e'er a scrap of Greek or Latin that ud charm ould Sobersides out, where was the use of sendin' for help?"

"I say," replied Denis, highly offended, "I'll not tolerate vulgarity any longer; you must larn to address me in a more polite style. If the animal—that purblind quadruped—walked into the mire, by what logic can you produce an association between her blindness and my knowledge of Latin and Greek? But why do I degradate my own consequence by declaiming to you a eulogium upon logic. It's only throwing pearls before swine."

"I didn't mane to offind you," replied the warm-hearted brother; "I meant you no offince in what I said, so don't take it ill—we'll have Sobersides out in no time; and barrin' an' extra rubbin' down to both of you, neither will be the worse, I hope."

"As to what you hope or despair, Brian, it could produce no other impression on the subtlety of my fancy than pity for the man who could compare me—considering the brilliancy of my career, and the extent of my future speculations—to a quadruped like Sobersides, by asserting that I, as well as she, ought to be rubbed down! And were it not that I confront the offince with your own ignorance, I would expose you before the townland in which we stand—ay, to the whole parish; but I spare you, out of respect to my own consequence."

"I ax your pardon," said the brother; "I won't offind you in the same way again. What I said, I said to you as I thought a brother might—I ax your pardon!"

There was a slight agitation approaching to a tremor in his brother's voice that betokened sorrow for his own impropriety in too familiarly addressing Denis, and perhaps regret that so slight and inoffensive a jest should have been so harshly received in the presence of strangers by a brother who had in reality been his idol. He reflected upon the conversation held on that morning in the family, touching Denny's prerogative in claiming a new and more deferential deportment from them all; and he could not help feeling that there was in it a violation of some natural principle long sacred to his heart. But the all-pervading and indefinite awe felt for that sacerdotal character into which his brother was about to enter subdued all, and reconciled him to those inroads upon violated Nature, despite her own voice, loudly expressed as it was in his bosom.

When the family was once more assembled that night, Denis addressed them in a tone which implied that the *odium theologicum* had not prevented the contrition expressed by his brother from altogether effacing from his mind the traces of his offence.

"Unworthy of respect," he proceeded, "as it appears by some of my relations I am held," and he glanced at his brother, "yet I beg permission to state that our worthy parochial priest, or, I should rather say, the Catholic rector of this parish, is of a somewhat different habit of thought or contemplation. I dined with him to-day—ahem—dined with him upon an excellent joint of mutton—I say, father, the mutton was good—and with his proud, pertinacious curate, whom I do not at all relish—whether, as Homer says, I enumerate his scurrilous satire or his derogatory insinuations. His parochial pastor and spiritual superior is a gentleman, or, as Horace says, *homo factus ad unguem*—which is, paraphrastically, every inch a gentleman—or, more literally, a gentleman to the tops of his fingers—ehem—hem—down to the very nails—as it were.

"Well—having discussed that—*observatis observandis, quoad sacerdotem*—having passed my eulogium upon Father Finnerty—upon my word and credit, though, punch is *primâ facie* drink—and, father, that brings me to remember an omission which I committed in my dialogue with you this morning. I forgot to say that after my dinner, in the manner I expounded to you, it will be necessary to have a tumbler of punch; for, as Father Finnerty says, there is nothing which so effectually promotes the organs of digestion. Now, my introduction of this in the middle of my narrative is what the hypercritics call a *parenthesis,* which certainly betrays no superficial portion of literary perusal on my part, if you could at all but understand it as well as Father Finnerty, our worthy parochial incumbent, does. As for the curate, should I ever come to authority in the Irish hierarchy, I shall be strongly disposed to discountenance him, if it were only for his general superciliousness of conduct. So there's another clause disposed of.

"Well—to proceed—I say I have intelligence regarding myself that will be by no means unsavoury to you all. Father

Finnerty and I had, about an hour before dinner this day, a long and tedious conversation, the substance of which was my future celebrity in the Church. He has a claim on the bishop, which he stated to me will be exercised in my favour, although there are several candidates for it in this parish, not one of whom, however, is within forty-five degrees of being so well qualified for college as myself. Father, is there not a jar—an *amphora*—as that celebrated satirist, Juvenal, has it—an *amphora*—in the chimly-brace, filled with liquor—get it, and let us inter animosity. I'll not be long a member of the domestic circle with you; so, upon the basis of the communication I have to make, let us, as I said, become sextons to animosity and care. 'Dionysius,' said Father Finnerty, addressing me, which shows, at all events, that I am not so unimportant as some of my friends would suppose —'Dionysius,' said he, '*inter nos*—between you and me—I believe I have it in my power to send up a candidate to Maynooth. 'Tis true I never make a promise—*nunquam facio votum*—except in certain cases, or, in other words, Dionysius, *exceptis excipiendis*—in which is the essence, as it were, of a proper vow.' In the meantime he proceeded—'With regard to your prospects in the Church, I can only say, in the first place—and I say it with much truth and sincerity—that I'm badly off for a horse; that, however, is, as I said, *inter nos—sub sigillo.* The old *garran* I have is fairly worn out—and, not that I say it, your father has as pretty a colt as there is within the bounds—*intra terminos parochii mei,* within the two ends of my parish: *verbum sat*—which is, I'm sure you are a sensible and discreet young man. Your father, Dionysius, is a parishioner whom I regard and esteem to the highest degree of comparison, and you will be pleased to report my eulogium to himself and to his dacent family—and proud may they be of having so brilliant a youth among them as you are—ehem!'

"Now, you may all think that this was plain conversation; but I had read too much for that. In fact, it was logic—complate, convincing logic, every word of it. So I responded to him in what is called in the books the *argumentum ad crumenam;* although I question but it ought to be designated here the *argumentum ad bestiam.* Said I, 'Father Finnerty,

the colt, my paternal property, which you are pleased to eulogise so highly, is a good one; it was designed for myself when I should come out on the mission; however, I will undertake to say, if you get me into Maynooth, that my father on my authority will lend you the colt to-morrow, and the day of his claiming it will be dependent upon the fulfilment of your promise, or *votum*.'

"'*Signatum et sigillatum est*,' said he, for, indeed, the best part of the discussion was conducted in Latin; 'and now,' he continued, 'my excellent Dionysius, nothing remains but that the colt be presented——'

"'Lent,' I responded, correcting him, you see, even although he was the priest—'lent,' said I, 'and your reverence will be good enough to give the *votum* before one or two of my friends.'

"He looked at me sharply, not expecting to find such deep logic in one he conjectured to be but a tyro.

"'You will be a useful man in the Church,' he added, 'and you deserve to be pushed on, at all events. In the meantime, tell your father that I'll ride up and breakfast with him to-morrow, and he can have a friend or two to talk over the *compactum*.'

"So, father, there's the state of the question at present; the accomplishment of the condition is dependent upon yourself."

My readers may perceive that Denis, although a pedant, was not a fool. It has been said that no man is a hero to his *valet-de-chambre;* but I think the truth of the sentiment contained in that saying is questionable. Denis, on the contrary, was nowhere so great a man as in his own chimney-corner, surrounded by his family; it was there he was learned, accomplished, profound. Next to that, he was great among those who, although not prejudiced in his favour by the bonds of affection, were too ignorant to discover those literary pranks which he played off because he knew he could do so without detection. The basis, however, of his character was shrewd humour and good sense; and, even at the stage of life which we have just described, it might have been evident to a close observer that when a proper knowledge of his powers, joined to a further acquaintance with the world, would enable him

to cast off the boyish assumption of pedantry, a man of a keen, ready intellect and considerable penetration would remain.

Many of my readers may be inclined to exclaim that the character of Denny is not to be found in real life; but they are mistaken who think so. They are not to suppose that Denis O'Shaughnessy was the same person in his intercourse with intelligent men and scholars that he appeared among the illiterate peasantry or his own relations. Far from it. With the former, persons like him are awkward and bashful, or modest and unassuming, according to the bent of their natural disposition. With scholars, Denis made few pretensions to superior knowledge; but, on the contrary, took refuge, if he dreaded a scrutiny into his acquirements, in the humblest acknowledgment of his limited reading, and total unacquaintance with those very topics on which he was, under other circumstances, in the habit of expatiating so fluently. In fact, were I to detail some of the scenes of his exhibitions as they were actually displayed, then I have no doubt I might be charged with colouring too highly.

When Denis had finished the oration from the chimney-corner, delivered with suitable gesticulation while he stood drying himself at the fire after the catastrophe of the swamp, a silence of some minutes followed. The promise of the colt made to the priest with such an air of authority was a *finale* which the father did not expect, and by which he was not a little staggered.

"I could like it all very well," replied the father, "save an' except givin' away the coult, that's worth five-an'-twenty guineas, if he's worth a *crona-bawn*. To tell the blessed thruth, Dinis, if you had settled the business widout that, I'd be betther plased."

"Just exercise your contemplation upon it for a short period," replied Denis, "and you will perceive that I stipulated to *lend* him before witnesses; and if Father Finnerty does not matriculate me into Maynooth, then do you walk down some brilliant morning or other and take your baste by the head, direct yourself home, hold the bridle as you proceed, and by the time you're at the rack you'll find the horse at the manger. I have now stated the legality of the matter, and you may act as your own subtlety of perception shall

dictate. I have laid down the law; do you consider the equity."

"Why," said the father, "if I thought he would get you into——"

"Correct, quite correct: the cardinal point there is the if. If he does, give him the horse; but if not, reclaim the quadruped without hesitation. I am not to be kept back if profundity and erudition can substantiate a prospect. Still, father, the easiest way is the safest, and the shortest the most expeditious."

The embarrassing situation in which the other members of the family were placed imposed upon them a profound silence in reference to the subject of conversation. Yet, while Denny delivered the aforesaid harangue from the chimney-corner, every eye was fixed upon him with an expression of pride and admiration which escaped not his own notice. Their deportment towards him was affectionate and respectful, but none of them could so far or so easily violate old habits as to address him according to his own wishes; they therefore avoided addressing him at all.

The next morning Father Finnerty paid them his purposed visit, and, as he had promised, arrived in time for breakfast. A few of Denis's relations were assembled, and in their presence the arrangements respecting the colt and Denny's clerical prospects were privately concluded. So far everything was right; the time of Denny's departure for Maynooth was to be determined by the answer which Father Finnerty should receive from the bishop; for an examination must of course take place, which was to be conducted by the prelate, or by some other clergyman appointed for that purpose. This and the necessary preparation usual on such occasions were the only impediments in the way of his departure for Maynooth, a place associated with so many dreams of that lowly ambition which the humble circumstances of the peasantry permit them to entertain.

The Irish people, I need scarcely observe, are a poor people; they are also, very probably for the same reason, an imaginative people—at all events, they are excited by occurrences which would not produce the same vivacity of emotion which they experience upon any other people in the world.

This, after all, is but natural; a long endurance of hunger will render the coarsest food delicious; and, on the contrary, when the appetite is glutted with the richest viands, it requires a dish whose flavour is proportionably high and spicy to touch the jaded palate. It is so with our moral enjoyments. In Ireland a very simple accession to their hopes or comforts produces an extraordinary elevation of mind, and so completely unlocks the sluices of their feelings that every consideration is lost in the elation of the moment. At least it was so in Denis O'Shaughnessy's family upon this occasion.

No sooner had Father Finnerty received the colt, and pledged himself that Denny should have the place in Maynooth that was then vacant, than a tumultuous expression of delight burst from his family and relations. Business was then thrown aside for the day; the house was scoured and set in order, as if it were for a festival; their best apparel was put on; every eye was bright, every heart throbbed with a delightful impulse, whilst kindness and hilarity beamed from their faces. In a short time they all separated themselves among their neighbours to communicate the agreeable tidings; and the latter, with an honest participation in their happiness, instantly laid aside their avocations, and flocked to Denis O'Shaughnessy's, that they might congratulate him and his friends upon what was considered the completion of their hopes. When the day was more advanced, several of Denny's brothers and sisters returned, and the house was nearly filled with their acquaintances and relations. Ere one o'clock had passed they were all assembled, except old Denis, of whom no person could give any intelligence. Talk, loud laughter, pure *poteen*, and good-humour all circulated freely; the friendly neighbour, unshaved, and with his Sunday coat thrown hastily over his work-day apparel, drank to Denny's health, and wished that he might "bate all Maynewth out of the face; an' sure there's no doubt of that, anyhow—doesn't myself remimber him puttin' the explanations to Pasthorini before he was the bulk o' my fist." His brothers and sisters now adopted with enthusiasm the terms of respect which he had prescribed for them through his father; he was "Sirred" and "Misthered," and all but "Reverenced," with a glow of affectionate triumph which they strove not

to conceal. He was also overwhelmed with compliments of all hues and complexions. One reminded him of the victory he obtained over a hedge schoolmaster who came one Sunday a distance of fifteen miles to *sack* him in English grammar on the chapel-green; but as the man was no classical scholar, "Sure," observed his neighbour, "I remember well that he couldn't get a word out of Misther Denis's head there but Latin; so that the poor crathur, afther travellin' fifteen long miles, had to go home agin, the show o' the world, widout undherstandin' a sintence of the larnin' that was put an him; an' so here's wishin' you health, Misther Dinis, *agra*, an' no fear in life but you'll be the jewel at the prachin', sir, plase goodness!"

Another reminded him of "how often he proved Phadrick Murray to be an ass, and showed him how he couldn't make out the differ atween black an' white."

"Sure an' he did," said Phadrick, scratching his head—for he was one of the first at the house; "an' no wondher, wid his long-headed screwtations from the books. Throth, his own father was the best match, barrin' Father Lawdher that was broke of his bread, he ever met wid, till he got too many for him by the Latin an' Greek."

This allusion to old Denis occasioned his absence to be noticed.

"Can nobody tell where Denis *More*[1] is?" said the wife. "My gracious, but it's quare he should be from about the place this day, anyway. Brian, *mavourneen*, did you see him goin' anywhere?"

"No," said Brian, "but I see him comin' down there, carryin' some atables in a basket."

Brian had scarcely ended when his father entered, bearing beef and mutton, as aforesaid, both of which he deposited upon the kitchen table, with a jerk of generosity and pride that seemed to say, as he looked significantly at Denny—and, in fact, as he did say afterwards—"Never spare, Dinny; ate like a gintleman; make yourself as bright an' ginteel as you can; you won't want for beef an' mutton!"

Old Denis now sat down, and after wiping the perspiration

[1] *i.e.*, The great, the father.

from his forehead, took the glass of *poteen* which the wife handed him; he held it between his finger and thumb for a moment, glanced around him upon the happy faces present, then laid it down again, fixed his eyes upon his son, and cast them once more upon the company. The affectionate father's heart was full; his breast heaved, and the large tears rolled slowly down his cheek. By a strong effort, however, he mastered his emotion; and taking the glass again, he said in a broken voice—

"Neighbours!—God bless yees!—God bless yees!—Dinny—Dinny—I——"

The last words he pronounced with difficulty; and drinking off his glass, set it down empty upon the table. He then rose up, and shook his neighbours by the hand.

"I am," said he, "a happy man, no doubt of it, an' we're all happy; an' it's proud any father might be to hear the account of his son that I did of mine, as I was convoyin' Father Finnerty a piece o' the way home. 'Your son,' says he, when he took that bit of a coult out o' my hand, 'will be an honour to you all. I tell you,' says he, 'that he's nearly as good a scholar as myself, an' spakes Latin not far behind my own; an' as for pracher,' says he, 'I can tell you that he'll be hard farther nor any man I know.' He tould me them words wid his own two lips; an' surely, neighbours," said he, relapsing into strong feeling, "you can't blame me for bein' both proud an' happy of sich a son."

My readers, from the knowledge already given them of Denny's character, are probably disposed to think that his learning was thrown out on this occasion in longer words and more copious quotations than usual. This, however, was not the case; so far from that, he never displayed less pedantry, nor interspersed his conversation with fewer scraps of Latin. In fact, the proceedings of the day appeared to affect him with a tone of thought decidedly at variance with the exuberance of joy experienced by the family. He was silent, moody, and evidently drawn by some secret reflection from the scene around him. He held a book in his hand, into which he looked from time to time with the air of a man who balances some contingency in his mind. At length, when the conversation of those who were assembled became more loud and

boisterous, he watched an opportunity of gliding out unperceived; having accomplished this, he looked cautiously about him, and finding himself not observed, he turned his steps to a glen which lay about half a mile below his father's house.

At the lowest skirt of this little valley, protected by a few spreading hawthorns, stood a small white farmhouse, more immediately shaded by a close row of elder or boor trees, which hung over one of the gables, and covered the garden gate, together with a neat grassy seat, that was built between the gate and the gable. It was impervious to sun and rain: one of those pretty spots which present themselves on the roadside in the country, and strike the eye with a pleasing notion of comfort; especially when, during a summer shower, the cocks and hens of the little yard are seen by the traveller who takes shelter under it huddled up in silence, the white dust quite dry, whilst the heavy shower patters upon the leaves above, and upon the dark, drenched road beside them.

Under the shade of this sat an interesting girl, aged about seventeen, named Susan Connor. She was slender, and not above the middle size, but certainly, in point of form and feature, such as might be called beautiful—handsome she unquestionably was; but be that as it may, with this rustic beauty the object of Denis's stolen visit was connected. She sat knitting under the shade of elder which we have described, a sweet picture of innocence and candour. Our hero's face as he approached her was certainly a fine study for any one who wished to embody the sad and ludicrous. Desperate was the conflict between pedantry and feeling which he experienced. His manner appeared more pompous and affected than ever; yet was there blended with the flush of approaching triumph as a candidate such woebegone shades of distress, flitting occasionally across his features, as rendered his countenance inscrutably enigmatical.

When the usual interchange of preliminary conversation had passed, Denis took his seat beside her on the grassy bench; and after looking in several directions, and giving half a dozen hems, he thus accosted her—

"Susan, cream of my affections, I may venture to conjecture that the fact, or *factum*, of my being the subject of a *fama clamosa* to-day has not yet reached your ears?"

"Now, Denis, you are at your deep larning from the books again. Can't you keep your reading for them that undherstands it, an' not be spakin' so Englified to a simple girl like me?"

"There is logic in that same, however. Do you know, Susan, I have often thought that, provided always you had resaved proper instruction, you would have made a first-rate classical scholar."

"So you tould me, Denis, the Sunday evening we exchanged the promise. But sure, when you get me, I can larn it. Won't you tache me, Denis?"

She turned her laughing eyes archly at him as she spoke, with a look of joy and affection; it was a look, indeed, that staggered for the moment every ecclesiastical resolution within him. He returned her glance, and ran over the features of her pure and beautiful countenance for some minutes; then placing his open hand upon his eyes, he seemed buried in reflection. At length he addressed her.

"Susan, I am thinking of that same Sunday evening on which we exchanged the hand-promise. I say, Susan—*dimidium animæ meæ*—I am in the act of meditating upon it; and sorry am I to be compel——to be under the neces——to be reduced, I say—that is, *redactus* in the larned langua——in other words—or terms, indeed, is more elegant—in other terms, then, Susan, I fear that what I just now alluded to, touching the *fama clamosa* which is current about me this day, will render that promise a rather premature one on both our parts. Some bachelors in my situation might be disposed to call it foolish; but I entertain a reverence—a veneration for the feelings of the feminine sex, that inclines me to use the mildest and most classical language in divulging the change that has taken place in my fortunes since I saw you last."

"What do you mane, Denis?" inquired Susan, suddenly ceasing to knit, and fixing her eyes upon him with a glance of alarm.

"To be plain, Susy, I find that Maynooth is my destination. It has been arranged between my father and Docthor Finnerty that I must become a labourer in the vineyard—that is, that

I must become a priest, and cultivate the grape. It's a sore revelation to make to an amorous maiden; but destiny will be triumphant:—

'Tempora mutantur, nos et mutamur in illis.'"

The poor girl suddenly laid down the work on which she had been engaged, her face became the colour of ashes, and the reply she was about to make died upon her lips. She again resumed her stocking, but almost instantly laid it down a second time, and appeared wholly unable either to believe or comprehend what he said.

"Denis," she at length asked, "did you say that all is to be over between us?"

"That was my insinuation," replied Denis. "The fact is, Susy, that destiny is adverse—clean against our union in the bonds of matrimonial ecstasy. But, Susy, my charmer, I told you before that you were not destitute of logic, and I hope you will bear this heavy visitation as becomes a philosopher."

"Bear it, Denis! How ought I to bear it, after your saying, and swearing too, that neither father, nor mother, nor priest, nor anybody else would make you desart me?"

"But, Susan, my nightingale, perhaps you are not aware that there is an authority in existence to which father, mother, and all must knuckle down. That is the Church, Susan. Reflect—*dulce decus meum*—that the power of the Church is able to loose and unloose, to tie and untie, to forgive and to punish, to raise to the highest heaven, or to sink to the profoundest Tartarus. That power, Susan, thinks proper to claim your unworthy and enamoured swain as one of the brightest Colossuses of her future glory. The Irish hierarchy is plased to look on me as a luminary of almost superhuman brilliancy and coruscation: my talents she pronounces to be of the first magnitude, my eloquence classical and overwhelming, and my learning only adorned by that poor insignificant attribute denominated by philosophers unfathomability! —hem! hem!"

"Denis," replied the innocent girl, "you sometimes spake that I can undherstand you; but you oftener spake in a way that I can hardly make out what you say. If it's a thing that

my love for you, or the solemn promise that passed between us, would stand in your light, or prevint you from higher things as a priest, I am willing to—to—to give you up, whatever I may suffer. But you know yourself that you brought me on from time to time undher your promise that nothing would ever lead you to lave me in sorrow an' disappointment. Still, I say that——But, Denis, is it thrue that you could lave me for anything?"

The innocent confidence in his truth expressed by the simplicity of her last question staggered the young candidate; that is to say, her words, her innocence, and her affection sank deeply into his heart.

"Susan," he replied, "to tell the blessed truth, I am fairly dilemma'd. My heart is in your favour; but—but—hem—you don't know the prospect that is open to me. You don't know the sin of keeping back such a—a—a—galaxy as I am from the Church. I say you don't know the *sin* of it. That's the difficulty. If it was a common case it would be nothing; but to keep back a person like me—a *rara avis in terris*—from the priesthood, is a sin that requires a great dale of interest with the Pope to have absolved."

"Heaven above forgive me!" exclaimed the artless girl. "In that case I wouldn't for the riches of the wide earth stand between you and God. But I didn't know that before, Denis; and if you had tould me, I think, sooner than get into sich a sin, I'd struggle to keep down my love for you, even although my heart should break."

"Poor darling," said Denis, taking her passive hand in his, "and would it go so hard with you? Break your heart! Do you love me so well as that, Susan?"

Susan's eyes turned on him for a moment, and the tears which his question drew forth gave it a full and a touching reply. She uttered not a word, but after a few deep sobs wiped her eyes, and endeavoured to compose her feelings.

Denis felt the influence of her emotions; he remained silent for a short time, during which, however, ambition drew in the background all those dimly splendid visions that associate themselves with the sacerdotal functions in a country where the people place no bounds to the spiritual power of their pastors.

"Susan," said he, after a pause, "do you know the difference between a Christian and a hathen?"

"Between a Christian an' a hathen? Why, aren't hathens all sinners?"

"Very right. Faith, Susan, you would have shone at the classics. You see, *dilecta cordis mei*, or, *cordi meo*, for either is good grammar—you see, Susan, the difference between a Christian and a hathen is this: a Christian bears disappointments with fortitude—with what is denominated Christian fortitude; whereas, on the contrary, a hathen doesn't bear disappointments at all. Now, Susan, it would cut me to the heart to find that you would become a hathen on this touching and trying occasion."

"I'll pray to God, Denis. Isn't that the way to act under afflictions?"

"Decidedly. There is no other legitimate mode of quelling a heart-ache. And, Susan, when you go to supplication you are at liberty to mention my name—no, not yet; but if I were once consecrated you might. However, it is better to sink this; say nothing about me when you pray, for, to tell you the truth, I believe you have as much influence above —*super astra*—as I have. There is one argument which I am anxious to press upon you. It is a very simple but a very respectable one after all. I am not all Ireland. You will find excellent good husbands even in this parish. There is, as the old proverb says, as good fish in the say as ever were caught. Do you catch one of them. For me, Susan, the vineyard claims me; I must, as I said, cultivate the grape. We must consequently—hem!—we must—hem! hem!—consequently strive to forget—hem!—I say to forget each other. It is a trial—I know—a desperate visitation, poor fawn, upon your feelings; but, as I said, destiny will be triumphant. What is decreed, is decreed—I must go to Maynooth."

Susan rose, and her eyes flashed with an indignant sense of the cold-blooded manner in which he advised her to select another husband. She was an illiterate girl, but the purity of her feelings supplied the delicacy which reading and a knowledge of more refined society would have given her.

"Is it from your lips, Denis," she said, "that I hear sich a mane and low-minded an advice? Or do you think that

with my weak and, I now see, foolish heart settled upon you I could turn round and fix my love upon the first that might ax me? Denis, you promised before God to be mine, and mine only—you often said and swore that you loved me above any human being; but I now see that you only intended to lead me into sin and disgrace, for indeed, and before God, I don't think — I don't — I don't — believe that you ever loved me."

A burst of grief, mingled with indignation and affliction, followed the words she had uttered. Denis felt himself called on for a vindication, and he was resolved to give it.

"Susan," he returned, "your imagination is erroneous. By all the classical authors that ever were written, you are antipodially opposed to facts. What harm is there, seeing that you and I can never be joined in wedlock—what harm is there, I say, in recommending you another husb——"

Susan would hear no more. She gathered up her stocking and ball of thread, placed them in her apron, went into her father's house, shut and bolted the door, and gave way to violent grief. All this occurred in a moment, and Denis found himself excluded.

He did not wish, however, to part from her in anger; so after having attempted to look through the keyhole of the door, and applied his eye in vain to the window, he at length spoke.

"Is there anybody within but yourself, Susy?"

He received no reply.

"I say, Susy—*dilecta juventutis meæ*—touching the recommendation—now don't be crying—touching the recommendation of another husband, by all the classics that ever were mistranslated, I meant nothing but the purest of consolation. If I did, may I be reduced to primeval and aboriginal ignorance! But you know yourself that they never prospered who prevented a *rara avis* like me from entering the Church —from labouring in the vineyard, and cultivating the grape. Don't be hathenish, but act with a philosophy suitable to so dignified an occasion. Farewell! *Macte virtute,* and be firm. I swear again, by all the class——"

The appearance of a neighbour caused him to cut short his oath. Seeing that the man approached the house, he

drew off, and returned home, more seriously affected by Susan's agitation than he was willing to admit even to himself.

This triumph over his affection was, in fact, only the conquest of one passion over another. His attachment to Susan Connor was certainly sincere; and ere the prospects of his entering Maynooth were unexpectedly brought near him by the interference of Father Finnerty, his secret purpose all along had been to enter with her into the state of matrimony, rather than into the Church. Ambition, however, is beyond all comparison the most powerful principle of human conduct, and so Denny found it. Although his unceremonious abandonment of Susan appeared heartless and cruel, yet it was not effected on his part without profound sorrow and remorse. The two principles, when they began to struggle in his heart for supremacy, resembled the rival destinies of Cæsar and Mark Antony. Love declined in the presence of ambition; and this in proportion as all the circumstances calculated to work upon the strong imagination of a young man, naturally fond of power, began to assume an appearance of reality. To be in the course of a few years a *bonâ fide* priest; to possess unlimited sway over the fears and principles of the people; to be endowed with spiritual gifts to he knew not what extent; and to enjoy himself, as he had an opportunity of seeing Father Finnerty and his curate do, in the full swing of convivial pleasure, upon the ample hospitality of those who, in addition to this, were ready to kiss the latchet of his shoes — were, it must be admitted, no inconsiderable motives in influencing the conduct of a person reared in a humble condition of life. The claims of poor Susan, her modesty, her attachment, and her beauty were all insufficient to prevail against such a host of opposing motives; and the consequence, though bitter, and subversive of her happiness, was a final determination on the part of Denny to acquaint her, with a kind of *ex officio* formality, that all intercourse upon the subject of their mutual attachment must cease between them. Notwithstanding his boasted knowledge, however, he was ignorant of sentiment, and accordingly confined himself, as I have intimated, to a double species of argument: that is to say, first, the danger and sin

of opposing the wishes of the Church, which had claimed him, as he said, to labour in the vineyard; and secondly, the undoubted fact that there were plenty of good husbands besides himself in the world, from some one of which, he informed her, he had no doubt she could be accommodated.

In the meantime, her image, meek and fair and uncomplaining, would from time to time glide into his imagination, and the melody of her voice send its music once more to his vacillating heart. He usually paused then, and almost considered himself under the influence of a dream; but ambition, with its train of shadowy honours, would immediately present itself, and Susan was again forgotten.

When he rejoined the company, to whom he had given the slip, he found them all gone, except about six or eight whom his father had compelled to stop for dinner. His mind was now much lighter than it had been before his interview with Susan, nor were his spirits at all depressed by perceiving that a new knife and fork lay glittering upon the dresser for his own particular use.

"Why, thin, where have you been all this time?" said the father; "an' we wantin' to know whether you'd like the mutton to be boiled or roasted."

"I was soliloquising in the glen below," replied Denny, once more resuming his pedantry—"meditating upon the transparency of all human events. But as for the beef and mutton, I advise you to boil the beef and roast the mutton; or, *vice versâ*, to boil the mutton and roast the beef. But I persave my mother has anticipated me, and boiled them both with that flitch of bacon that's playing the vagrant in the big pot there. *Tria juncta in uno*, as Horace says in the Epodes, when expatiating upon the Roman emperors—ehem!"

"Misther Denis," said one of those present, "maybe you'd tell us upon the watch what the hour is, if you plase, sir? Myself never can know right at all, except by the shadow of the sun from the corner of our own gravel."

"Why," replied Denis, pulling it out with much pomp of manner, "it's just half-past two to a quarter of a minute and a few seconds."

"Why, thin, what a quare thing entirely a watch is," the

other continued. "Now, what makes you hould it to your ear, Misther Denis, if you plase?"

"The efficient cause of that, Larry, is that the drum of the ear—you persave, the drum of the ear—is enabled to catch the intonations produced by the machinery of its internal operations, otherwise the fact of applying it to the ear would be unnecessary—altogether unnecessary."

"Dear me! see what it is to have the knowledge, anyway! But isn't it quare how it moves of itself like a livin' crathur? How is that, Misther Denis?"

"Why, Larry—ahem—you see the motions of it are—that is, the works or operations—are all continually going; and sure it is from that explanation that we say a watch goes well. That's more than you ever knew before, Larry."

"Indeed, it surely is, sir, an' I'm much oblaged to you, Misther Denis; sure, if I ever come to wear a watch in my fob, I'll know something about it, anyhow."

For the remainder of that day Denis was as learned and consequential as ever. His friends, when their hearts were opened by his father's hospitality, promised him substantial aid in money, and in presents of such articles as they supposed might be serviceable to him in Maynooth. Denny received their proffers of support with suitable dignity and gratitude. A scene of bustle and preparation now commenced among them. Nor was Denny himself the least engaged; for it somehow happened that, notwithstanding his profound erudition, he felt it necessary to read night and day in order to pass with more *éclat* the examination which he had to stand before the bishop ere his appointment to Maynooth. This ordeal was to occur upon a day fixed for the purpose in the ensuing month; and indeed Denis occupied as much of the intervening period in study as his circumstances would permit. His situation was, at this crisis, certainly peculiar. Every person related to him in the slightest degree contrived to revive their relationship; his former schoolfellows, on hearing that he was actually destined to be of the Church, renewed their acquaintance with him; and those who had been servants to his father took the liberty of speaking to him upon the strength of that fact. No child, to the remotest shade of affinity, was born for

which he did not stand godfather. Nieces and nephews thickened about him, all with remarkable talents, and many of them—particularly of the nieces—said to be exceedingly genteel, very thrifty for their ages, and likely to make excellent housekeepers. A strong likeness to himself was also pointed out in the features of his nephews; one of whom had his born nose—another his eyes—and a third, again, had his brave, high-flown way with him. In short, he began to feel some of the inconveniences of greatness, and, like it, to be surrounded by cringing servility and meanness. When he went to chapel, he was beset and followed from place to place by a retinue of friends, who were all anxious to secure to themselves the most conspicuous marks of his notice. It was the same thing in fair or market: they contended with each other who should do him most honour, or afford him and his father's immediate family the most costly treat, accompanied by the grossest expressions of flattery. Every male infant born among them was called Dionysius, and every female one Susan, after his favourite sister. All this to a lad like Denis, already remarkable for his vanity, was very trying, or, rather, it absolutely turned his brain, and made him, probably, as finished a specimen of pride, self-conceit, and domineering arrogance, mingled with a lurking, humorous contempt for his cringing relations, as could be displayed in the person of some shallow but knavish prime minister, surrounded by his selfish sycophants, whom he encourages and despises.

At home he was idolised—overwhelmed with respect and deference. The slightest intimation of his wish was a command to them; the beef and fowl and mutton were at hand in all the variety of culinary skill; and not a soul in the house durst lay a hand upon his knife and fork but himself. In the morning, when the family were to be seen around the kitchen table at their plain but substantial breakfast, Denis was lording it, in solitary greatness, over an excellent breakfast of tea and eggs in another room.

It was now, too, that the king's English, as well as the mutton, was carved and hacked to some purpose; epithets prodigiously long and foreign to the purpose were pressed into his conversation, for no other reason than because those

to whom he spoke could not understand them; but the principal portion of his time was devoted to study. The bishop, he had heard, was a sound scholar, and scrupulous in recommending any to Maynooth except such as were well versed in the preparatory course. Independently of this, he was anxious, he said, to distinguish himself in his examination, and, if possible, to sustain as high a character with the bishop and his fellow-students as he did among the peasantry of his own neighbourhood.

At length the day approached. The bishop's residence was not distant more than a few hours' ride, and he would have sufficient time to arrive there, pass his examination, and return in time for dinner. On the eve of his departure old Denis invited Father Finnerty, his curate, and about a dozen relations and friends to dine with him the next day, when—Denis having surmounted the last obstacle to the accomplishment of his hopes—their hearts could open without a single reflection to check the exuberance of their pride, hospitality, and happiness.

I have often said, and I now repeat it, that after all there is no people bound up so strongly to each other by the ties of domestic life as the Irish. On the night which preceded this joyous and important day a spirit of silent but tender affection dwelt in every heart of the O'Shaughnessys. The great point of interest was the son. He himself was serious, and evidently laboured under that strong anxiety so natural to a youth in his circumstances. A Roman Catholic bishop, too, is a personage looked upon by the people with a kind of feeling that embodies in it awe, reverence, and fear. Though, in this country, a humble man, possessing neither the rank in society, outward splendour, nor the gorgeous profusion of wealth and pomp which characterise a prelate of the Established Church, yet it is unquestionable that the gloomy dread, and sense of formidable power, with which they impress the minds of the submissive peasantry, immeasurably surpass the more legitimate influence which any Protestant dignitary could exercise over those who stand, with respect to him, in a more rational and independent position.

It was not surprising that Denis, who practised upon ignorant people that petty despotism for which he was so

remarkable, should now, on coming in contact with great spiritual authority, adopt his own principles, and relapse from the proud pedant into the cowardly slave. True it is that he presented a most melancholy specimen of independence in a crisis where moral courage was so necessary; but his dread of the coming day was judiciously locked up in his own bosom. His silence and apprehension were imputed to the workings of a mind learnedly engaged in arranging the vast stores of knowledge with which it was so abundantly stocked. His moody picture of the bishop's brow; his reflection that he was going before a sacred person, as a candidate for the Church, with his heart yet redolent of earthly affection for Susan Connor; his apprehension that the bishop's spiritual scent might sagaciously smell it out, were all put down by the family to the credit of uncommon learning, which, as his mother observed truly, "often makes men do quare things." His embarrassments, however, inasmuch as they were ascribed by them to wrong causes, endeared him more to their hearts than ever. Because he spoke little, neither the usual noise nor bustle of a large family disturbed the silence of the house; every word was uttered that evening in a low tone, at once expressive of tenderness and respect. The family supper was tea, in compliment to Denis, and they all partook of it with him. Nothing humbles the mind and gives the natural feelings their full play so well as a struggle in life or the appearance of its approach.

"Denis," said the father, "the time will come when we won't have you at all among us; but, thank goodness, you'll be in a betther place."

Denis heard him not, and consequently made no reply.

"They say Maynewth's a tryin' place, too," he continued, "an' I'd be sorry to see him pulled down to an atomy, like some of the scarecrows that come out of it. I hope you'll bear it betther."

"Do you speak to me?" said Denis, awaking out of a reverie.

"I do, *sir*," replied the father; and as he uttered the words the son perceived that his eyes were fixed upon him with an expression of affectionate sorrow and pride.

The youth was then in a serious mood, free from the

dominion of that learned mania under which he had so frequently signalised himself: the sorrow of his father, and a consciousness of the deep affection and unceasing kindness which he had ever experienced from him, joined to a recollection of their former friendly disputes and companionship, touched Denny to the quick. But the humility with which he applied to him the epithet "sir" touched him most. "What!" thought he; "ought my affectionate father to be thrown such a distance from a son who owes everything to his love and goodness?" The thought of his stooping so humbly before him smote the boy's heart, and the tears glistened in his eyes.

"Father," said he, "you have been kind and good to me beyond my deserts; surely, then, I cannot bear to hear you address me in that manner, as if we were both strangers. Nor while I am with you shall any of you so address me. Remember that I am still your son."

The natural affection displayed in this speech soon melted the whole family into tears—not excepting Denis himself, who felt that grief which we experience when about to be separated for the first time from those we love.

"Come over, *avourneen*," said his mother, drying her eyes with the corner of her check apron—"come over, *acushla machree*, an' sit beside me; sure, although we're sorry for you, Denis, it's proud our hearts are out of you, an' good right we have, *a suilish!* Come over, an' let me be near you as long as I can, anyway."

Denis placed himself beside her, and the proud mother drew his head over her bosom, and bedewed his face with a gush of tears.

"They say," she observed, "that it's sinful to shed tears when there's no occasion for grief; but I hope it's no sin to cry when one's heart is full of somethin' that brings them to one's eyes, whether they will or not."

"Mave," said the father, "I'll miss him more nor any of you; but sure he'll often send letters to us from Maynewth, to tell us how he's gettin' on; an' we'll be proud enough, never fear."

"You'll miss me, Denis," said his favourite sister, who was also called Susan; "for you'll find no one in Maynewth that

will keep your linen so white as I did. But never fear, I'll be always knittin' you stockins; an' every year I'll make you half a dozen shirts, an' you'll think them more natural nor other shirts when you know they came from your own home —from them that you love! Won't you, Denis?"

"I will, Susy, and I will love the shirts for the sake of the hands that made them."

"And I won't allow Susy Connor to help me as she used to do: they'll be all Alley's sewin' and mine."

"The poor *colleen*—listen to her!" exclaimed the affectionate father. "Indeed, you will, Susy; ay, and hem his cravats, that we'll send him ready made an' all."

"Yes," replied Denis. "But as to Susy Connor—hem—why, upon considera——he—hem—upon second thoughts, I don't see why you should prevent her from helping you; she's a neighbour's daughter, and a well-wisher, of whose prosperity in life I'd always wish to hear."

"The poor girl's very bad in her health for the last three weeks," observed his other sister, Alley; "she has lost her appetite, an' is cast down entirely in her spirits. You ought to go an' see her, Denis, before you set out for the college, if it was only on her dacent father's account. When I was tellin' her yisterday that you wor to get the bishop's letter for Maynewth to-morrow, she was in so poor a state of health that she nearly fainted. I had to give her a drink of wather, and sprinkle her face with it. Well, she's a purty crathur an' a good girl, an' was always that, dear knows!"

"Denis, *achree*," said his mother, somewhat alarmed, "are you any way unwell? Why, your heart's batin' like a new-catched chicken! Are you sick, *acushla;* or are you used to this?"

"It won't signify," replied Denis, gently raising himself from his mother's arms; "I will sit up, mother; it's but a sudden stroke or two of *tremor cordis,* produced probably by having my mind too much upon one object."

"I think," said his father, "he will be the betther of a little drop of the *poteen* made into punch, an' for that matter we can all take a sup of it; as there's no one here but ourselves, we will have it snug an' comfortable."

Nothing resembles an April day more than the general

disposition of the Irish people. When old Denis's proposal for the punch was made, the gloom which hung over the family—originating, as it did, more in joy than in sorrow—soon began to disappear. Their countenances gradually brightened, by-and-by mirth stole out, and ere the punch had accomplished its first round, laughter, and jest, and good-humour—each, in consequence of the occasion, more buoyant and vivacious than usual—were in full play. Denis himself, when animated by the unexcised liquor, threw off his dejection, and ere the night was half spent, found himself in the highest region of pedantry.

"I would not," said he, "turn my back upon any other candidate in the province in point of preparatory excellence and ardency of imagination. I say, sitting here beside you, my worthy and logical father, I would not retrograde from any candidate for the honours of the Catholic Church in the province—in the kingdom—in Europe; and it is not improbable but I might progradiate another step, and say Christendom at large. And now what's a candidate? Father, you have some apprehension in you, and are a passable second-hand controversialist—what's a candidate? Will you tell me?"

"I give it up, Denis; but you'll tell us."

"Yes, I will tell you. Candidate signifies a man dressed in fustian; it comes from *candidus,* which is partly Greek, partly Latin, and partly Hebrew. It was the learned designation for Irish linen, too, which in the time of the Romans was in great request at Rome; but it was changed to signify fustian, because it was found that everything a man promised, on becoming a candidate for any office, turned out to be only fustian when he got it."

"Denis, *avourneen,*" said his mother, "the greatest comfort myself has is to be thinkin' that when you're a priest you can be sayin' masses for my poor sinful sowl."

"Yes, there is undoubtedly comfort in that reflection; and depend upon it, my dear mother, that I'll be sure to clinch your masses in the surest mode. I'll not fly over them like Camilla across a field of potato oats, without discommoding a single walk, as too many of my worthy brethren—I mane as too many of those whose worthy brother I will soon be—do

in this present year of grace. I'm no fool at the Latin, but, as I'm an unworthy candidate for Maynooth, I cannot even understand every fifteenth word they say when reading mass, independently of the utter scorn with which they treat those two scholastic old worthies called Syntax and Prosody."

"Denis," said the father, "nothing would give me greater delight than to be present at your first mass an' your first sarmon; and next to that would I like to be stumpin' about wid a dacent staff in my hand, maybe wid a bit of silver on the head of it, takin' care of your place when you'd have a parish."

"At all events, if you're not with me, father, I'll keep you comfortable wherever you'll be, whether in this world or the other; for, plase goodness, I'll have some influence in both. When I get a parish, however, it is not improbable that I may have occasion to see company; the neighbouring gentlemen will be apt to relish my society, particularly those who are addicted to conviviality; and our object will be to render ourselves as populous as possible. Now, whether in that case it would be compatible—but never fear, father, whilst I have the means, you or one of the family shall never want."

"Will you let the people be far behind in their dues, Denis?" inquired Brian.

"No, no—leave that point to my management. Depend upon it, I'll have them like mice before me—ready to run into the first auger-hole they meet. I'll collect lots of oats, and get as much yarn every year as would clothe three regiments of militia, or, for that matther, of dragoons. I'll appoint my stations, too, in the snuggest farmers' houses in the parish, just as Father Finnerty, our worthy parochial priest, ingeniously contrives to do. And to revert secondarily to the collection of the oats, I'll talk liberally to the Protestant *bodaghs;* give the Presbyterians a learned homily upon civil and religious freedom; make hard hits with them at that INCUBUS the Established Church; and, never fear, but I shall fill bag after bag with good corn from many of both creeds."

"That," said Brian, "will be givin' them the bag to hould in arnest."

"No, Brian, but it will be makin' them fill the bag when I hold it, which will be better still."

"But," said Susan, "who'll keep house for you? You know that a priest can't live widout a housekeeper."

"That, Susy," replied Denis, "is, and will be, the most difficult point on which to accomplish anything like a satisfactory determination. I have nieces enough, however. There's Peter Finnegan's eldest daughter, Mary, and Hugh Tracy's Ailsey—(to whom he added about a dozen and a half more)—together with several yet to be endowed with existence, all of whom will be brisk candidates for the situation."

"I don't think," replied Mrs. O'Shaughnessy, "that you'll ever get any one who'd be more comfortable about you nor your own ould mother. What do you think of takin' myself, Denis?"

"Ay, but consider the accomplishments in the culinary art —*in revel in arte culinaria*—which will be necessary for my housekeeper to know. How would you, for instance, dress a dinner for the bishop if he happened to pay me a visit, as you may be certain he will? How would you make pies and puddings, and disport your fancy through all the varieties of roast and boil? How would you dress a fowl that it would stand upon a dish as if it was going to dance a hornpipe? How would you amalgamate the different *genera* of wine with boiling fluid and crystallised saccharine matter? How would you dispose of the various dishes upon the table according to high life and mathematics? Wouldn't you be too old to bathe my feet when I'd be unwell? Wouldn't you be too old to bring me my whey in the morning as soon as I'd awake, perhaps with a severe headache, after the plenary indulgence of a clerical compotation? Wouldn't you be too old to sit up till the middle of the nocturnal hour, awaiting my arrival home? Wouldn't you be——"

"Hut, tut, that's enough, Denny; I'd never do at all. No, no; but I'll sit a clane dacent ould woman in the corner upon a chair that you'll get made for me! There I'll be wid my pipe and tobacco, smokin' at my ase, chattin' to the sarvints, and sometimes discoorsin' the neighbours that'll come to inquire for you, when they'll be sittin' in the kitchen waitin' till you get through your office. Jist let me have that, Dinny, *achora*, and I'll be as happy as the day's long."

"And I on the other side," said his father, naturally enough

struck with the happy simplicity of the picture which his wife drew—"on the other side, Mave, a snug, dacent ould man, chattin' to you across the fire, proud to see the bishop an' the gintlemen about him. An' I wouldn't ax to be taken into the parlour at all, except, maybe, when there would be nobody there but yourself, Denis; an' that your mother an' I would go into the parlour to get a glass of punch, or, if it could be spared, a little taste of wine for novelty."

"And so you shall, both of you—you, father, at one side of the hob, and my mother here at the other, the king and queen of my culinary dominions. But practise taciturnity a little—I'm visited by the muse, and must indulge in a strain of vocal melody—hem—'tis a few lines of my own composure, the offspring of a moment of inspiration by the nine female Heliconians; but before I anticipate, here's to my own celebrity to-morrow, and afterwards all your healths!"

He then proceeded to sing in his best style a song composed, as he said, by himself, but which, as the composition was rather an eccentric one, we decline giving.

"Denis," said his brother, "you'll have great sport at the stations."

"Yes, Brian, most inimitable specimen of fraternity, I do look into the futurity of a station with great complacency. Hem—in the morning I rise up in imagination, and after reading part of my office, I and my curate—*ego et coadjutor meus*—or if I get a large parish, perhaps I and my two curates —*ego et coadjutores mei*—order our horses, and of a fine calm summer morning we mount them as gracefully as three throopers. The sun is up, and of coorse the moon is down, and the glitter of the light, the sparkling of the dew, the canticles of the birds, and the melodious cawing of the crows in Squire Grimshaw's rookery——"

"Why, Denis, is it this parish you'll have?"

"Silence, silence, till I complate my rural ideas—in some gentleman's rookery, at all events; the thrush here, the blackbird there, the corn-crake chanting its varied note in another place, and so on. In the meantime, we reverend sentimentalists advance, gazing with odoriferous admiration upon the prospect about us, and expatiating in the purest of Latin upon the beauties of unsophisticated nature. When

we meet the peasants going out to their work, they put their hands to their hats for us; but as I am known to be the parochial priest, it is to me the salutation is directed, which I return with the air of a man who thinks nothing of such things, but, on the contrary, knows them to be his due. The poor creatures of curates, you must know, don't presume to speak of themselves, but simply answer whenever I condescend to propose conversation; for I'll keep them down, never fear. In this edifying style we proceed—I a few steps in advance, and they at a respectful distance behind me, the heads of their horses just to my saddle-skirts; my clerical boots as brilliant as the countenance of Phœbus when decked with rosy smiles; theirs more subordinately polished, for there should be gradations in all things, and humility is the first of virtues in a Christian curate. My bunch of goold sales stands out proudly from my anterior rotundity, for by this time, plase God, I'll be getting frolicsome and corpulent; they with only a poor bit of ribbon, and a single twopenny kay, stained with verdigrace. In the meantime, we come within sight of the wealthy farmer's house wherein we are to hold the edifying solemnity of a station. There is a joyful appearance of study and bustle about the premises; the peasantry are flocking towards it, dressed in their best clothes; the proprietors of the mansion itself are running out to try if we are in appearance; and the very smoke disports itself hilariously in the air, and bounds up as if it was striving to catch the first glimpse of the clargy. When we approach, the good man—*pater familias*—comes out to meet us, and the good woman—*mater familias*—comes curtseying from the door to give us the *kead millia failtha*. No sooner do we persave ourselves noticed, than out comes the Breviary, and in a moment we are at our morning devotions. I, being the rector, am particularly grave and dignified. I do not speak much, but am rather sharp, and order the curates, whom I treat, however, with great respect before the people, instantly to work. This impresses those who are present with awe and reverence for us all, especially for Father O'Shaughnessy himself—that's me. I then take a short turn or two across the floor, silently perusing my office, after which I lay it aside and relax into a little conversation with the people

of the house, to show that I can conciliate by love as readily as I can impress them with fear; for, you see, *divide et impera* is as aptly applied to the passions as to maxims of state policy—ahem. I then go to my tribunal, and first hear the man and woman and family of the house, and afther them the other penitents, according as they can come to me.

"Thus we go on absolving in great style, till it is time for the matutinal meal—vulgarly called breakfast; when the whisky, eggs, toast, and tea as strong as Hercules, with ham, fowl, beef-steaks, or mutton-chops, all pour in upon us in the full tide of hospitality. Helter-skelter, cut and thrust, right and left, we work away, till the appetite reposes itself upon the cushion of repletion; and off we go once more, full and warm, to the delicate employment of adjudicating upon sin and transgression, until dinner comes, when, having despatched as many as possible—for the quicker we get through them the better—we set about despatching what is always worth a ship-load of such riff-raff—*videlicet*, a good and extensive dinner. Oh, ye pagan gods of eating and drinking, Bacchus and—let me see who the presiding deity of good feeding was in the Olympian synod—as I'm an unworthy candidate, I forgot that topic of learning; but no matter, *non constat* —Oh, ye pagan professors of ating and drinking, Bacchus, Epicurus, and St. Heliogabalus, Anthony of Padua, and Paul the Hermit, who poached for his own venison, St. Tuck and St. Tak'em, St. Drinkem and St. Eatem, with all ye other reverend worthies, who bore the blushing honours of the table thick upon your noses, come and inspire your unworthy candidate while he essays to chant the praises of a station dinner!

"Then, then does the priest appropriate to himself his due share of enjoyment. Then does he, like Elias, throw his garment of inspiration upon his coadjutors. Then is the goose cut up, and the farmer's distilled Latin is found to be purer and more edifying than the distillation of Maynooth.

> 'Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring;
> A little learning is a dangerous thing.'

And so it is, as far as this inspiring language is concerned. A station dinner is the very pinnacle of a priest's happiness.

There is the fun and frolic; then does the lemon-juice of mirth and humour come out of their reverences, like secret writing, as soon as they get properly warm. The song and the joke, the laugh and the leer, the shaking of hands, the making of matches, and the projection of weddings, the nipping on the ribs, and the pressing of the toes, the poking and the joking—och, I must conclude, or my brisk fancy will dissolve in the deluding vision! Here's to my celebrity to-morrow, and may the bishop catch a Tarthar in your son, my excellent and logical father!—as I tell you among ourselves he will do. Mark me, I say it—but it's *inter nos*, it won't go further—but should he trouble me with profundity, I'll make a *ludibrium* of him."

"But you forget the weddings and christenings, Denis; you'll have great sport at them too."

"I can't remember three things at a time, Brian. But you are mistaken, however; I had them snug in one corner of my cranium. The weddings and the christenings!—do you think I'll have nothing to do in them, you *stultus*, you?"

"But, Denis, is there any harm in the priests enjoying themselves, and they so holy as we know they are?"—inquired his mother.

"Not the least in life, considering what severe fasting and great praying they have; besides, it's necessary for them to take something to put the sins of the people out of their heads, and that's one reason why they are often jolly at stations."

"My goodness, what light Denis can throw upon anything!"

"Not without deep study, mother. But let us have another portion of punch each, afther which I'll read a Latin *De Profundis*, and we'll go to bed. I must be up early to-morrow; and, Brian, you'll please to have the black mare saddled and my spur brightened as ginteelly as you can, for I must go in as much state and grandeur as possible."

Accordingly, in due time, after hearing the *De Profundis*, which Denis read in as sonorous a tone and as pompous a manner as he could assume, they went to bed for the night, to dream of future dignities for their relative.

When Denis appeared the next morning it was evident

that the spirit of prophecy in which he had contemplated the enjoyments annexed to his ideal station on the preceding night had departed from him. He was pale and anxious, as in the early part of the previous evening. At breakfast his very appetite treacherously abandoned him, despite the buttered toast and eggs which his mother forced upon him with such tender assiduity, in order, she said, to make him stout against the bishop. Her solicitations, however, were in vain; after attempting to eat to no purpose, he arose and began to prepare himself for his journey. This, indeed, was a work of considerable importance; for, as they had no looking-glass, he was obliged to dress himself over a tub of water, in which, since truth must be told, he saw a very cowardly visage. In due time, however, he was ready to proceed upon his journey, apparelled in a new suit of black that sat stiffly and awkwardly upon him, crumpled in a manner that enabled any person at a glance to perceive that it was worn for the first time.

When he was setting out, his father approached him with a small jug of holy water in his hand. "Denis," said he, "I think you won't be the worse of a sprinkle of this," and he accordingly was about to shake it with a little brush over his person, when Denis arrested his hand.

"Easy, father," he replied; "you don't remember that my new clothes are on. I'll just take a little with my fingers, for you know one drop is as good as a thousand."

"I know that," said the father; "but, on the other hand, you know it's not lucky to refuse it."

"I didn't refuse it," rejoined Denis, "I surely took a *quantum suff.* of it with my own hand."

"It was very near a refusal," said the father, in a disappointed and somewhat sorrowful tone; "but it can't be helped now. I'm only sorry you put it and *quantum suff.* in connection at all. *Quantum suff.* is what Father Finnerty says when he will take no more punch; it doesn't argue respect in you to make as little of a jug of holy wather as he does of a jug of punch."

"I'm sorry for it, too," replied Denis, who was every whit as superstitious as his father; "and to atone for my error, I desire you will sprinkle me all over with it—clothes and all."

The father complied with this, and Denis was setting out, when his mother exclaimed: "Blessed be them above us, Denis More! Look at the boy's legs! There's luck. Why, one of his stockins has the wrong side out, and it's upon the right leg too! Well, this will be a fortunate day for you, Denis, anyway; the same thing never happened myself but something good followed it."

This produced a slight conflict between Denis's personal vanity and superstition; but on this occasion superstition prevailed: he even felt his spirits considerably elevated by the incident, mounted the mare, and after jerking himself once or twice in the saddle, to be certain that all was right, he touched her with the spur, and set out to be examined by the bishop, exclaiming as he went, "Let his lordship take care that I don't make a *ludibrium* of him."

The family at that moment all came to the door, where they stood looking after and admiring him, until he turned a corner of the road and left their sight.

Many were the speculations entered into during his absence as to the fact whether or not he would put down the bishop in the course of the examination; some of them holding that he could so if he wished; but others of them denying that it was possible for him, inasmuch as he had never received holy orders.

The day passed, but not in the usual way, in Denis More O'Shaughnessy's. The females of the family were busily engaged in preparing for the dinner, to which Father Finnerty, his curate, and several of their nearest and wealthiest friends had been invited; and the men in clearing out the stables and other offices for the horses of the guests. Pride and satisfaction were visible on every face, and that disposition to cordiality, and to the oblivion of everything unpleasant to the mind, marked in a prominent manner their conduct and conversation. Old Denis went and voluntarily spoke to a neighbour with whom he had not exchanged a word, except in anger, for some time. He found him at work in the field, and advancing with open hand and heart, he begged his pardon for any offence he might have given him.

"My son," said he, "is goin' to Maynooth; and as he is a boy that we have a good right to be proud of, and as our

friends are comin' to ate their dinner wid us to-day, and as —as my heart is too full to bear ill-will against any livin' sowl, let alone a man that I know to be sound at the heart, in spite of all that has come between us—I say, Darby, I forgive you, and I expect pardon for my share of the offence. There's the hand of an honest man—let us be as neighbours ought to be, and not divided into parties and factions against one another as we have been too long. Take your dinner wid us to-day, and let us hear no more about ill-will and unkindness."

"Denis," said his friend, "it ill becomes you to spake first. 'Tis I that ought to do that, and to do it long ago, too; but you see, somehow, so long as it was to be decided by blows between the families, I'd never give in. Not but that I might do so; but my sons, Denis, wouldn't hear of it. Throth, I'm glad of this, and so will they too; for only for the honour and glory of houldin' out, we might be all friends through other long ago. And I'll tell you what, we couldn't do better, the two factions of us, nor join and thrash them Haigneys, that always put between us."

"No, Darby, I tell you I bear no ill-will, no bad thoughts, agin any born Christian this day, and I won't hear of that. Come to us about five o'clock; we're to have Father Finnerty, and Father Farrell, his curate—all friends, man, all friends; and Denny, God guard him this day, will be home, afther passin' the bishop, about four o'clock."

"I always thought that *gorsoon* would come to somethin. Why, it was wondherful how he used to discoorse upon the chapel-green, yourself and himself; but he soon left you behind. And how he sealed up poor ould Dixon the parish clark's mouth, at Barny Boccagh's wake—God rest his soul. It was talkin' about the Protestant Church they wor. 'Why,' said Misther Denis, 'you ould termagant, can you tell me who first discovered your Church?' The dotin' ould crathur began of hummin' and hawin', and advisin' the boy to have more sense. 'Come,' said he, 'you ould canticle, can you answer? But for fear you can't, I'll answer for you. It was the divil discovered it one fine mornin' that he went to get an appetite, bein' in delicate health.' Why, Denis, you'd tie all that wor present wid a rotten sthraw."

"Darby, I ax your pardon over agin for what came between us; and I see now, betther than I did, that the fault of it was more mine nor yours. You'll be down surely about five o'clock?"

"I must go and take this beard off o' me, and clane myself; and I may as well do that now; but I'll be down, never fear."

"In throth the boy was always bright!—ha, ha, ha!—and he sobered Dixon!"

"Had him like a judge in no time."

"Oh, he could do it—he could do that at all times. God be wid you, Darby, till I see you in the evenin'."

"*Bannaght lath,* Denis, an' I'm proud we're as we ought to be."

About four o'clock the guests began to assemble at Denis's; and about the same hour one might perceive Susan O'Shaughnessy running out to a stile a little above the house, where she stood for a few minutes, with her hand shading her eyes, looking long and intensely towards the direction from which she expected her brother to return. Hitherto, however, he could not be discovered in the distance, although scarcely five minutes elapsed during the intervals of her appearance at the stile to watch him. Some horsemen she did notice; but after straining her eyes eagerly and anxiously, she was enabled only to report, with a dejected air, that they were their own friends coming from a distant part of the parish to be present at the dinner. At length, after a long and eager look, she ran in with an exclamation of delight, saying—

"Thank goodness, he's comin' at last; I see somebody dressed in black ridin' down the upper end of Tim Marly's *boreen,* an' I'm sure an' certain it must be Denis, from his dress!"

"I'll warrant it is, my *colleen,*" replied her father; "he said he'd be here before the dinner would be ready, an' it's widin a good hour of that. I'll thry myself."

He and his daughter once more went out; but alas! only to experience a fresh disappointment. Instead of Denis, it was Father Finnerty; who, it appeared, felt as anxious to be in time for dinner as the young candidate himself could have done. He was advancing at a brisk trot, not upon the colt which had been presented to him, but upon his old nag,

which seemed to feel as eager to get at Denis's oats as its owner did to taste his mutton.

"I see, Susy, we'll have a day of it, plase goodness," observed Denis to the girl; "here's Father Finnerty, and I wouldn't for more nor I'll mention that he had stayed away; and I hope the cowjuther[1] will come as well as himself. Do you go in, *aroon*, and tell them he's comin', and I'll go and meet him."

Most of Denis's friends were now assembled, dressed in their best apparel, and raised to the highest pitch of good-humour; for no man who knows the relish with which Irishmen enter into convivial enjoyments can be ignorant of the remarkable flow of spirits which the prospect of an abundant and hospitable dinner produces among them.

Father Finnerty was one of those priests who constitute a numerous species in Ireland. Regular, but loose and careless, in the observances of his Church, he could not be taxed with any positive neglect of pastoral duty. He held his stations at stated times and places with great exactness; but when the severer duties annexed to them were performed, he relaxed into the boon companion, sang his song, told his story, laughed his laugh, and occasionally danced his dance, the very beau-ideal of a rough, shrewd, humorous divine, who, amidst the hilarity of convivial mirth, kept an eye to his own interest, and sweetened the severity with which he exacted his "dues" by a manner at once jocose and familiar. If a wealthy farmer had a child to christen, his reverence declined baptizing it in the chapel; but as a proof of his marked respect for its parents, he and his curate did them the honour of performing the ceremony at their own house. If a marriage was to be solemnised, provided the parties were wealthy, he adopted the same course, and manifested the same flattering mark of his particular esteem for the parties by attending at their residence; or if they preferred the pleasure of a journey to his own house, he and his curate accompanied them home from the same motives. This condescension, whilst it raised the pride of the parties, secured a good dinner and a pleasant evening's entertainment for the

[1] Coadjutor.

priests, enhanced their humility exceedingly, for the more they enjoyed themselves, the more highly did their friends consider themselves honoured. This mode of life might, one would suppose, lessen their importance and that personal respect which is entertained for the priests by the people; but it is not so—the priests can, the moment such scenes are ended, pass with the greatest aptitude of habit into the hard, gloomy character of men who are replete with profound knowledge, exalted piety, and extraordinary power. The sullen frown, the angry glance, or the mysterious allusion to the omnipotent authority of the Church as vested in their persons, joined to some unintelligible dogma laid down as their authority, are always sufficient to check anything derogatory towards them which is apt to originate in the unguarded moments of conviviality.

"Plase your reverence, I'll put him up myself," said Denis to Father Finnerty, as he took his horse by the bridle, and led him towards the stable. "And how is my cowlt doin' wid you, sir?"

"Troublesome, Denis; he was in a bad state when I got him, and he'll cost me nearly his price before I have him thoroughly broke."

"He was pretty well broke wid me, I know," replied Denis, "and I'm afeard you've given him into the hands of some one that knows little about horses. Mave," he shouted, passing the kitchen door, "here's Father Finnerty. Go in, docthor, and put big Brian Buie out o' the corner; for goodness' sake, exkimnicate him from the hob—an' sure you have power to do that, anyway."

The priest laughed, but immediately assuming a grave face, as he entered, exclaimed—

"Brian Buie, in the name of the forty-seventh proposition of Euclid's Elements—in the name of the cube and square roots of Algebra, Mathematics, Fluxions, and the doctrine of all essential spirits that admit of proof—in the name of Nebuchadanezar the divine, who invented the convenient scheme of taking a cold collation under a hedge—by the power of that profound branch of learning, the Greek Digamma—by the authority of true Latin, *primo*, of Bœotian Greek, *secundo*, and of Arabian Hebrew, *tertio*; which is,

when united by the skill of profound erudition, *primo, secundo, tertio;* or, being reversed by the logic of illustration, *tertio, secundo, primo. Commando te in nomine botteli, potheeni boni drinkandi his ædibus, hac nocte, inter amicos excellentissimi amici mei, Dionisii O'Shaughnessy, quem beknavavi ex excellentissimo colto ejus, causa pedantissimi filii ejus, designati ecclesiæ, patri, sed nequaquam deo, nec naturæ, nec ingenio; commando te, inquam, Bernarde Buie, surgere, stare, ambulare, et decedere e cornero isto vel hobbo, quo munc sedes!* Yes, I command thee, Brian Buie, who sit upon the hob of my worthy and most excellent friend and parishioner Denis O'Shaughnessy, to rise, to stand up before your spiritual superior, to walk down from it, and to tremble as if you were about to sink into the earth to the neck, but no further—before the fulminations of him who can wield the thunder of that mighty Salmoneus, his holiness the Pope, successor to St. Peter, who left the servant of the centurion earless, I command and objurgate thee, sinner as thou art, to vacate your seat on the hob for a man of sanctity, whose legitimate possession it is; otherwise I shall send you, like that worthy archbishop the aforesaid Nebuchadanezar, to live upon leeks for seven years in the renowned kingdom of Wales, where the leeks may be seen to this day! Presto!"

These words, pronounced with a grave face, in a loud, rapid, and sonorous tone of voice, startled the good people of the house, who sat mute and astonished at such an exordium from the worthy pastor; but no sooner had he uttered Brian Buie's name, giving him, at the same time, a fierce and authoritative look, than the latter started to his feet, and stepped down in a kind of alarm towards the door. The priest immediately placed his hand upon his shoulder in a mysterious manner, exclaiming—

"Don't be alarmed, Brian, I have taken the force of the anathema off you; your power to sit, or stand, or go where you please is returned again. I wanted your seat, and Denis desired me to excommunicate you out of it, which I did, and you accordingly left it without your own knowledge, consent, or power; I transferred you to where you stand, and you had no more strength to resist me than if you were an infant not three hours in the world!"

"I ax God's pardon, an' your reverence's," said Brian, in a tremor, "if I have given offince. Now, bless my soul! what's this? As sure as I stand before you, neighbours, I know neither act nor part of how I was brought from the hob at all—neither act nor part. Did any of yees see me lavin' it—or how did I come here—can yees tell me?"

"Paddy," said one of his friends, "did you see him?"

"The sorra one o' me seen him," replied Paddy; "I was lookin' at his reverence, sthrivin' to know what he was sayin'."

"Pether, did you?" another inquired.

"Me! I never seen a stim of him till he was standin' alone on the flure! Sure, when he didn't see or find himself goin', how could another see him?"

"Glory be to God!" exclaimed Mave; "one ought to think well what they say when they spake of the clargy, for they don't know what it may bring down upon them, sooner or later!"

"Our Denis will be able to do that yet," said Susan to her eldest sister.

"To be sure he will, *girsha*, as soon as he's ordained—every bit as well as Father Finnerty," replied Mary.

The young enthusiast's countenance brightened as her sister spoke; her dark eye became for a minute or two fixed upon vacancy, during which it flashed several times, until, as the images of her brother's future glory passed before her imagination, she became rapt—her lip quivered—her cheek flushed into a deeper colour, and the tears burst in gushes from her eyes.

The mother, who was now engaged in welcoming Father Finnerty—a duty which the priest's comic miracle prevented her from performing sooner—did not perceive her daughter's agitation, nor, in fact, did any one present understand its cause. Whilst the priest was taking Brian Buie's seat, she went once more to watch the return of Denis; and while she stood upon the stile, her father, after having put up the horse, entered the house, "to keep his reverence company."

"An' pray, docthor," he inquired, "where is Father Molony, that he's not wid you? I hope he won't disappoint us; he's

a mighty pleasant gintleman of an evenin', an' barrin' your reverence, I don't know a man that tells a betther story."

"He entreated permission from me this morning," replied Father Finnerty, "and that was leave to pay a visit to the bishop; for what purpose I know not, unless to put in a word in season for the first parish that becomes vacant."

"Throth an' he well desarves a parish," replied Denis; "an' although we'd be loth to part wid him, still we'd be proud to hear of his promotion."

"He'll meet Denis there," observed Susan, who had returned from the stile; "he'll be apt to be present at his trial wid the bishop; an' maybe he'll be home along wid him. I'll go an' thry if I can see them agin," and she flew once more to watch their return.

"Now, Father Finnerty," said an uncle of Denis's, "you can give a good guess at what a dacent parish ought to be worth to a parish priest?"

"Mrs. O'Shaughnessy," said the priest, "is that fat brown goose suspended before the fire of your own rearing?"

"Indeed it is, plase your reverence; but as far as good male an' phaties could go, for the last month it got the benefit of them."

"And pray, Mrs. O'Shaughnessy, have you many of the same kidney? I only ask for information, as I said to Peery Hacket's wife the last day I held the station in Peery's. There was just such another goose hanging before the fire; but, you must know, the cream of the joke was that I had been after coming from the confessional, as hungry as a man could conveniently wish himself, and seeing the brown fat goose before the fire, just as this is, why my teeth, Mave, began to get lachrymose. Upon my priesthood, it was such a goose as a priest's corpse might get up on its elbow to look at, and exclaim, '*Avourneen machree,* it's a thousand pities that I'm not living to have a cut at you!'—ha, ha, ha! God be good to old Friar Hennessy, I have that joke from him.

"'Well, Mrs. Hacket,' says I, as I was airing my fingers at the fire, 'I dare say you haven't another goose like this about the house? Now, tell me, like an honest woman, have you any of the same kidney?—I only ask for information.'

"Mrs. Hacket, however, told me she believed there might

be a few of the same kind straggling about the place, but said nothing further upon it until the Saturday following, when her son brings me down a pair of the fattest geese I ever cut up for my Sunday's dinner. Now, Mrs. O'Shaughnessy, wasn't that doing the thing dacent?"

"Well, well, docthor," said Denis, "that was all right; let Mave alone, an' maybe she'll be apt to find out a pair that will match Mrs. Hacket's. Not that I say it, but she doesn't like to be outdone in anything."

"Docthor, I was wishin' to know, sir," continued the uncle of the absent candidate, "what the value of a good parish might be."

"I think, Mave, there's a discrepancy between the goose and the shoulder of mutton. The fact is, that if it be a disputation between them as to which will be roasted first, I pronounce that the goose will have it. It's now, let me see, half-past four o'clock, and in my opinion it will take a full half-hour to bring up the mutton. So, Mave, if you'll be guided by your priest, advance the mutton towards the fire about two inches, and keep the *girsha* basting steadily, and then you'll be sure to have it rich and juicy."

"Docthor, wid submission, I was wantin' to know what a good parish might be——"

"Mike Lawdher, if I don't mistake, you ought to have good grazing down in your meadows at Ballinard. What will you be charging for a month or two's grass for this colt I've bought from my dacent friend, Denis O'Shaughnessy, here? And, Mike, be rasonable upon a poor man, for we're all poor, being only tolerated by the State we live under, and ought not, of coorse, to be hard upon one another."

"An' what did he cost you, docthor?" replied Mike, answering one question by another. "What did you get for him, Denis?" he continued, referring for information to Denis, to whom, on reflection, he thought it more decorous to put the question.

Denis, however, felt the peculiar delicacy of his situation, and looked at the priest, whilst the latter, under a momentary embarrassment, looked significantly at Denis. His reverence, however, was seldom at a loss.

"What would you take him to be worth, Mike?" he

asked; "remember he's but badly trained, and I'm sure it will cost me both money and trouble to make anything dacent out of him."

"If you got him somewhere between five-and-twenty and thirty guineas, I would say you have good value for your money, plase your reverence. What do you say, Denis—am I near it?"

"Why, Mike, you know as much about a horse as you do about the Pentateuch or Paralipomenon. Five-and-twenty guineas, indeed! I hope you won't set your grass as you would sell your horses."

"Why, thin, if your reverence ped ready money for him, I maintain he was as well worth twenty guineas as a thief's worth the gallows; an' you know, sir, I'd be long sorry to differ wid you. Am I near it now, docthor?"

"Denis got for the horse more than that," said his reverence, "and he may speak for himself."

"Thrue for you, sir," replied Denis; "I surely got above twenty guineas for him, an' I'm well satisfied wid the bargain."

"You hear that now, Mike—you hear what he says."

"There's no goin' beyant it," returned Mike; "the proof o' the puddin' is in the atin', as we'll soon know, Mave—eh, docthor?"

"I never knew Mave to make a bad one," said the priest, "except upon the day Friar Hennessy dined with me here—my curate was sick, and I had to call in the friar to assist me at confession; however, to do Mave justice, it was not her fault, for the friar drowned the pudding, which was originally a good one, with a deluge of strong whisky."

"'It's too gross,' said the facetious friar, in his loud, strong voice—'it's too gross, Docthor Finnerty; so let us spiritualise it, that it may be Christian atin', fit for pious men to digest,' and then he came out with his thundering laugh—oigh, oigh, oigh, oigh! but he had consequently the most of the pudding to himself, an' indeed brought the better half of it home in his saddle-bags."

"Faix an' he did," said Mave, "an' a fat goose that he coaxed Mary to kill for him unknownst to us all in the coorse o' the day."

"How long is he dead, docthor?" said Denis. "God rest him, anyway, he's happy!"

"He died in the hot summer, now nine years about June last. And talking about him reminds me of a trick he put on me about two years before his death. He and I had not been on good terms for long enough before that time; but as the curate I had was then sickly, and as I wouldn't be allowed two, I thought it might be convenient to call in the friar occasionally; a regulation he did not at all relish, for he said he could make far more by questing and poaching about among the old women of the parish, with whom he was a great favourite, in consequence of the Latin hymns he used to sing for them, and the great cures he used to perform—a species of devotion which neither I nor my curate had time to practise. So, in order to renew my intimacy, I sent him a bag of oatmeal and a couple of flitches of bacon, both of which he readily accepted, and came down to me on the following day to borrow three guineas. After attempting to evade him—for, in fact, I had not the money to spare—he at length succeeded in getting them from me, on the condition that he was to give my horse a month's grass by way of compensation, for I knew that to expect payment from him was next to going for piety to a parson.

"'I will,' said he, 'give your horse the run of my best field'—for he held a comfortable bit of ground; 'but,' he added, 'as you have been always cutting at me about my principle, I must insist, if it was only to convince you of my generosity, that you'll lave the choosing of the month to myself.'

"As I really wanted an assistant at the time, he had me bound in some degree to his own will. I accordingly gave him the money; but from that till the day of his death he never sent for my horse, except when there was a foot and a half of snow on the ground, at which time he was certain to despatch a messenger for him, 'with Father Hennessy's compliments, and he requested Doctor Finnerty to send his horse to Father Hennessy's field to ate his month's grass.'"

"But is it true, docthor, that his face was shinin' after his death?"

"True enough, and, to my own knowledge, long before that event."

"Dear me," exclaimed Mave, "he was a holy man, afther all!"

"Undoubtedly he was," said the priest; "there are spots in the sun, Mrs. O'Shaughnessy—we are not all immaculate. There never was one sent into this world without less or more sin upon them. Even the saints themselves had venial touches about them, but nothing to signify."

"Docthor," said the uncle, pertinaciously adhering to the original question, "you have an opportunity of knowin' what a good parish might be worth to a smart, active priest. For the sake of a son of mine that I've some notion of——"

"By-the-bye, I wonder Denis is not here before now," exclaimed his reverence, lending a deaf ear to Mike O'Shaughnessy's interrogatory.

Old Denis's favourite topic had been started, and he accordingly launched out upon it with all the delight and ardour of a fond father.

"Now, docthor dear, before us all—an' sure you know as well as I do that we're all friends together—what's your downright opinion of Denis? Is he as bright as you tould me the other mornin' he was?"

"Really, Denis O'Shaughnessy," replied his reverence, "it's not pleasant to me to be pressed so often to eulogise a young gintleman of whose talents I have so frequently expressed my opinion. Is not once sufficient for me to say what I've said concerning him? But, as we are all present, I now say and declare that my opinion of Denis O'Shaughnessy, jun., is decidedly peculiar—decidedly. Come, *girsha*, keep basting the mutton, and never heed my boots—turn it about and baste the back of it better."

"God be thanked," exclaimed the delighted father; "sure it's a comfort to hear that, anyhow—afther all the pains and throuble we've taken wid him, to know it's not lost. Why, that boy was so smart, docthor, that, may I never sin, when he went first to the Latin, but—an' this is no lie, for I have it from his own lips—when he'd look upon his task two or three times over night, he'd waken wid every word of it pat off the book the next mornin'. And how do you think he

got it? Why, the crathur, you see, used to dhrame that he was readin' it off, and so he used to get it that way in his sleep."

At this moment Darby Moran, Denis's old foe, entered, and his reception was cordial, and, if the truth were known, almost magnanimous on the part of Denis.

"Darby Moran," said he, "not a man, barrin' his reverence here, in the parish we sit in, that I'm prouder to see on my flure—give me your hand, man alive, and Mave and all of yees welcome him. Everything of what you know is buried between us, and you're bound to welcome him, if it was only in regard of the handsome way he spoke of our son this day. Here's my own chair, Darby, and sit down."

"Throth," said Darby, after shaking hands with the priest and greeting the rest of the company, "the same boy no one could spake ill of; and although we and his people were not upon the best footin', still the sarra one o' me but always gave him his due."

"Indeed, I believe you, Darby," said his father. "But are you comfortable? Draw your chair nearer the fire—the evenin's gettin' cowld."

"I'm very well, Denis, I thank you. Nearer the fire! —faix, except you want to have me roasted along wid that shoulder of mutton and goose, I think I can't go much nearer it."

"I'm sorry you warn't in sooner, Darby, till you'd hear what Docthor Finnerty here—God spare him long among us —said of Denis a while ago. Docthor, if it wouldn't be makin' too free, maybe you'd oblage me wid repatin' it over again?"

"I can never have any hesitation," replied the priest, "in repeating anything to his advantage—I stated, Darby, that young Misther O'Shaughnessy was a youth of whom my opinion was decidedly *peculiar*—Keep basting, child, you're forgetting the goose now—did you never see a priest's boots before?"

"An' nobody has a better right to know nor yourself, wherever larnin' and education's consarned," said the father.

"Why, it's not long since I examined him myself; I say it sitting here, and I believe every one that hears me was present; and during the course of the examination I was really

astonished. The translations, and derivations, and conjugations, and ratiocinations, and variations, and investigations that he gave were all the most remarkably original I ever heard. He would not be contented with the common sense of a passage, but he'd keep hunting, and hawking, and fishing about for something that was out of the ordinary course of reading, that I was truly struck with his eccentric turn of genius."

"You think he'll pass the bishop wid great credit, docthor?"

"I'll tell you what I think, Denis—which is going further than I went yet—I think that if he were the bishop, and the bishop the candidate for Maynooth, that his lordship would have but a poor chance of passing. There's the pinnacle of my eulogium upon him; and now to give my opinion on another important subject—I pronounce the goose and mutton done to a turn. As it appears that Mrs. O'Shaughnessy has every other portion of the dinner ready, I move that we commence operations as soon as possible."

"But Denis, docthor?—it would be a pleasure to me to have him, poor fellow, wid all his throuble over, and his mind at ase. Maybe if we wait a *weeshy* while longer, docthor, that he'll come. And you know Father Molony, too, is to come yet, and some more of our friends."

"If the examination was a long one, I tell you that Misther O'Shaughnessy may not be here this hour to come; and you may be sure the bishop, meeting such a bright boy, wouldn't make it a short one. As for Father Molony, he'll be here time enough; so I move again that we attack the citadel."

"Well, well, never say it again—the sarra one o' me will keep it back, myself bein' as ripe as any of you, barrin' his reverence, that we're not to take the foreway of in anything —ha, ha, ha!"

Whilst Mave and her daughters were engaged in laying dinner, and in making all other arrangements necessary for their comfort, the priest took Denis aside, and thus addressed him:—

"Denis, I need scarcely remark that this meeting of our friends is upon no common occasion; that it's neither a wedding, nor a station, nor a christening, but a gathering of relations for a more honourable purpose than any of them,

excepting the station, which you know is a religious rite. I just mention this privately, lest you might not be properly on your guard, and to prevent any appearance of maneness; or —in short, I hope you have abundance of everything—I hope you have, and that not for your own sake so much as for that of your son. Remember your boy, and what he's designed for, and don't let the dinner or its concomitants be discreditable to him; for, in fact, it's his dinner, observe, and not yours."

"I'm thankful, I'm deeply thankful an' for ever oblaged to your reverence for your kindness; although, widout at all makin' little of it, it wasn't wanted here—never fear, docthor, there'll be lashins and lavins."

"Well, but make that clear, Denis; here now are near two dozen of us, and you say there are more to come, and all the provision I see for them is a shoulder of mutton, a goose, and something in that large pot on the fire, which I suppose is hung beef."

"Thrue for you, sir; but you don't know that we've got a tarin' fire down in the barn, where there's two geese more and two shouldhers of mutton to help what you seen—not to mintion a great big puddin', an' lots of other things. Sure, you might notice Mave and the girls runnin' in an' out to attind the cookin' of it."

"Enough, Denis—that's sufficient; and now, between you and me, I say your son will be the loadstar of Maynooth, which out-tops anything I said of him yet."

"There's a whole keg of whisky, docthor."

"I see nothing to prevent him from being a bishop; indeed, it's almost certain, for he can't be kept back."

"I only hope your reverence will be livin' when he praches his first sarmon. I have the dam of the coult still, an' a wink's as good as a nod, please your reverence."

"A strong letter in his favour to the President of Maynooth will do him no harm," said the priest.

They then joined their other friends, and in a few minutes an excellent dinner, plain and abundant, was spread out upon the table. It consisted of the usual materials which constitute an Irish feast in the house of a wealthy farmer, whose pride it is to compel every guest to eat so long as he can swallow

a morsel. There were geese and fowl of all kinds—shoulders of mutton, laughing potatoes, carrots, parsnips, and cabbage, together with an immense pudding, boiled in a clean sheet, and ingeniously kept together with long straws[1] drawn through it in all directions. A lord or duke might be senseless enough to look upon such a substantial, yeoman-like meal with a sneer; but with all their wealth and elegance, perhaps they may envy the health and appetite of those who partook of it. When Father Finnerty had given a short grace, and the operations of the table were commenced, Denis looked round him with a disappointed air, and exclaimed—

"Father Finnerty, there's only one thing, indeed I may say two, a-wantin' to complete our happiness—I mean Denis and Father Molony. What on earth does your reverence think can keep them?"

To this he received not a syllable of reply, nor did he consider it necessary to urge the question any further at present. Father Finnerty's powers of conversation seemed to have abandoned him; for although there were some few expressions loosely dropped, yet the worthy priest maintained an obstinate silence.

At length, in due time, he began to let fall an occasional remark, impeded considerably by hiccups, and an odd *Deo Gratias* or *Laus Deo* uttered in that indecisive manner which indicates the position of a man who debates within himself whether he ought to rest satisfied or not.

At this moment the trampling of a horse was heard approaching the door, and immediately every one of Denis's family ran out to ascertain whether it was the young candidate. Loud and clamorous was their joy on finding that they were not mistaken. He was alone, and on arriving at the door, dismounted slowly, and received their welcomes and congratulations with a philosophy which perplexed them not a little. The scene of confusion which followed his entrance into the house could scarcely be conceived: every hand was thrust out to welcome him, and every tongue loud in wishing him joy and happiness; the chairs and stools were overturned

[1] When Carleton wrote these stories, this was usual at weddings and other feasts, where everything was upon a large scale.

as they stood in the way of those who wished to approach him; plates fell in the bustle, and wooden trenchers trundled along the ground; the dogs, on mingling with the crowd that surrounded him, were kicked angrily from among them by those who had not yet got shaking hands with Denis. Father Finnerty during this commotion kept his seat in the most dignified manner; but the moment it had subsided, he stretched out his hand to Denis, exclaiming—

"Mr. O'Shaughnessy, I congratulate you upon the event of this auspicious day! I wish you joy and happiness!"

"So do we all, over and over agin!" they exclaimed. "A proud gintleman he may be this night!"

"I thank you, Father Finnerty," said Denis, "and I thank you all!"

"Denis, *avourneen*," said his mother, "sit down an' ate a hearty dinner; you must be both tired and hungry, so sit down, *avick*, and when you're done you can tell us all."

"*Bonum concilium, mi chare Dionysi*—the advice is good, Mrs. O'Shaughnessy, and I myself will, in honour of this day, although I have already dined, just take another slice;" and as he spoke he helped himself. "Anything to honour a friend," he continued; "but, by-the-bye, before I commence I will try your own prescription, Denis—a whetter of this *poteen* at intervals. Hoch, that's glorious stuff—pure as any one of the cardinal virtues, and strong as fortitude, which is the champion of them all."

Denis, during these pleasant observations of the priest, sat silent, with a countenance pale, and apparently dejected. When his mother had filled his plate, he gently put it away from him; but poured out a little spirits and water, which he drank.

"I cannot eat a morsel," said he; "mother, don't press me, it's impossible. We are all assembled here—friends, neighbours, and relations—I'll not disguise the fact—but the truth is I have been badly treated this day. I have been, in the most barefaced manner, rejected by the bishop, and a nephew of Father Molony elected in my place."

The effect which this disclosure produced upon the company present, especially upon his own family, utterly defies description. His father hastily laid down his glass, and his

eyes opened to the utmost stretch of their lids; his mother let a plate fall which she was in the act of handing to one of her daughters, who was about to help a poor beggar at the door; all convivial enjoyment was suspended; the priest laid down his knife and fork, and fixed his large eyes upon Denis, with his mouth full; his young sister, Susan, flew over to his side, and looked intensely into his countenance for an explanation of what he meant, for she had not properly understood.

"Rejected!" exclaimed the priest—"rejected! Young man, I am your spiritual superior, and I command you on this occasion to practise no jocularity whatsoever—I lay it upon you as a religious duty to be serious and candid, to speak truth, and inform us at once whether what you have advanced be true or not."

"I wish," said Denis, "that it was only jocularity on my part; but I solemnly assure you all that it is not. The bishop told me that I suffered myself to be misled as to my qualifications for entrance: he says it will take a year and a half's hard study to enable me to matriculate with a good grace. I told him that your reverence examined me, and said I was well prepared; and he said to me in reply that your reverence was very little of a judge as to my fitness."

"Very well," said the priest, "I thank his lordship; 'tis true I deserved that from him; but it can't be helped. I see, at all events, how the land lies. Denis O'Shaughnessy, I pronounce you to be, in the first place, an extremely stultified and indiscreet young man; and in the next place, as badly treated and as oppressed a candidate for Maynooth as ever entered it. I pronounce you, in the face of the world, right well prepared for it; but I see now who is the spy of the diocese—oh, oh, thank you, Misther Molony—I now remimber that he is related to his lordship through the beggarly clan of the M——s. But wait a little; if I have failed here, thank heaven I have interest in the next diocese, the bishop of which is my cousin, and we will yet have a tug for it."

The mother and sisters of Denis were now drowned in tears, and the grief of his sister Susan was absolutely hysterical. Old Denis's brow became pale and sorrowful, his eye sunk, and his hand trembled. His friends all partook of this

serious disappointment, and sat in silence and embarrassment around the table. Young Denis's distress was truly intense: he could not eat a morsel; his voice was tremulous with vexation; and, indeed, altogether the aspect of those present betokened the occurrence of some grievous affliction.

"Well," said Brian, Denis's elder brother, "I only say this, that it's a good story for him to tell that he is a bishop, otherwise I'd think no more of puttin' a bullet through him from behind a hedge than I would of shootin' a cur dog."

"Don't say that, Brian," said his mother; "bad as it is, he's one of our clargy, so don't spake disrespectful of him; sure, a year is not much to wait, an' the next time Denis goes before him it won't be in his power to keep him back. As for Father Molony, we wish him well, but undher the roof of this house, at a station, or anything else of the kind, he will never sit, barrin' I thought he was either dhry or hungry, that I wouldn't bring evil upon my substance by refusin' him."

"And that was his lordship's character of me?" inquired the priest once more with chagrin.

"If that was not, perhaps you will find it in this letter," replied Denis, handing him a written communication from the bishop. Father Finnerty hastily broke open the seal, and read silently as follows:—

"*To the Rev. Father Finnerty, peace and benediction.*

"Rev. Sir,—I feel deep indignation at hearing the disclosure made to me this day by the bearer, touching your negotiation with him and his family concerning a horse, as the value paid by them to you for procuring the use of my influence in his favour; and I cannot sufficiently reprobate such a transaction, nor find terms strong enough in which to condemn the parties concerned in it. Sir, I repeat it, that such juggling is more reprehensible on your part than on theirs, and that it is doubly disrespectful to me to suppose that I could be influenced by anything but merit in the candidates. I desire you will wait upon me to-morrow, when I hope you may be able to place the transaction in such a light as will raise you once more to the estimation in which I have

always held you. There are three other candidates, one of whom is a relation of your excellent curate's; but I have as yet made *no* decision, so that the appointment is still open. In the meantime, I command you to send back the horse to his proper owner as soon after the receipt of this as possible, for O'Shaughnessy must not be shackled by any such stipulations. I have now to ask your Christian forgiveness for having, under the influence of temporary anger, spoken of you before this lad with disrespect. I hereby make restitution, and beg that you will remember me by name in your prayers, as I shall also name you in mine.—I am, &c.,

"✠ James M."

When Father Finnerty read this letter, his countenance gradually assumed an expression of the most irresistible humour; nothing could be more truly comic than the significant look he directed at each individual of the O'Shaughnessy's —not omitting even the little girl who had basted the goose, whom he patted on the head with that mechanical abstraction resulting from the occurrence of something highly agreeable. The cast of his features was now the more ludicrous when contrasted with the rueful visage he presented on hearing the manner in which his character had been delineated by the bishop. At length he laid himself back in his chair, and putting his hands to his sides, fairly laughed out loudly for near five minutes.

"Oh!" he exclaimed, "Dionysius, Dionysius, but you are the simple and unsophisticated youth! Oh, you *bocaun* of the wide earth, to come home with a long face upon you, telling us you were rejected, and you not rejected."

"Not rejected!"—"not rejecet!"—"not rejeckset!"—"not raxjaxet!" they all exclaimed, attempting to pronounce the word as well as they could.

"For the sake of heaven above us, docthor, don't keep us in doubt one minute longer," said old Denis.

"Follow me," said the priest, becoming instantly grave—"follow me, Dionysius; follow me, Denis More, and Brian, all follow—follow me. I have news for you! My friends, we'll be back instantly."

They accordingly passed into another room, where they

remained in close conference for about a quarter of an hour, after which they re-entered in the highest spirits.

"Come," said Denis, "Pether, go over, *abouchal,* to Andy Bradagh's for Larry Cassidy the piper; fly like a swallow, Pether, an' don't come widout him. Mave, *achora,* all's right. Susy, you darlin', dhry your eyes, *avourneen;* all's right. Nabours, friends—fill, fill—I say all's right still. My son's not disgraced, nor he won't be disgraced whilst I have a house over my head or a beast in my stable. Docthor, reverend docthor, dhrink: may I never sin, but you must get merry, an' dance a 'cut-along' wid myself when the music comes, and you must thrip the 'priest in his boots' wid Susy here afther. Excuse me, nabours—docthor, you won't blame me, there's both joy and sorrow in these tears. I have had a good family of childher, an' a faithful wife; an', Mave, *achora,* although time has laid his mark upon you as well as upon myself, and the locks are grey that wor once as black as a raven, yet, Mave, I seen the day, an' there's many livin' to prove it—ay, Mave, I seen the day when you wor worth lookin' at—the wild rose of Lisbuie she was called, docthor. Well, Mave, I hope that my eyes may be closed by the hands I loved an' love so well—an' that's your own, *agra machree,* an' Denis's."

"Whisht, Denis *asthore,*" said Mave, wiping her eyes, "I hope I'll never see that day. Afther seein' Denis here what we all hope him to be, the next thing I wish is that I may never live to see my husband taken away from me, *acushla*—no, I hope God will take me to Himself before that comes."

There is something touching in the burst of pathetic affection which springs strongly from the heart of a worthy couple when, seated among their own family, the feelings of the husband and the father, the wife and the mother, overpower them. In this case the feeling is always deep in proportion to the strength and purity of domestic affection; still it is checked by the melancholy satisfaction that our place is to be filled by those who are dear to us.

"But now," said the priest, "that the scent lies still warm, let me ask you, Dionysius, how the bishop came to understand the *compactum?*"

"I really cannot undertake to say," replied Denis; "but if any man has an eye like a *basileus,* he has. On finding, sir, that there was some defect in my responsive powers, he looked keenly at me, closing his piercing eyes a little, and inquired upon what ground I had presented myself as a candidate. I would have sunk the *compactum* altogether, but for the eye. I suspended and hesitated a little, but at length told him that there was an understanding—a—a—kind of—in short, he squeezed the whole secret out o' me gradationally. You know the result!"

"Ah, Dionysius, you are yet an unfledged bird; but it matters little; all will be rectified soon."

"*Arrah,* Dinis," inquired his mother, "was it only takin' a rise out of us you wor all the time? Throth, myself's not the betther of the fright you put me into."

"No," replied Denis; "the bishop treated me harshly I thought: he said I was not properly fit. 'You might pass,' said he, 'upon a particular occasion, or under peculiar circumstances; but it will take at least a year and a half's study to enable you to enter Maynooth as I would wish you. You may go home again,' said he; 'at present I have dismissed the subject.'

"After this, on meeting Father Molony, he told me that his cousin had passed, and that he would be soon sent up to Maynooth, so I concluded all hope was over with me; but I didn't then know what the letter to Father Finnerty contained. I now see that I may succeed still."

"You may and shall, Denis; but no thanks to Father Molony for that. However, I shall keep my eye upon the same curate, never fear. Well, let that pass, and now for harmony, conviviality, and friendship. Gentlemen, fill your glasses—I mean your respective vessels. Come, Denis More, let that porringer of yours be a brimmer. Ned Hanratty, charge your noggin. Darby, although your mug wants an ear, it can hold the full of it. Mrs. O'Shaughnessy, that old family *cruiskeen* ought to be with your husband; but no matther—*non constat. Eh? Dionysi? Intelligisne?*"

"*Intelligo, domine.*"

"Here, then, is health, success, and prosperity to Mr. Dionysius O'Shaughnessy, jun.! May he soon be on the

retreat[1] in the vivacious walls of that learned and sprightly seminary, Maynooth!—on the retreat, I say, getting fat upon half a meal a day for the first week, fasting tightly against the grain, praying sincerely for a set in at the king's mutton, and repenting thoroughly of his penitence!"

"Well, docthor, that is a toast. Denis, have you nothing to say to that? Won't you stand up an' thank his reverence, anyhow?"

"I am really too much oppressed with relaxation," said Denis, "to return thanks in that florid style which would become my pretensions. I cannot, however, but thank Father Finnerty for his ingenious and learned toast, which does equal honour to his head and heart, and, I might superadd, to his intellect also; for in drinking toasts, my friends, I always elaborate a distinction between strength of head and strength of intellect. I now thank you all for having in so liberal a manner drunk my health; and in grateful return I request you will once more fill your utensils, and learnedly drink—long life and a mitre to the Reverend Father Finnerty, of the Society of St. Dominick, Doctor of Divinity, and Parochial Priest of this excellent parish!—*Propino tibi salutem, Doctor doctissime, reverendissime, et sanctissime; nec non omnibus amicis hic congregatis!*"

The priest's eye, during this speech, twinkled with humour; he saw clearly that Denis thoroughly understood the raillery of his toast, and that the compliment was well repaid. On this subject he did not wish, however, to proceed further, and his object now was that the evening should pass off as agreeably as possible.

Next morning Father Finnerty paid Denis a timely visit, having first, as he had been directed, sent home the colt a little after daybreak. They then took an early breakfast, and after about half an hour's further deliberation, the priest, old Denis, and his son—the last mounted upon the redoubtable colt—proceeded to the bishop's residence. His lordship had nearly finished breakfast, which he took in his study; but as he was engaged with his brother, the barrister who

[1] The "retreat" is the eight days of seclusion and prayer which the novice undergoes on his entrance into Maynooth.

slept at his house the night before in order to attend a public meeting on that day, he could not be seen for some time after they arrived. At length they were admitted. The Right Reverend Doctor was still seated at the breakfast-table, dressed in a morning gown of fine black stuff, such as the brothers of the Franciscan order of monks usually wear, to which order he belonged. He wore black silk stockings, gold knee-buckles to his small-clothes, a rich ruby ring upon his finger, and a small gold cross, set with brilliants, about his neck. This last was not usually visible; but as he had not yet dressed for the day, it hung over his vest. He sat or rather lolled back in a stuffed easy-chair, one leg thrown indolently over the other. Though not an old man, he wore powder, which gave him an air of greater reverence; and as his features were sharp and intelligent, his eye small but keen, and his manner altogether impressive and gentlemanly, if not dignified, it was not surprising that Father Finnerty's two companions felt awed and embarrassed before him. Nor was the priest himself wholly free from that humbling sensation which one naturally feels when in the presence of a superior mind in a superior station of life.

"Good-morning to your lordship," said the priest; "I am exceedingly happy to see you look so well. Counsellor, your most obedient; I hope, sir, you are in good health?"

To this both gentlemen replied in the usual commonplace terms.

"Docthor," continued the priest, "this is a worthy, dacent parishioner of mine, Denis O'Shaughnessy; and this is his son, who has the honour to be already known to your lordship."

"Sit down, O'Shaughnessy," said the bishop; "take a seat, young man."

"I humbly thank your lordship," replied Denis the elder, taking a chair as he spoke, and laying his hat beside him on the carpet.

The son, who trembled at the moment from head to foot, did not sit as he was asked; but the father, after giving him a pluck, said in a whisper, "Can't you sit when his lordship bids you?" He then took a seat, but appeared scarcely to know whether he sat or stood.

"By-the-bye, doctor, you have improved this place mightily," continued Father Finnerty, "since I had the pleasure of being here last. I thought I saw a greenhouse peeping over the garden wall."

"Yes," replied the bishop; "I am just beginning to make a collection of shrubs and flowers upon a small scale. I believe you are aware that tending and rearing flowers, Father Finnerty, is a favourite amusement with me."

"I believe I have a good right to know as much, Dr. M——," replied Father Finnerty. "If I don't mistake, I sent you some specimens for your garden that were not contemptible. And if I don't mistake again, I shall be able to send your lordship a shrub that would take the pearl off a man's eye only to look at it; and what's more, it's quite a new-comer—not two years in the country."

"Pray how is it called?"

"Upon my credit, doctor, with great respect, I will tell you nothing more about it at present. If you wish to see it, or to know its name, or to get a slip of it, you must first come and eat a dinner with me. And, counsellor, if you, too, could appear on your own behalf, so much the better."

"I fear I cannot; but I dare say my brother will do himself the pleasure of dining with you."

"It cannot be for at least six weeks, Father Finnerty," said the bishop. "You forget that the Confirmations begin in ten days; but I shall have the pleasure of dining with you when I come to confirm in your parish."

"Phoo! Why, doctor, that's a matter of course. Couldn't your lordship make it convenient to come during the week, and bring the counsellor here with you? Don't say no, counsellor; I'll have no demurring."

"Father Finnerty," said the bishop, "it is impossible at present. My brother goes to Dublin to-morrow, and I must go on the following day to attend the consecration of a chapel in the metropolis."

"Then, upon my credit, your lordship will get neither the name nor description of my *fucia*, until you earn it by eating a dinner and drinking a glass of claret with the Rev. Father Finnerty. Are those hard terms, counsellor? Ha, ha, ha! I'm not the man to be put off a thing, I assure you."

"Father Finnerty," said the bishop, smiling at, but not noticing the worthy priest's blunder about the fuchsia, "if possible, I shall dine with you soon; but at present it is out of my power to appoint a day."

"Well, well, doctor, make your own time of it; and now for the purport of our journey. Denis O'Shaughnessy here, my lord, is a warm, respectable parishioner of mine—a man, indeed, for whom I have great regard—he is reported to have inherited from his worthy father two horns filled with guineas. His grandmother, as he could well inform your lordship, was born with a lucky *caul* upon her, which *caul* is still in the family. Isn't it so, Denis?"

"My lord, in dignity, it's thruth," replied Denis, "and from the time it came into the family they always thruv, thanks be to goodness!"

The lawyer sat eyeing the priest and Denis alternately, evidently puzzled to comprehend what such a remarkable introduction could lead to.

The bishop seemed not to be surprised, for his features betrayed no change whatsoever.

"Having therefore had the necessary means of educating a son for the Church, he has accordingly prepared this young man with much anxiety and expense for Maynooth."

"Plase your lordship," said Denis, "Docthor Finnerty is clothin' it betther than I could do. My heart is fixed upon seein' him what we all expect him to be, your lordship."

"Father Finnerty," observed the bishop, "you seem to be intimately acquainted with O'Shaughnessy's circumstances; you appear to take a warm interest in the family, particularly in the success of his son."

"Undoubtedly, my lord; I am particularly anxious for his success."

"You received my letter yesterday?"

"I am here to-day, my lord, in consequence of having received it. But, by-the-bye, there was, under favour, a slight misconception on the part of your——"

"What misconception, sir?"

"Why, my lord—Counsellor, this is a—a—kind of charge his lordship is bringing against me, under a slight misconception. My lord, the fact is, that I didn't see what ecclesiastical

right I had to prevent Denis here from disposing of his own property to——"

"I expect an apology from you, Father Finnerty, but neither a defence nor a justification. An attempt at either will not advance the interests of your young friend, believe me."

"Then I have only to say that the wish expressed in your lordship's letter has been complied with. But wait a while, my lord," continued the priest good-humouredly, "I shall soon turn the tables on yourself."

"How is that, pray?"

"Why, my lord, the horse is in your stable, and Denis declares he will not take him out of it."

"I have not the slightest objection to that," replied the bishop, "upon the express condition that his son shall never enter Maynooth."

"For my part," observed Father Finnerty, "I leave the matter now between your lordship and O'Shaughnessy himself. You may act as you please, my lord, and so may he."

"Father Finnerty, if I could suppose for a moment that the suggestion of thus influencing me originated with you, I would instantly deprive you of your parish, and make you assistant to your excellent curate, for whom I entertain a sincere regard. I have already expressed my opinion of the transaction alluded to in my letter. You have frequently offended me by presuming too far upon my good temper, and by relying probably upon your own jocular disposition. Take care, sir, that you don't break down in some of your best jokes. I fear that, under the guise of humour, you frequently avail yourself of the weakness, or ignorance, or simplicity of your parishioners. I hope that while you laugh at the jest they don't pay for it."

The priest here caught the counsellor's eye, and gave him a dry wink, not unperceived, however, by the bishop, who could scarcely repress a smile.

"You should have known me better, Father Finnerty, than to suppose that any motive could influence me in deciding upon the claims of candidates for Maynooth besides their own moral character and literary acquirements. So long as I live, this, and this alone, will be the rule of my conduct touching persons in the circumstances of young O'Shaughnessy."

"My gracious lord," said Denis, "don't be angry wid Father Finnerty. I'll bear it all, for it was my fau't. The horse is mine, and say what you will, out of your stable I'll never bring him. I think, wid great sibmission, a man may do what he pleases wid his own."

"Certainly," said the bishop; "my consent to permit your son to go to Maynooth is my own. Now this consent I will not give if you press that mode of argument upon me."

"My reverend lord, as heaven's above me, I'd give all I'm worth to see the boy in Maynooth. If he doesn't go, afther all our hopes, I'd break my heart." He was so deeply affected that the large tears rolled down his cheeks as he spoke.

"Will your lordship buy the horse?" he added; "I don't want him, and you maybe do."

"I do not want him," said the bishop; "and if I did, I would not under the present circumstances purchase him from you."

"Then my boy won't get in, your lordship? And you'll neither buy the horse nor take him as a present. My curse upon him for a horse! The first thing I'll do when I get home will be to put a bullet through him, for he has been an unlucky thief to us. Is my son aquil to the others that came to pass your lordship?" asked Denis.

"There is none among them properly qualified," said the bishop. "If there be any superiority among them, your son has it. He is not without natural talent; his translations are strong and fluent, but ridiculously pedantic. That, however, is perhaps less his fault than the fault of those who instructed him."

"Are you anxious to dispose of the horse?" said the counsellor.

"A single day, sir, he'll never pass in my stable," said Denis; "he's been an unlucky baste to me an' mine, an' to all that had anything to do wid him."

"Pray what age is he?"

"Risin' four, sir; 'deed I believe he's four all out, an' a purty devil's clip he is as you'd wish to see."

"Come," said the counsellor, rising, "let's have a look at him. Father Finnerty, you're an excellent judge, will you favour me with your opinion?"

The priest and he, accompanied by the two O'Shaughnessys, passed out to the stable-yard where their horses stood. As they went, Father Finnerty whispered to O'Shaughnessy—

"Now, Denis, is your time. Strike while the iron is hot! Don't take a penny!—don't take a fraction! Get into a passion, and swear you'll shoot him unless he accepts him as a present. If he does, all's right; he can twine the bishop round his finger."

"I see, sir," said Denis, "I see! Let me alone for managin' him."

The barrister was already engaged in examining the horse's mouth, as is usual, when the priest accosted him with—

"You are transgressing etiquette in this instance, counsellor. You know the proverb, 'Never look a gift horse in the mouth.'"

"How, a gift horse?"

"His reverence is right!" exclaimed Denis; "the sorra penny ever will cross my pocket for the same horse. You must take him as he stands, sir, barrin' the bridle and saddle; that's not my own."

"He will take no money," said the priest.

"Nonsense, my dear sir! Why not take a fair price for him?"

"Divil the penny will cross my pocket for him, the unlucky thief?" replied the shrewd farmer.

"Then in that case the negotiation is ended," replied the barrister. "I certainly will not accept him as a present. Why should I? What claim have I on Mr. O'Shaughnessy?"

"I don't want you to take him," said Denis; "I want nobody to take him; but I know the dogs of the parish 'll be pickin' his bones afore night. You may as well have him, sir, as not."

"Is the man serious?"

"I never saw a man in my life having a more serious appearance, I assure you," said the priest.

"By Jove, it's a queer business," replied the other—"a most extraordinary affair as I ever witnessed! Why, it would be madness to destroy such a fine animal as that!

The horse is an excellent one! However, I shall certainly not accept him until I ascertain whether I can prevail upon the bishop to elect his son to this vacancy. If I can make the man no return for him, I shall let him go to the dogs."

"Go up and set to work," said the priest; "but remember that *tace* is Latin for a candle. Keep his lordship in the dark, otherwise the scion is ousted."

"True," said the other. "In the meantime, bring them into the parlour until I try what can be done."

"Take the bishop upon the father's affection for him," said the priest.

"You are right. I am glad you mentioned it."

"The poor man will break his heart," said the priest.

"He will," responded the counsellor, smiling.

"So will the mother too," said the priest, with an arch look.

"And the whole family," replied the counsellor.

"Go up instantly," said the priest; "you have often got a worse fee."

"And perhaps with less prospect of success," said the other. "Gentlemen, have the goodness to walk into the parlour for a few minutes, while I endeavour to soften my brother a little, if I can, upon this untoward business."

When the priest and his two friends entered the parlour, which was elegantly furnished, they stood for a moment to survey it. Old Denis, however, was too much engaged in the subject which lay nearest his heart to take pleasure in anything else, at least until he should hear the priest's opinion upon the posture of affairs.

"What does your reverence think?" said Denis.

"Behave yourself," replied the pastor. "None of your nonsense. You know what I think as well as I do myself."

"But will Dionissis pass? Will he go to Maynooth?"

"Will you go to your dinner to-day, or to your bed to-night?"

"God be praised! Well, docthor, wait till we seen him off; then I'll be spakin' to you!"

"No," said the priest; "but wait till you take a toss upon this sofa, and then you will get a taste of ecclesiastical luxury."

"Ay," said Denis; "but would it be right o' me to sit in it? Maybe it's consecrated."

"Faith, you may swear that; but it is to the ease and comfort of his lordship! Come, man, sit down, till you see how you'll sink in it."

"Oh, murdher!" exclaimed Denis, "where am I at all? Docthor dear, am I in sight? Do you see the crown o' my head, good or bad? Oh, may I never sin, but that's great state! Well, to be sure!"

"Ay," said the priest, "see what it is to be a bishop in any Church! The moment a man becomes a bishop he fastens tooth and nail upon luxury, as if a mitre was a dispensation for enjoying the world that they have sworn to renounce. Dionysius, look about you! Isn't this worth studying for?"

"Yes," replied the hitherto silent candidate, "if it was perusal on the part of his lordship that got it."

"Upon my credit, a shrewd observation! Ah, Dionysius, merit is overlooked in every Church and in every profession; or perhaps—hem!—ehem!—perhaps some of your reverend friends might be higher up! I mean nobody; but if sound learning, and wit, and humour, together with several other virtues which I decline enumerating, could secure a mitre, why, mitres might be on other brows."

"This is surely great state," observed the candidate; "and if it be a thing that I matriculate——"

"And yet," said the priest, interrupting him, "this same bishop—who is, no doubt, a worthy man, but who has no natural ear for a jest—was once upon a time the priest of an indifferent good parish, like myself; ay, and a poor, cowardly, culprit-looking candidate, ready to sink into the earth before his bishop, like you."

"Me cowardly!" said the candidate—"I decline the insinuation altogether. It was nothing but veneration and respect, which you know we should entertain for all our spiritual superiors."

"That's truth decidedly; though, at the same time, your nerves were certainly rather entangled, like a ravelled hank. But no matter, man; we have all felt the same in our time. Did you observe how I managed the bishop?"

"I can't say I did," replied the candidate, who felt hurt at the imputation of cowardice before his father; "but I saw, sir, that the bishop managed you."

"Pray for a longer vision, Dionysius. I tell you that no other priest in the diocese could have got both you and me out of the dilemma in which we stood but myself. He has taken to the study of weeds and plants in his old days; and I, who have a natural taste for botany, know it is his weak side. I tell you, he would give the right of filling a vacancy in Maynooth any day in the year for a rare plant or flower. So much for your knowledge of human nature. You'll grant I managed the counsellor?"

"Between my father and you, sir, things look well. We have not, however, got a certificate of success yet."

"*Patientia fit levior ferendo!*—Have patience, man. Wait till we see the counsellor."

He had scarcely uttered the last words when that gentleman entered.

"Well, counsellor," said the priest, "is it a hit?"

"Pray what is your Christian name, Mr. O'Shaughnessy?" inquired the lawyer of young Denis.

"My Christian name, sir," replied Denis, "is Di-o-ny-si-us O'Shaughnessy. That, sir, is the name by which I am always appellated."

"That's quite sufficient," said the other. "I shall be with you again in a few minutes."

"But won't you give us a hint, my good sir, as to how the land lies?" said the priest, as the lawyer left the room.

"Presently, Father Finnerty, presently."

"*Intelligisne, Dionisi?*"

"*Vix, Domini. Quid sentis?*"

"*Quid sentis!* No, but it was good fortune sent us. Don't you persave, Dionysius, and you, Denis—don't you know, I say, that this letter of admission couldn't be written except the bishop knew his name in full? Unlucky! Faith if ever a horse was lucky this is he."

"I declare, docthor," said the father, "I can neither sit nor stand, nor think of any one thing for a minute, I'm so much on the fidgets to know what the bishop 'ill say."

"I also," said Dionysius, "am in a state of evaporation and

uncertainty touching the same point. However, this I can affirm with veracity, that if I am rejected, my mind is made up to pursue an antithetical course of life altogether. If he rejects me now, he will never reject me again."

"*Musha,* how—Denny—Dionissis, *avick?* What do you mane?" said the father.

"I will give," said the son, "what is designated a loose translation of my meaning to Father Finnerty here, if I find that I am excluded on this occasion."

"And if you do succeed," said the priest, "I would advise you to hire a loose translator during the remainder of your residence among us; for upon my veracity, Dionysius, the king's English will perform hard duty until you enter Maynooth. Not a word under six feet will be brought into the ranks—grenadiers every one of them, not to mention the thumpers you will coin."

"Come, Docthor Finnerty," said our candidate, pulling up a little, "if the base Latin which you put into circulation were compared with my English thumpers, it would be found that, of the two, I am more legitimate and etymological."

"I shall be happy to dispute that point with you another time," said the priest; "when we can——Silence; here comes the counsellor."

"Mr. O'Shaughnessy," said the lawyer, addressing the candidate, "allow me to congratulate you on your success! Your business is accomplished. The bishop is just finishing a letter for you to the President of Maynooth. I assure you I feel great pleasure at your success."

"Accept my thanks, sir," said Denis, whose eye was instantly lit up with delight—"accept my most obsequious thanks to the very furthest extent of my gratitude."

The barrister then shook hands with old Denis. "O'Shaughnessy," said he, "I am very happy that I have had it in my power to serve you and your son."

"Counsellor," said Denis, seizing his hand in both his—"counsellor, *ahagur machree*—counsellor, oh, what—what—can I say! Is he—is it possible—is it thruth that my boy is to go to Maynewth this time? Oh, if you knew, *but* knew, the heavy, dead weight you tuck off o' my heart! Our son not cast aside—not disgraced!—for what else would the

people think it? The horse!—a poor bit of a coult—a poor unsignified animal! To the devil wid him! What is he compared to the joy an' delight of this minute! Take him, sir—take him; an' if he was worth his weight in goold, I vow to heaven above me I'd not think him too good. Too good!—no, nor half good enough for you. God remimber this to you! an' He will, too. Little you know the happiness you have given us, counsellor!—little you know it. But no matther! An' you, too, Father Finnerty, helped to bring this about. But sure you were ever an' always our friend! Well, no matther—no matther! God will reward you both."

"My brother wishes to see Father Finnerty and your son," said the barrister; "I think they had better go up to him. He is anxious to get a slip of your shrub, Father Finnerty."

"Ah, I thought so," said the priest—"I thought as much."

The bishop, on their reappearance, presented Denis with the long-wished-for letter. He then gave him a suitable exhortation with reference to the serious and responsible duties for which he was about to prepare himself. After concluding his admonition, he addressed Father Finnerty as follows:—

"Now, this matter has ended in a manner satisfactory, not only to your young friend, but to yourself. You must promise me that there shall be no more horse-dealing. I do not think jockeying of that description either creditable or just. I am unwilling to use harsher language, but I could not conscientiously let it pass without reproof. In the next place, will you let me have a slip of that flowering shrub you boast of?"

"Doctor," said the priest, "is it possible you can ask it of me? Why, I think your lordship ought to know that's your own, as is every plant and flower in my garden that you fancy. Do you dine at home to-morrow, my lord?"

"I do," said the bishop.

"Well, then, I shall come up with a slip or two of it, and dine with you. I know the situation in which it grows best; and knowing this, I will put it down with my own hands. But I protest, my lord, against your allowing me to be traced in the business of the shrub at all, otherwise I shall have the whole county on my back."

"Be under no apprehension of that, Father Finnerty. I

shall be happy if you dine with me; but bring it with you. How did you come to get it so early after its appearance in this country?"

"I got it from headquarters, doctor—from one of the best botanists in the three kingdoms; certainly from the best Irish botanist living—my friend, Mr. Mackay,[1] of the College Botanic Gardens. My lord, I wish you good-morning; but before I go, accept my thanks for your kindness to my young friend. I assure you he will be a useful man; for he is even now no indifferent casuist."

"And I, my lord," said Denis, "return you my most grateful—hem—my most grateful—and—most supercilious thanks for the favour—the stupendous favour you have conferred upon me."

"God bless you, my dear child," returned the bishop; "but if you be advised by me, speak more intelligibly. Use plain words, and discard all difficult and pedantic expressions. God bless you! Farewell!"

On coming down, they found old Denis in the stable-yard in rather a ridiculous kind of harness. The saddle that had been on the colt was strapped about him with the bridle, for both had been borrowed from a neighbour.

"Dionissis an' I must both ride the same horse," said he, "an' as we have two saddles, I must carry one of them."

An altercation then ensued as to which should ride foremost. The son, now in high glee, insisted on the father's taking the seat of honour; but the father would not hear of this. The lad was, in his opinion, at least semi-clerical, and to ride behind would be a degradation to so learned a youth. They mounted at length, the son foremost, and the father on the crupper, the saddle strapped about him, with the stirrups dangling by the horse's flanks. Father Finnerty, who accompanied them, could not, however, on turning from the bishop's grounds into the highway, get a word out of them. The truth is, both their hearts were full; both were therefore silent, and thought every minute an hour until they reached home.

This was but natural. A man may conceal calamity or distress even from his dearest friends; for who is there who

[1] James Townsend Mackay, author of "Flora Hibernica" (1836), who died in 1862.—Ed.

wishes to be thrust back from his acknowledged position in life? Or who, when he is thrust back, will not veil his misfortunes or his errors with the guise of indifference or simulation? In good fortune we act differently. It is a step advanced, an elevation gained; there is nothing to fear or to be ashamed of, and we are as strongly prompted by vanity to proclaim it to the world as we are by pride to ascribe its occurrence to our own talents or virtues. There are other and purer motives for this. The affections will not be still; they seek the hearts to which they tend, and having found them, the mutual interchange of good takes place. Father Finnerty—whose heart, though a kind one, had probably been too long out of practice to remember the influence and working of the domestic affections—could not comprehend the singular conduct of the two O'Shaughnessys.

"What the devil is the matter with you?" he inquired. "Have you lost the use of your speech?"

"Push an, *avourneen*," said the father to Denis—"push an; lay the spur to him. Isn't your spur on the right foot?"

"Most certainly," said Denis, now as pedantic as ever—"most certainly it is. You are not to be informed that our family spur is a right-foot spur."

"Well, then, Pether Gallagher's spur that I have an is a left-foot spur, for it's an my left foot."

"You are a bright pair," said the priest, somewhat nettled at their neglect of him—"you are a bright pair, and deeply learned in spurs. Can't you ride asier?"

"Never heed him," said the father in a whisper; "do you give the mare the right spur, an' I'll give her the left. Push an! That's it."

They accordingly dashed forward, Denis plying one heel, and the father another, until the priest found himself gradually falling behind. In vain he plied both spurs; in vain he whipped, and wriggled on the saddle, and pressed forward his hack. Being a priest's horse, the animal had been accustomed for the last twelve years to a certain jog-trot pace, beyond which it neither would nor could go. On finding all his efforts to overtake them unsuccessful, he at last shouted after them—

"Do you call that gratitude, my worthy friends—to lave

me creeping over the ups and downs of this villainous road without company?"

"Lay an, *aroon*," said the father. "Let us get home. Oh, how your poor mother will die wid joy, an' Susy, an' Nanny, an' Brian, an' Michael, an' Dick, an' Lanty, an' all o' them. Glory be to heaven! what a meetin' we'll have! An' the nabours, too! Push an, *avick machree*."

"My curse upon you, Friar Hennessy!" exclaimed the priest, in a soliloquy; "it was you who first taught this four-footed snail to go like a thief to the gallows. I wish to heaven you had palmed him on some one else, for many a dinner I have lost by him in my time. Is that your gratitude, gentlemen? Do I deserve this?"

"What is he sayin'?" said the father.

"He is declaiming about gratitude," replied Denis.

"Lay an her," said the father. "Poor Mave!"

"Such conduct does you credit," shouted the priest. "It's just the way of the world. You have got what you wanted out of me, an' now you throw me off. However, go on."

"What's that?" said the father again.

"He is desiring us to go on," replied the son.

"Then, in the name o' goodness, do so, *avourneen*. Susy will die downright."

"Where am I to dine to-day?" shouted the priest, in a louder voice. "I say, where am I to come in for my dinner, for I'm not expected at home, and my curate dines out?"

"I can't hear him," said the father.

"He says the curate dines out; an' he wants to know if he's to dine with us."

"Throth an' he won't; not that we begrudge it to him, but for this day the sarra one we'll have but our own relations. Push an. An' Brian, too, poor fellow, that was always so proud of you!"

They had now reached the top of an ascent on the road, whilst the priest toiled up after them. In a few minutes they began to descend, and consequently were out of his sight.

No description of mine could give an adequate perception to the reader of what was felt by the family on hearing that the object of Denis's hopes, and their own proud ambition,

was at length accomplished. The bishop's letter was looked at, turned in every direction, and the seal inspected with a kind of wonderful curiosity, such as a superstitious person would manifest on seeing or touching some sacred relic. The period appointed for his departure now depended upon the despatch with which they could equip him for college. But until this event should arrive, his friends lost no opportunity of having him among them. Various were the treats he got in fair and market. Proud were his relations when paying him the respect which he felt right sincere pleasure in receiving. The medium between dignity and humility which he hit off in these scenes was worthy of being recorded; but, to do him justice, his forte lay in humility. He certainly condescended with a grace, and made them feel the honour done them by his vouchsafing to associate with such poor creatures as if he were one of themselves. To do them also justice, they appeared to feel his condescension; and, as a natural consequence, were ready to lick the very dust under his feet, considering him, as they did, a priest in everything but ordination.

Denis, besides his intercourse with humble relatives, was now asked to dine with the neighbouring clergymen, and frequently made one at their parties. In the beginning his high opinion and awe of the clerical character kept him remarkably dull and sheepish. Many an excellent joke was cracked at his expense; and often did he ask himself what Phadrick Murray, his father's family, or his acquaintances in general would say if they saw his learning and his logic so villainously degraded. In proportion, however, as conviviality developed among his reverend friends many defects, opinions, and failings which he never suspected them to possess, so did he begin to gather courage and facility of expression. By degrees he proceeded modestly from the mild and timid effort at wit to the steadier nerve of moderate confidence; another step brought him to the indifference of a man who can bear an unsuccessful attempt at pleasantry without being discomposed; the third and last stage advanced him to downright assurance, which having reached, he stopped at nothing. From this forward he began to retort upon his clerical companions, who found that the sheepish youth whom they

had often made ridiculous possessed skill, when properly excited, to foil them at their own weapons. He observed many things in their convivial meetings. The holy man, whom his flock looked upon as a being of the highest sanctity, when lit up into fun and frolic Denis learned to estimate at his just value. He thought, besides, that a person resolved to go to heaven had as good a chance of being saved by the direct mercy of God as through the ministration of men whose only spiritual advantage over himself consisted in the mere fact of being in orders. To be sure, he saw the usual exceptions among them that are to be found among every other class; but he drew his conclusions from the general rule. All this, however, failed in removing that fundamental principle of honest superstition in which he had been trained. The clergymen whom he saw were only a few of those who constituted the great body of the Church; but when the long and sanctified calendar of saints and miracles opened upon him, there still remained enough to throw a dim and solemn charm of shadowy pomp around the visions of a mind naturally imaginative.

Messengers were once more sent abroad to inform their friends of his triumph, who, on ascertaining that his journey was fixed for an early day, lost no time in pouring in, each with some gift suited to their circumstances. Some of these were certainly original, the appropriateness having been in every case determined by the wealth or poverty, ignorance or knowledge, of those who offered them. Some poor relation, for instance, brought him a shirt or two of material so coarse that to wear it in a college would be out of the question; others offered him a pair of brogues much too vulgar for the society he was about to enter; others, again, would present him with books—for it is not at all uncommon to find in many illiterate Irish families half a dozen old volumes, of whose contents they are ignorant, lying in a dusty corner, where they are kept till some young scion shall be sufficiently instructed to peruse them. The names of these were singular enough. One presented him with "The Necessity of Penance," another with "Laugh and be Fat," a third with the "Key of Paradise," a fourth with "Hell Open"; a fifth handed him a copy of the "Irish Rogues

and Rapparees," a sixth gave him "Butler's Lives of Saints," a seventh "The Necessity of Fasting," an eighth "The Epicure's *Vade Mecum.*" The list ran on very ludicrously. Among them were the "Garden of Love and Royal Flower of Fidelity," "An Essay on the Virtue of Celibacy," and another "On the Increase of Population in Ireland." To these we may add "The Devil upon Two Sticks" and "The Life of St. Anthony."

"Take these, Misther Denis," said the worthy souls. "They're of no use to us at all, at all; but they'll sarve you, of coorse, where you're goin', bekase when you want books in the college you can use them."

Honest Phadrick Murray, in lieu of a more valuable present, brought him his wife's largest and best shawl as a pocket-handkerchief.

"Katty, sir, sent you this," said Phadrick, "as a pocket-handkerchy; an' be gorra, Misther Denis, if you begin at this corner, an' take it out o' the face, it'll last you six months at a time, anyhow."

Another neighbour came with a *cool* of rendered lard, hoping it might be serviceable.

"Norah, sir," said the honest friend who brought it, "sent you a crock of her own lard. When you're makin' colcanon, sir, or *sthilk*,[1] in the college, if you slip in a lump of this, it'll save you the price of butther. The grase 'ill be useful to you, whether or not; an' they say there's a scarcity of it in the college."

A third brought him an oak sapling to keep in his hand about the purlieus of the establishment.

"We know," said he, "that you're given to arguin' an' to that thing you call logic, Misther Denis. Now, sir, if you're ever hard set in an argument or the like o' that, or if any o' the shthudjeents ud be throublesome or imperant, why, give them a touch o' this—a lick of it, do you see—jist this a-way. First come wid a backsthroke upon the left ear, if they want to be properly convinced; an' thin agin', afore they have

[1] *Sthilk* is made by bruising a quantity of boiled potatoes and beans together. The potatoes, however, having first been reduced to a pulpy state, the beans are but partially broken. It is then put into a dish, and a pound of butter or rendered lard thrust into the middle of it.

time to recover, come down wid a visitation upon the kidney. My life for yours, they'll soon let you alone. Nothin' puzzles one in an argument more than it does."

"Ay," said Denis, "that is what they call in the books the *argumentum baculinum.* I accept your present, Roger; but I flatter myself I shall be a match for any of the collegians without having recourse to the *argumentum baculinum.*"

A poor old widow, who was distantly related to them, came upwards of four miles with two or three score of eggs, together with a cock and hen; the eggs for his own use, and the latter for breeding in Maynooth.

"*Avourneen,* Misther O'Shaughnessy," said she, in broken English, "when you ate out all the eggs, maybe you could get a sonsy little corner about the collegian that you're goin' to larn to be a priest in, an' put them both into it"—pointing at the same time to the cock and hen—"an' whishper," she continued, in a low friendly voice—"if you could get a *weeshy* whisp o' sthraw, an' slip it undher your own bed, it would make a nest for them, an' they'd lay an egg for your breakfast all days in the year. But, *achora,* don't let them be widout a nest egg; an' whishper—maybe you'd breed a clackin' out o' them, that you might sell. Sure, they'd help to buy duds of clo'es for you; or you might make presents of the crathurs to the blessed an' holy collegian himself. Wouldn't it be good to have him an your side—he'd help to make a gintleman of you, anyway. Faix, sure he does it for many, they say. An' whishper—the breed, *avourneen,* is good; an' I'm not afeard to say that there never was sich a chicken in the whole collegian as the ould cock himself. He's the darlin' all out, an' can crow so stoutly that it bates the world. Sure, his comb's a beauty to look at, the darlin'; an' only it's to yourself, an' in regard of the blessed place he's goin' to, I wouldn't part wid him to nobody whatsomever at all, good or bad."

The most original gift of all was a purse, formed of a small bladder, ingeniously covered with silk. It was given to him by his uncle, as a remembrance of him, in the first place, and secondly, for a more special purpose.

"This will sarve you, sir," said his uncle; "an' I'll tell you how: if you want to smuggle in a sup of good whisky—as of coorse you will, plase goodness—why, this houlds exactly a

pint, an' is the very thing for it. The sorra one among them will ever think of searchin' your purse, at least for whisky. Put it in your pocket, Misther Dionissis; an' I'd take it as a great kindness if you'd write me a scrape or two of the pen, mentionin' what a good parish ud be worth; you'll soon be able to tell me; for I've some notion myself of puttin' Barny to the Latin."

Denis was perfectly aware of the honest warmth of heart with which these simple tokens of esteem were presented to him; and young as he was, his knowledge of their habits and prejudices prevented him from disappointing them by a refusal. He consequently accepted everything offered him, appropriated to himself whatever was suitable to his wants, converted the remainder into pocket-money, and, of course, kept his conscience void of offence towards them all—a state of Christian virtue which his refusal of any one gift would have rendered difficult.

On the day before his departure the friends and relations of the family assembled to hold their farewell meeting. The same spirit which marked all their rustic *symposia* presided in this—if we except a feeling of sorrow natural to his family on being separated from one they loved so affectionately. Denis, who was never deficient in warmth of feeling, could not be insensible to the love and pride with which his family had always looked upon him. Ambition, as he approached it, lost much of its fictitious glitter. A sense of sorrow, if not of remorse for the fastidious and overbearing spirit he had manifested to them, pressed upon his heart. Pride, in fact, was expelled; Nature resumed her empire over him; he looked upon the last two months of his life as a man would be apt to do who had been all that time under the dominion of a feverish dream. We do not say, however, that either ambition or superstition was thoroughly expelled from his mind; for it is hard at all times to root them out of the system of man; but they ceased to govern him altogether. A passion, too, as obstinate as either of them, was determined to dispute their power. The domestic affections softened his heart; but love, which ambition left for dead, was only stunned; it rose again, and finding a favourable position, set its seal to his feelings.

Denis himself, some days before that appointed for his departure, became perfectly conscious that his affections were strongly fixed upon Susan Connor. The nature of their last interview filled him with shame; nay, more, it inspired him with pity for the fair, artless girl whom he had so unfeelingly insulted. The manner in which he had won her young affections, the many tender interviews that had passed between them, the sacred promises of unchangeable love they had made to each other, all crowded to his imagination with a power which reduced his spiritual ambition and ecclesiastical pride at least to the possession only of a divided empire. He had, therefore, with his book in his hand as usual, taken many solitary walks for the preceding few days, with the expectation of meeting Susan. He heard that for the last month or six weeks she had looked ill, been in low spirits, and lost her health. The cause of this change, though a secret to the world, was known to him. He felt, indeed, that an interview between them was indispensable; but had it not been so, we question whether he would have been able to leave home without seeing her.

His evening strolls, however, up until the day before his setting out for college were fruitless. Susan, who heretofore had been in the habit of walking in the evenings among the green dells around her father's house, was ever since their last meeting almost invisible. In the meantime, as the day before that of his leaving the neighbourhood had arrived, and as an interview with her was, in a religious point of view, essentially necessary, he took his book in the course of the evening, and, by a path slightly circuitous, descended the valley that ran between his father's house and hers. With solemn strides he perambulated it in every direction —north, south, east, and west; not a natural bower in the glen was unexplored; not a green quiet nook unsearched; not a shady tree unexamined; but all to no purpose. Yet, although he failed in meeting herself, a thousand objects brought her to his heart. Every dell, natural bower, and shady tree presented him with a history of their past affections. Here was the spot where, with beating heart and crimson cheek, she had first breathed out in broken music the acknowledgment of her love; there had another stolen

meeting, a thousand times the sweeter for being stolen, taken place. Every spot, in fact, was dear to him, and every object associated itself with delightful emotions that kindled new life in a spirit from which their parent affections had not yet passed away.

Denis now sought the only other place where he had any likelihood of meeting her—this was at the well below her father's house. He walked down along the banks of the little stream that ran past it, until he reached a thornbush that grew within a few yards of the spring. Under this he sat, anxiously hoping that Susan might come to fill her evening pail, as he knew she was wont to do. A thick flowery branch of the hawthorn, for it was the latter end of May, hung down from the trunk, and served as a screen through which he could observe her, should she appear, without being visible himself.

It was now the hour of twilight; the evening was warm and balmy; the whitethorn under which he sat, and the profusion of wild-flowers that spangled the bosom of the green glen, breathed their fragrance around him, and steeped the emotions and remembrances which crowded thickly on him in deep and exquisite tenderness. Up in the air he heard the quavering hum of the snipe as it rose and fell in undulating motion, and the creak of the rail in many directions around him. From an adjoining meadow in the distance the merry voices of the village children came upon his ear, as they gathered the wild honey which dropped like dew from the soft clouds upon the long grassy stalks, and meadow-sweet, on whose leaves it lay like amber. He remembered when he and Susan, on meeting there for a similar purpose, felt the first mysterious pleasure in being together, and the unaccountable melancholy produced by separation and absence.

At length he heard a footstep; but he could not persuade himself that the slow and lingering tread of the person approaching him was that of Susan, so much did it differ from the buoyant and elastic step with which she used to trip along. On looking through the branches, however, he perceived her coming towards him, carrying the pitcher, as usual, in her hand. The blood was already careering at full

speed through his veins, and the palpitations of his heart were loud enough to be heard by the ear.

Oh, beauty, beauty! *teterrima causa belli*, thou dost play the devil with the hearts of men! Who is there who doth not wish to look upon thee, from the saint to the sinner? None. For thee worlds have been lost, nations swept off the earth, thrones overturned, and cities laid in ashes! Adam, David, Marc Antony, Abelard, and Denis O'Shaughnessy exhibit histories of thy power never to be forgotten, but the greatest of these is Denis O'Shaughnessy.

Susan was about the middle size; her tresses, like those of the daughters of her country, were a fair brown, and abundant. Her features were not such, we admit, as mark regular and scientific perfection, and perhaps much of their power was owing to their not being altogether symmetrical. Her great charm consisted in a spirit of youthful innocence so guileless that the very light of purity and truth seemed to break in radiance from her countenance. Her form was round, light, and flexible. When she smiled, her face seemed to lose the character of its mortality—so seraphic and full of an indescribable spell were its lineaments; that is, the spell was felt by its thrilling influence upon the beholder, rather than by any extraordinary perception of her external beauty. The general expression of her countenance, however, was that of melancholy. No person could look upon her white forehead and dark flashing eyes without perceiving that she was full of tenderness and enthusiasm; but let the light of cheerfulness fall upon her face, and you wished never to see it beam with any other spirit. In her met those extremes of character peculiar to her country. Her laughing lips expanded with the playful delicacy of mirth, or breathed forth, with untaught melody and deep pathos, her national songs of sorrow.

A little before she made her appearance the moon had risen and softened with her dewy light the calm secluded scene around them. Denis, too, had an opportunity of seeing the lovely girl more distinctly. Her dress was simple but becoming. Her hair, except the side ringlets that fell to heighten the beauty of her neck, was bound up with a comb which Denis himself had presented to her. She wore a white dimity bedgown, that sat close to her well-formed person,

descended below her knee, and opened before; the sleeves of it did not reach the elbow, but displayed an arm that could not be surpassed for whiteness and beauty. The bed-gown was frilled about the shoulder, which it covered, leaving the neck only and the upper part of her snowy bosom visible. A dark ribbon, tied about her waist, threw her figure into exquisite outline, and gave her that simple elegance which at once bespeaks the harmony of due proportion.

On reaching the well she filled her vessel, and placed it on a small mound beside her; then sitting down, she mused for some time, and turning her eyes towards Denis's father's, sighed deeply.

"It's the least," said the humbled girl, "that I may look towards the house that the only one I ever loved, or ever will love, lives in. Little I thought when I loved him that I was standin' between him an' God. Loved him! I wish I could say it was past—I wish I could; for I am afeard that till my weak heart breaks it will love him still. God pity me! It would be well for me I had never seen him. But why he should go to Maynooth without givin' me back my promise, I cannot tell."

Denis rose and approached her. Susan, on seeing him, started, and her lover could perceive that she hastily wiped the tears from her eyes. A single glance, however, convinced her that it was he; and such was the guileless simplicity of her heart, joined to the force of habit, that her face beamed with one of her wonted smiles at his appearance. This soon passed away, and her features again resumed an expression of deep melancholy.

Our hero now forgot his learning; his polysyllables were laid aside, and his pedantry utterly abandoned. His pride, too, was gone, and the petty pomp of artificial character flung aside like an unnecessary garment which only oppresses the wearer.

"Susan," said he, "I am sorry to see you look so pale and unhappy. I deeply regret it; and I could not permit this day to pass without seeing and speaking to you. If I go to-morrow, Susan, may I now ask in what light will you remember me?"

"I'll remember you without anger, Denis—with sorrow will

I remember you, but not, as I said, in anger; though God knows, and you know, the only token you lave me to remember you by is a broken heart."

"Susan," said Denis, "it was an unhappy attachment, as circumstances have turned out; and I wish for both our sakes we had never loved one another. For some time past my heart has been torn different ways; and, to tell you the truth, I acknowledge that within the last three or four months I have been little less than a villain to you."

"You speak harshly of yourself, Denis; I hope more so than you deserve."

"No, Susy. With my heart fixed upon other hopes, I continued to draw your affections closer and closer to me."

"Well, that was wrong, Denis; but you loved me long before that time, an' it's not so asy a thing to draw away the heart from what we love! that is, to draw it away for ever, Denis, even although greater things may rise up before us."

As she pronounced the last words, her voice, which she evidently strove to keep firm, became unsteady.

"That's true, Susan—I know it; but I never will forgive myself for acting a double part to you and to the world. There is not a pang you suffer but ought to fall as a curse upon my head, for leading you into greater confidence at a time when I was not seriously resolved to fulfil my vows to you."

"Denis," said the unsuspecting girl, "you're imposin' on yourself—you never could do so bad, so treacherous an act as that. No, you never could, Denis; an', above all the world, to a heart that loved and trusted you as mine did. I won't believe it, even from your own lips. You surely loved me, Denis, and in that case you couldn't be desateful to me."

"I never loved you half so well as I ought, Susy; and I never was worthy of you. Susy, I tell you—I tell you—my heart is breaking for your sake. It would have been well for both of us we had never seen, or known, or loved each other; for I know by my own heart what you must suffer."

"Denis, don't be cast down on my account; before I ever thought of you, when I was runnin' about the glens here, a lonely little orphan, I was often sorry, without knowin' why. Sometimes I used to wonder at it, and search my mind to

find out what occasioned it; but I never could. I suppose it was because I saw other girls, like myself, havin' their little brothers an' sisters to play with; or because I had no mother's voice to call me night or mornin', or her bosom to lay my head on if I was sick or tired. I suppose it was this. Many a time, Denis, even then, I knew what sorrow was, and I often thought that, come what would to others, there was sorrow before me. I now find I was right; but for all that, Denis, it's betther that we should give up one another in time, than be unhappy by my bein' the means of turnin' you from the ways and duties of God."

The simple and touching picture which she drew of her orphan childhood, together with the tone of resignation and sorrow which ran through all she said, affected Denis deeply.

"Susan," he replied, "I am much changed of late. The prospect before me is a dark one—a mysterious one. It is not many months since my head was dizzy with the gloomy splendour which the pomps and ceremonies of the Church—soon, I trust, to be restored in this country to all her pride and power—presented to my imagination. But I have mingled with those on whom before this—that is, during my boyhood—I looked with awe, as on men who held vested in themselves some mysterious and spiritual power. I have mingled with them, Susan, and I find them neither better nor worse than those who still look upon them as I once did."

"Well, but, Denis, how does that bear upon your views?"

"It does, Susan. I said I have found them neither better nor worse than their fellow-creatures; but I believe they are not so happy. I think I could perceive a gloom, even in their mirth, that told of some particular thought or care that haunted them like a spirit. Some of them, and not a few, in the moments of undisguised feeling, dissuaded me against ever entering the Church."

"I'm sure they're happy," said Susan. "Some time ago, accordin' to your own words, you thought the same; but something has turned your heart from the good it was fixed upon. You're in a dangerous time, Denis; and it's not to be wondhered at if the temptations of the devil should thry you *now*, in hopes to turn you from the service of God. This is a warnin' to me too, Denis. May heaven above forbid that I

should be the means of temptin' you from the duty that's before you!"

"No, Susan dear, it's not temptation, but the fear of temptation that prevails with me."

"But, Denis, surely if you think yourself not worthy to enther that blessed state, you have time enough to avoid it."

"Ay, but, Susy, there is the difficulty. I am now so placed that I can hardly go back. First, the disgrace of refusing to enter the Church would lie upon me as if I had committed a crime. Again, I would break my father's and mother's heart; and rather than do that, I could almost submit to be miserable for life. And, finally, I could not live in the family, nor bear the indignation of my brothers and other relations. You know, Susan, as well as I do, the character attached to those who put their friends to the expense of educating them for the Church, who raise their hopes and their ambition, and afterwards disappoint them."

"I know it."

"This, Susan dear, prevails with me. Besides, the Church now is likely to rise from her ruins. I believe that if a priest did his duty, he might possibly possess miraculous power. There is great pomp and splendour in her ceremonies, a sense of high and boundless authority in her pastors; there is rank in her orders sufficient even for ambition. Then the deference, the awe, and the humility with which they are approached by the people—ah! Susan, there is much still in the character of a priest for the human heart to covet. The power of saying mass, of forgiving sin, of relieving the departed spirits of the faithful in another world, and of mingling in our holy sacrifices with the glorious worship of the cherubims, or angels, in heaven—all this is the privilege of a priest, and what earthly rank can be compared to it?"

"None at all, Denis—none at all. Oh, think this way still, and let no earthly temptation—no—don't let—even me—what am I?—a poor humble girl—oh! no, let nothing keep you back from this."

The tears burst from her eyes, however, as she spoke.

"But, Denis," she added, "there is one thing that turns my brain. I fear that, even afther your ordination, I couldn't look upon you as I would upon another man. Oh, my heart

would break if one improper thought of it was fixed upon you then."

"Susy, hear me. I could give up all but you. I could bear to disappoint father, mother, and all; but the thought of giving you up for ever is terrible. I have been latterly in a kind of dream. I have been among friends and relatives until my brain was turned; but now I am restored to myself, and I find I cannot part with you. I would gladly do it; but I cannot. Oh no, Susan dear; my love for you was dimmed by other passions, but it was not extinguished. It now burns stronger and purer in my heart than ever. It does—it does. And, Susan, I always loved you."

Susan paused for a time, and unconsciously plucked a wild flower which grew beside her; she surveyed it a moment, and exclaimed—

"Do you see this flower, Denis? it's a faded primrose. I'm like that flower in one sense: I'm faded; my heart's broke."

"No, my beloved Susan, don't say so; you're only low-spirited. Why should your heart be broke, and you in the very bloom of youth and beauty?"

"Do you remember our last meetin', Denis? Oh, how could you be so cruel then as to bid me think of marryin' another, as if I had loved you for anything but yourself? I'm but a simple girl, Denis, and know but little of the world; but if I was to live a thousand years, you would always see the sorrow that your words made me feel visible upon my countenance. I'm not angry with you, Denis; but I'm telling you the truth."

"Susan, my darling, this is either weakness of mind or ill-health. I will see you as beautiful and happy as ever. For my part, I now tell you that no power on earth can separate us! Yes, my beloved Susan, I will see you as happy and happier than I have ever seen you. That will be when you are my own young and guileless wife."

"Ah, no, Denis! My mind is made up: I can never be your wife. Do you think that I would bring the anger of God upon myself by temptin' you back from the holy office you're enterin' into? Think of it yourself, Denis. Your feelings are melted now by our discoorse, and maybe because

I'm near you; but when time passes, you'll be glad that in the moment of weakness you didn't give way to them. I know it's natural for you to love me now. You're lavin' me —you're lavin' the place where I am—the little river and the glen where we so often met, and where we often spent many a happy hour together. That has an effect upon you; for why should I deny it?—you see it—it is hard—very hard —even upon myself."

She neither sobbed nor cried so as to be heard, but the tears gushed down her cheeks in torrents.

"Susan," said Denis, in an unsteady voice, "you speak in vain. Every word you say tells me that I cannot live without you; and I will not."

"Don't say that, Denis. Suppose we should be married, think of what I would suffer if I saw you in poverty or distress, brought on because you married me! Why, my heart would sink entirely under it. Then your friends would never give me a warm heart. Me!—they would never give yourself a warm heart; and I would rather be dead than see you brought to shame, or ill-treatment, or poverty, on my account. Pray to God, Denis, to grant you grace to overcome whatever you feel for me. I have prayed both for you and myself. Oh, pray to Him, Denis, sincerely, that He may enable you to forget that ever such a girl—such an unhappy girl—as Susan Connor ever lived!"

Poor Denis was so much overcome that he could not restrain his tears. He gazed upon the melancholy countenance of the fair girl in a delirium of love and admiration; but in a few minutes he replied—

"Susan, your words are lost: I am determined. Oh! great heaven, what a treasure was I near losing! Susan, hear me: I will bear all that this world can inflict; I will bear shame, ill-treatment, anger, scorn, and every harsh word that may be uttered against me; I will renounce Church, spiritual power, rank, honour; I will give up father and family —all—all that this world could flatter me with; yes, I will renounce each and all for your sake! Do not dissuade me; my mind is fixed, and no power on earth can change it."

"Yes, Denis," she replied calmly, "there is a power, and a weak power too, that will change it; for I will change it.

Don't think, Denis, that in arguin' with you, against the feelins of my own heart, I am doin' it without sufferin'. Oh no, indeed! You know, Denis, I am a lonely girl; that I have neither brother, nor sister, nor mother to direct me. Sufferin'!—oh, I wish you knew it! Denis, you must forget me. I'm hopeless now: my heart, as I said, is broke, and I'm strivin' to fix it upon a happier world! Oh! if I had a mother or a sister, that I could, when my breast is likely to burst, throw myself in their arms, and cry, and confess all I feel! But I'm alone, and must bear all my own sorrows. Oh, Denis, I'm not without knowin' how hard the task is that I have set to myself. Is it nothing to give up all that the heart is fixed upon? Is it nothing to walk about this glen and the green fields, to have one's eyes upon them, and to remember what happiness one has had in them, knowin' at the same time that it's all blasted? Oh, is it nothing to look upon the green earth itself, and all its beauty—to hear the happy songs and the joyful voices of all that are about us—the birds singing sweetly, the music of the river flowin'—to see the sun shinin', and to hear the rustlin' of the trees in the warm winds of summer—to see and hear all this, and to feel that a young heart is breakin', or already broken within us—that we are goin' to lave it all—all we loved—and to go down into the clay under us? Oh, Denis, this is hard!—bitter is it to me, I confess it; for something tells me it will be my fate soon!"

"But, Susan——"

"Hear me out. I have now repated what I know I must suffer—what I know I must lose. This is my lot, and I must bear it. Now, Denis, will you grant your own Susan one request?"

"If it was that my life should save yours, I would grant it."

"It's the last and only one I will ever ask of you. My health has been ill, Denis; my strength is gone, and I feel I am gettin' worse every day: now, when you hear that I am—I am—gone—will you offer up the first mass you say for my pace and rest in another world? I say the first, for you know there's more virtue in a first mass than in any other. Your Susan will be then in the dust, and you may feel sorrow, but not love for her."

"Never, Susan! For God's sake, forbear! You will drive me distracted! As I hope to meet judgment, I think I never loved you till now; and by the same oath, I will not change my purpose in making you mine."

"Then you do love me still, Denis? And you would give up *all* for your Susan? Answer me truly, for the ear of God is open to our words and thoughts."

"Then, before God, I love you too strongly for words to express; and I would give up all for your sake!"

Susan turned her eyes upon vacancy, and Denis observed that a sudden and wild light broke from them, which alarmed him exceedingly. She put her open hand upon her forehead, as if she felt pain, and remained glancing fearfully around her for a few minutes; her countenance, which became instantly like a sheet of paper, lost all its intelligence, except, perhaps, what might be gleaned from a smile of the most ghastly and desolating misery.

"Gracious heaven! Susan dear, what's the matter? Oh, my God, your face is like marble! Dearest Susan, speak to me! Oh, speak to me, or I will go distracted!"

She looked upon him long and steadily; but he perceived with delight that her consciousness was gradually returning. At length she drew a deep sigh, and requested him to listen.

"Denis," said she, "you must now be a man. We can never be married. I AM PROMISED TO ANOTHER!"

"Promised to another! Your brain is turned, Susy. Collect yourself, dearest, and think of what you say."

"I know what I say—I know it too well! What did I say? Why—why," she added, with an unsettled look, "that I'm promised to another! It is true—true as God's in heaven! Oh, Denis! why did you lave me so long without seein' me? I said my heart was broke, and you will soon know that it has bitter, bitter rason to be so. See here."

She had, during her reply, taken from her bosom a small piece of brown cloth, of a square shape, marked with the letters I. M. I., the initials of the names of Jesus, Mary, and Joseph. She kissed it fervently as she spoke, and desired Denis to look upon it and hear.

"When you saw me last," she continued, "I left you in anger, because I thought you no longer loved me. Many a

scaldin' tear I shed that nobody witnessed; many a wringin' my heart felt since that time. I got low, and, as I said, my health left me. I began to think of what I ought to do; and bein' so much alone, my thoughts were never off it. At last I remembered the Virgin Mother of God as bein' once a woman, and the likelier to pity one of her own kind in sorrow. I then thought of a scapular; and made a promise to myself that if you didn't come within a certain time, I would dedicate myself to her for ever. I saw that you neglected me, and I heard so much of the way in which you spent your time, how you were pleasant and merry while my heart was breakin', that I made a vow to remain a spotless virgin all my life. I got a scapular, too, that I might be strengthened to keep my holy promise; for you didn't come to me within the time. This is it in my hand. It is now on me. THE VOW IS MADE, AND I AM MISERABLE FOR EVER!"

Denis sobbed, and wrung his hands, whilst tears intensely bitter fell from his eyes.

"Oh, Susan!" he exclaimed, "what have you done? Oh, you have ruined me utterly! You have rendered us both for ever miserable!"

"Miserable!" she exclaimed, with flashing eyes. "Who talks of misery?" But again she put her hand to her forehead, and endeavoured to recollect herself. "Denis," she added—"Denis, my brain is turning! Oh, I have no friend! Oh, mother that I have never seen, but as if it was in a dream —mother, daughter of your daughter's heart, look down from heaven and pity your orphan child in her sore trouble and affliction! Oh, how often did I miss you, mother darlin', durin' all my life! In sickness I had not your tendher hands about me; in sorrow I could not hear your voice; and in joy and happiness you were never with me to share them! I had not your advice, my blessed mother, to guide and direct me—to tache me what was right and what was wrong! Oh, if you will not hear your own poor lonely orphan, who will you hear? if you will not assist her, who ought you to assist?—for, as sure as I stand here this night, you are a blessed saint in heaven. But let me not forget the Virgin Queen of Heaven that I am bound to. I kneel to you, Hope of the Afflicted! To you let them go who have a broken heart, as I have!

Queen of Glory, pity me! Star of the Sea—Comfort of the Hopeless—Refuge of Sinners, hear me, strengthen and support me! And you will too. Who did you ever cast away, mild and beautiful Virgin of Heaven? 'As the lily among thorns, so are you among the daughters of Adam!'[1] Yes, Denis, she will support me—she *will* support me! I feel her power on me now! I see the angels of heaven about her, and her mild countenance smilin' sweetly upon the broken flower. Yes, Denis, her glory is upon me!"

The last words were uttered with her eyes flashing wildly as before, and her whole person and countenance evidently under the influence of a highly-excited enthusiasm, or perhaps a touch of momentary insanity.

Poor Denis stood with streaming eyes, incapable of checking or interrupting her. He had always known that her education and understanding were above the common; but he never anticipated from her such capacity for deep feeling, united to so much vivacity of imagination, as she then displayed. Perhaps he had not philosophy enough at that period of his youth to understand the effects of a solitary life upon a creature full of imagination and sensibility. The scenery about her father's house was wild, and the glens singularly beautiful; Susan lived among them alone, so that she became in a manner enamoured of solitude; which, probably, more than anything else gives tenderness to feeling, and force to the imaginative faculties. Soon after she had pronounced the last words, however, her good sense came to her aid.

"Denis," said she, "you have seen my weakness, but you must now see my strength. You know we have a trial to go through before we part for ever."

"Oh! Susy, don't say 'for ever.' You know that the vow you made was a rash vow. It may be set aside."

"It was not a rash vow, Denis. I made it with a firm intention of keepin' it, and keep it I will. The Mother of God is not to be mocked because I am weak, or choose to prefer my own will to hers."

"But, Susy, the Church can dissolve it. You know she

[1] The form of the Service to the Virgin, from which most of the above expressions are taken, is replete with beauty and poetry.

has power to bind and loose. Oh, for God's sake, Susy, if you ever loved me, don't attempt to take back your promise."

"I love you too well to destroy you, Denis. I will never stand between you and God, for that would be my crime. I will never bring disgrace, or shame, or poverty upon you; for surely these things would fall upon you as a punishment for desartin' Him. If you were another—if you weren't intended to be the servant of God, I could beg with you—starve with you—die with you. But when I am gone, remember that I gave up all my hopes, that you might succeed in yours. I'm sure that is love. Now, Denis, we must return our promises; the time is passin', we'll both be missed from home."

"Susan, for the sake of my happiness, both in this world and in the next, don't take away all hope. Make me not miserable and wretched; send me not into the Church a hypocrite. If you do, I will charge you with my guilt; I will charge you with the crimes of a man who will care but little what he does."

"You will have friends, Denis—pious men, who will direct you, and guide you, and wean your heart from me and the world. You will soon bless me for this. Denis," she added, with a smile of unutterable misery, "my mind is made up. I belong now to the Virgin Mother of God. I never will be so wicked as to forsake her for a mortal. If I was to marry you with a broken vow upon me, I could not prosper; the curse of God and of His Blessed Mother would follow us both."

Denis felt perfectly aware of the view entertained by Susan respecting such a vow as she had taken. To reason with her was only to attack a prejudice which scorned reason. Besides this, he was not himself altogether free from the impression of its being a vow too solemn to be broken without the sanction of the Church.

"Let us go," said Susan, "to the same spot where we first promised. It was under this tree, in this month, last year. Let us give it back there."

The hand-promise in Ireland between the marriageable young of both sexes is considered the most solemn and binding of all obligations. Few would rely upon the word or oath of any man who had been known to break a hand-

promise ; and perhaps few of the country girls would marry or countenance the addresses of a young person known to have violated such a pledge. The vow is a solemn one, and of course given by mutual consent; by mutual consent also must it be withdrawn, otherwise it is considered still binding. Whenever death removes one of the parties without the other having had an opportunity of "giving it back," the surviving party comes, and in the presence of witnesses, first grasping the hand of the deceased, repeats the form of words usual in withdrawing it. Some of these scenes are very touching and impressive, particularly one which the author had an opportunity of witnessing. It is supposed that in cases of death, if the promise be not dissolved, the spirit of the departed returns and haunts the survivor until it be cancelled.

When Denis and Susan had reached the hawthorn, they both knelt down. So exhausted, however, had Susan been by the agitation of her feelings that Denis was under the necessity of assisting her to the place. He could perceive, too, that amid the workings of her religious enthusiasm she trembled like an aspen leaf.

"Now," said she, "you are stronger than I am ; begin and repeat the words ; I will repeat them with you."

"No," replied Denis, "I will never begin. I will never be the first to seal both your misery and mine."

"I am scarcely able," said she ; "dear Denis, don't ask me to do what I have not strength for. But it's useless," she added ; "you will never begin unless I do."

They then blessed themselves after the form of their Church, and as they extended their right hands to each other the tears fell fast from the eyes of both. The words they repeated were the same, with the difference of the name only.

"I, Susan Connor, in the presence of God, do release you, Denis O'Shaughnessy, from your promise of marriage to me, and from all promises of marriage that you ever made me. I now give you back that promise of marriage, and all promises of marriage you ever made me. To which I call God to witness."

Denis repeated the same words, substituting the name of Susan Connor.

The sobs of Susan were loud and incessant, even before she had concluded the words; their eyes were fixed upon each other with a hopeless and agonising expression; but no sooner were they uttered than a strong hysteric sense of suffocation rose to her throat; she panted rapidly for breath; Denis opened his arms, and she fell, or rather threw herself, over in a swoon upon his bosom. To press his lips to hers, and carry her to the brink of the well, was but the work of a moment. There he laid her, and after having sprinkled her face with water, proceeded to slap the palms of her hands, exclaiming—

"Susan, my beloved, will you not hear me? Oh, look upon me, my heart's dearest treasure, and tell me that you're living! Gracious God! her heart is broken—she is dead! This—this—is the severest blow of all! I have killed her!"

She opened her eyes as he spoke, and Denis, in stooping to assist her, weeping at the same time like a child, received —a bang from a cudgel that made his head ring.

"Your sowl to the divil, you larned vagabone," said her father, for it was he; "is this the way you're preparin' yourself for the Church?—comin' over that innocent *colleen* of a daughter o' mine before you set out," he added, taking Denis a second thwack across the shoulders—"before you set out for Maynewth!"

"Why, you miserable vulgarian," said Denis, "I scorn you from the head to the heel. Desist, I say," for the father was about to lay in another swinger upon his kidney—"desist, I say, and don't approximate, or I will entangle the ribs of you!"

"My sowl to glory," said the father, "if ever I had a greater mind to ate my dinner than I have to anoint you wid this cudgel, you black-coated skamer!"

"Get out, you barbarian!" replied Denis; "how dare you talk about unction in connection with a cudgel? Desist, I say, or I will retaliate if you approximate an inch. Desist, or I will baptize you in the well, as Philip did the Ethiopian, without a sponsor. No man but a miserable barbarian would have had the vulgarity to interrupt us in the manner you did. Look at your daughter's situation!"

"The hussy," replied the father, "it's the supper she

ought to have ready, instead of coortin' wid such a larned vag——Heavens above me! what ails my child? Susy! Susy, *alanna, dhas!* what's over you? Oh, I see how it is!" he continued—"I see how it is! This accounts for her low spirits an' bad health for some time past! Susy, rouse yourself, *avourneen!* Sure, I'm not angry wid you! My sowl to glory, Denny Shaughnessy, but you have broke my child's heart, I doubt!"

"Owen," said Denis, "your indecorous interruption has stamped you with the signature of genuine ignorance and vulgarity; still, I say, we must have some conversation on that subject immediately. Yes, I love your daughter a thousand times better than my own life."

"Faith, I'll take care that we'll have discoorse about it," replied the father. "If you have been a villain to the innocent girl—if you have, Denny, why you'll meet your God sooner than you think. Mark my words. I have but one life, and I'll lose it for her sake if she has come to ill."

"Here," said Denis, "let me sprinkle her face with this cool water, that we may recover her if possible. Your anger and your outrage, Owen, overcame the timid creature. Speak kindly to her; she is recovering. Thank God, she is recovering."

"Susy, *avourneen*," said the father, "rouse yourself, *ma colleen*—rouse yourself, an' don't thrimble that way. The sorra one o' me's angry wid you at all, at all."

"Oh, bring me home," said the poor girl. "Father dear, have no bad opinion of me. I done nothing, an' I hope I never will do anything that would bring the blush of shame to your face."

"That's as true as that God's in heaven," observed Denis. "The angels in His presence are not purer than she is."

"I take her own word for it," said the father; "a lie, to the best of my knowledge, never came from her lips."

"Let us assist her home," said Denis. "I told you that we must have some serious conversation about her. I'll take one arm, and do you take the other."

"Do so," said the father; "an', Denny, as you're the youngest and the strongest, jist take up that pitcher o' wather in your hand, an' carry it to the house above."

Denis, who was dressed in his best black from top to toe,

made a wry face or two at this proposal. He was able, however, for Susan's sake, to compromise his dignity; so looking about him, to be certain that there was no other person observing them, he seized the pitcher in one hand, gave Susan his arm, and in this unheroic manner assisted to conduct her home.

In about half an hour, or better, after this, Denis and Owen Connor proceeded in close and earnest conversation towards old Shaughnessy's. On entering, Denis requested to speak with his father and brothers in private.

"Father," said he, "this night is pregnant—that is, *vulgariter*, in the family way—with my fate."

"Throth it is, *avick*—glory be to goodness!"

"Here is Owen Connor, an honest, dacent neighbour——"

"Throth, he is an honest, dacent man," said the father, interrupting him.

"Yes," replied the son, "I agree with you. Well, he has a certain disclosure or proposal to make, which you will be pleased to take into your most serious consideration. I, for my part, cannot help being endowed with my own gifts, and if I happen to possess a magnet to attract feminine sensibility, it is to heaven I owe it, and not to myself."

"It is," said the father, "glory be to His name!"

"Don't be alarmed, or surprised, or angry, at anything Owen Connor may say to you. I speak significantly. There are perplexities in all human events, and the cardinal hinge of fate is for ever turning. Now I must withdraw; but, in the meantime, I will be found taking a serenade behind the garden, if I am wanted."

"Brian," said the father, "get the bottle; we can't on this night, anyway, talk to Owen Connor, or to anybody else, wid dhry lips."

The bottle was accordingly got, and Owen, with no very agreeable anticipations, found himself compelled to introduce a very hazardous topic.

Denis, as he said, continued to walk to and fro behind the garden. He thought over the incidents of the evening, but had no hope that Owen Connor's proposal would be accepted. He knew his father and family too well for that. With respect to Susan's vow, he felt certain that any change of

opinion on her part was equally improbable. It was clear, then, that he had no pretext for avoiding Maynooth; and as the shame, affliction, and indignation of the family would, he knew, be terrible, he resolved to conform himself to his circumstances, trusting to absence for that diminution of affection which it often produces. Having settled these points in his mind, he began to grope that part of his head which had come in contact with Owen Connor's cudgel. He had strong surmises that a bump existed, and on examining, he found that a powerful organ of self-esteem had been created.

At this moment he saw Owen Connor running past him at full speed, pursued by his father and brothers, the father brandishing a cudgel in his hand. The son, who understood all, intercepted the pursuers, commanding them in a loud voice to stop. With his brothers he succeeded; but the father's wrath was not to be appeased so easily. Nothing now remained but to stand in his way, and arrest him by friendly violence; Denis therefore seized him, and, by assuming all his authority, at length prevailed upon him to give over the chase.

"Only think of him," exclaimed the father, breathless—"only think of him havin' the assurance to propose a match between you an' his baby-faced daughter! Ho! *Dher manim*, Owen Connor," he shouted, shaking the staff at Owen as he spoke—"*Dher manim!* if I was near you, I'd put your bones through other, for darin' to mintion sich a thing!"

Owen Connor, on finding that he was no longer pursued, stood to reconnoitre the enemy.

"Denis *Oge*," he shouted back, "be off to Maynooth as fast as possible, except you wish to have my poor child left fatherless entirely. Go 'way, an' my blessin' be along wid you; but let there be never another word about that business while you live."

"Father," said Denis, "I'm scandalised at your conduct on this dignified occasion. I am also angry with Brian and the rest of you. Did you not observe that the decent man was advanced in liquor? I would have told you so at once, were it not that he was present while I spoke. Did I not give you as strong a hint as possible? Did I not tell you that 'I

spoke *significantly?'* Now hear me. Take the first opportunity of being reconciled to Owen Connor. Be civil to him; for I assure you he esteems *me* very highly. Be also kind to his daughter, who is an excellent girl. But, I repeat it, her father esteems me highly."

"Does he think highly of you, Denis?"

"I have said so," he replied.

"Then, throth, we're sorry for what has happened, poor man. But the never a one o' me, Denis, saw the laste sign of liquor about him. Throth, we will make it up wid him, thin. An' we'll be kind to his daughter too, Denis."

"Then, as a proof that you will follow my advice, I lay it on you as a duty, to let me know how they are whenever you write to me."

"Throth, we will, Denis—indeed will we. Come in now, dear; this is the last night you're to be wid us, an' they're all missin' you in the house."

On that night no person slept in Denis O'Shaughnessy's, except our hero and his mother and sisters. As morning approached, a heaviness of spirit prevailed among the family, which, of course, was not felt by any except his immediate relations. The more distant friends, who remained with them for the night, sang and plied the bottle with a steadiness which prevented them from feeling the want of rest. About six o'clock, breakfast was ready, Denis dressed, and every arrangement made for his immediate departure. His parents, his brothers, and his sisters were all in tears, and he himself could master his emotions with great difficulty. At length the hour to which the family of our candidate had looked forward arrived, and Denis rose to depart for Maynooth. Except by the sobs and weeping, the silence was unbroken when he stood up to bid them farewell.

The first he embraced was his eldest brother, Brian. "Brian," said he, but he could not proceed; his voice failed him. He then extended his hand; but Brian clasped him in his arms—kissed his beloved brother, and wept with strong grief. Even then there was not a dry eye in the house. The parting with his other brothers was equally tender—they wept loudly and bitterly, and Denis joined in their grief. Then came his sisters, who, one by one, hung upon him, and

sobbed as if he had been dead. The grief of his youngest sister, Susan, was excessive. She threw her arms about his neck, and said she would not let him go. Denis pressed her to his heart, and the grief which he felt seemed to penetrate his very soul.

"Susan," said he, "Susan, may the blessing of God rest upon you till I see you again!" and the affectionate girl was literally torn from his arms.

But now came the most affecting part of the ceremony. His parents had stood apart—their hands locked in each other, both in tears, whilst he took leave of the rest. He now approached his mother, and reverently kneeling down, implored, in words scarcely intelligible, her blessing and forgiveness. He extended both his hands—"Mother," he added, "I ask—humbly and penitently, I ask your blessing; it will be sweet to me from your beloved lips, dear mother. Pardon me if I ever—as I feel I often did—caused you a pang of sorrow by my disobedience and folly. Oh, pardon me—pardon me for all NOW! Bless your son, kindest of mothers, with your best and tenderest blessing!"

She threw herself in his arms, and locking him in her embrace, imprinted every part of his face with kisses. "Oh, Denis," she exclaimed, "there is but one more who will miss you more nor I will—Oh, my darlin' son—our pride—our pride—our heart's pride—our honour and our credit! Sure, *anim machree,* I have nothin' to forgive you for, my heart's life; but may the blessin' of God and of a happy mother light on you! And, Denis *asthore,* wasn't it you that made me happy, and that made us all happy! May my blessin' and the blessin' of God rest upon you—keep you from every evil, and in every good, till my eyes will be made glad by lookin' on you agin!"

A grief more deep and a happiness more full than had yet been felt were now to come forth. Denis turned to his father—his companion in many a pastime, and in many a walk about their native fields. In fair—in market—at mass —and at every rustic amusement within their reach—had he been ever at the side of that indulgent father, whose heart and soul were placed in him.

Denis could not utter a word, but kept his streaming eyes

fixed upon the old man, with that yearning expression of the heart which is felt when it desires to be mingled with the very existence of the object that it loves. Old Denis advanced, under powerful struggles, to suppress his grief; he knelt, and as the tears ran in silence down his cheeks, thus addressed himself to God:—

"I kneel down before you, oh, my God! a poor sinner! I kneel here in your blessed presence, with a heart—with a happy heart—this day, to return you thanks in the name of myself and the beloved partner you have given me through the cares and thrials of this world—to give you our hearts' best thanks for graciously permittin' us to see this day! It is to you we owe it, good Father of heaven! It is to you we owe this—an' him—my heart's own son, that kneels before me to be blessed by my own lips! Yes—yes, he is—he is the pride of our lives! He is the mornin' star among us! He was ever a good son; and you know that from the day he was born to this minute he never gave me a sore heart! Take him under your own protection! Oh, bless him as we wish, if it be your holy will to do so!—bless him and guard him, for my heart's in him—it is—he knows it—everybody knows it—and if anything was to happen him——"

He could proceed no further; the idea of losing his son, even in imagination, overpowered him: he rose, locked him to his breast, and for many minutes the grief of both was loud and vehement.

Denis's uncle now interposed: "The horses," said he, "are at the door, an' time's passin'."

"Och, thrue for you, Barny," said old Denis. "Come, *acushla*, an' let me help you on your horse. We will go on quickly, as we're to meet Father Finnerty at the crass-roads."

Denis then shook hands with them all, not forgetting honest Phadrick Murray, who exclaimed, as he bid him farewell: "*Arrah!* Misther Denis, *aroon*, won't you be thinkin' of me now an' thin in the college! Faix, if you always argue as bravely wid the collegians as you did the day you proved me to be an ass, you'll soon be at the head of them!"

"Denis," said the uncle, "your father excuses me in regard of havin' to attend my cattle in the fair to-day. You won't be angry wid me, dear, for lavin' you now, as my road lies

this other way. May the blessin' of God and His Holy Mother keep you till I see you agin! an', Denis, if you'd send me a scrape or two, lettin' me know what a good parish ud be worth; for I intend next spring to go wid little Barny to the Latin."

This Denis promised to do; and after bidding him farewell, he and his friends—some on horseback, and numbers on foot—set out on their journey; and as they proceeded through their own neighbourhood, many a crowd was collected to get a sight of *Denis O'Shaughnessy going to Maynooth.*

. . . . . .

It was one day in autumn, after a lapse of about two years, that the following conversation took place between a wealthy grazier from the neighbouring parish and one of our hero's most intimate acquaintances. It is valuable only as it throws light upon Denis's ultimate situation in life, which, after all, was not what our readers might be inclined to expect.

"Why, then, honest man," said Denis's friend, "that's a murdherin' fine dhrove o' bullocks you're bringin' to the fair?"

"Ay!" replied the grazier, "you may say that. I'm thinkin' it wouldn't be asy to aquil them."

"Faix, sure enough. Where wor they fed, wid simmission?"

"Up in Teernahushogue. *Arrah,* will you tell me what weddin' was that that passed a while agone?"

"A son of ould Denis O'Shaughnessy's—God be merciful to his sowl!"

"Denis O'Shaughnessy! Is it him they called the 'Pigeon-house'? An' is it possible he's dead?"

"He's dead, nabour, an', in throth, an honest man's dead!"

"As ever broke the world's bread. The Lord make his bed in heaven this day! Hasn't he a son larnin' to be a priest in Maynewth?"

"Ah! *Fahreer gairh!* That's all over."

"Why, is he dead too?"

"Begorra, no—but the conthrairy to that. 'Twas his weddin' you seen passin' a minute agone."

"Is it the young *sogarth's?* *Musha,* bad end to you, man alive, an' spake out. Tell us how that happened? Sowl, it's a quare business, an' him was in Maynewth!"

"Faith, he was so; an' they say there wasn't a man in Maynewth able to tache him. But passin' that over—you see, the father, ould Denis—an', begorra, he was very bright too, till the son grewn up, an' drownded him wid the langridges—the father, you see, ould Denis himself, tuck a faver whin the son was near a year in the college, an' it proved too many for him. He died; an' whin young Dinny hard of it, the divil a one of him would stay any longer in Maynewth. He came home like a scarecrow, said he lost his health in it, an' refused to go back. Faith, it was a lucky thing that his father died beforehand, for it would break his heart. As it was, they had terrible work about it. But ould Denis is never dead while young Denis is livin'. Faix, he was as stiff as they wor stout, an' wouldn't give in; so, afther ever so much wranglin', he got the upper hand by tellin' them that he wasn't able to bear the college at all, an' that if he'd go back to it he'd soon folly his father."

"An' what turned him against the college? Was that thrue?"

"Thrue!—thrue indeed! The same youth was never at a loss for a piece of invintion whin it sarved him. No, the sarra word of thruth at all was in it. He soodhered an' palavered a daughter of Owen Connor's, Susy—all the daughther he has, indeed—before he wint to Maynewth at all, they say. She herself wasn't for marryin' him, in regard of a wow she had; but there's no doubt but he made her fond of him, for he has a tongue that ud make black white, or white black, for that matther. So, begorra, he got the wow taken off her by the bishop; she soon recovered her health, for she was dyin' for love of him, an'—you seen their weddin'. It ud be worth your while to go a day's journey to get a sight of her—she's allowed to be the purtiest girl that ever was in this part o' the counthry."

"Well! well! It's a quare world. An' is the family all agreeable to it now?"

"Hut! where was the use of houldin' out aginst him? I tell you, he'd make them agreeable to anything wanst he

tuck it into his head. Indeed, it's he that has the great larnin' all out! Why, now, you'd hardly b'lieve me when I tell you that he'd prove you to be an ass in three minutes—make it as plain as the sun. He would; an' often made an ass o' myself."

"Why, now that I look at you—aren't you Dan Murray's nephew?"

"Phadrick Murray, an' divil a one else, sure enough."

"How is your family, Phadrick? Why, man, you don't know your friends—my name's Cahill."

"Is it Andy Cahill of Phuldhu? Why thin, death alive, Andy, how is every bit of you? Andy, I'm regulatin' everything at this weddin', an' you must turn over your horse till we have a dhrop for ould times. Bless my sowl! sure, I'd know your brother round a corner; an' yourself, too, I ought to know, only that I didn't see you since you wor a slip of a *gorsoon*. Come away, man; sure, thim men o' yours can take care o' the cattle. You'll asily overtake thim."

"Throth, I don't care if I have a glass wid an ould friend. But I hope your whisky won't overtake me, Phadrick."

"The never a fear of it; your father's son has too good a head for that. Ough! man alive, if you could stay for the weddin'! Divil sich a let out ever was seen in the county widin the mimory of the ouldest man in it, as it 'ill be. Dinis is the boy that ud have the dacent thing or nothin'."

The grazier and Phadrick Murray then bent their steps to Owen Connor's house, where the wedding was held. It is unnecessary to say that Phadrick plied his new acquaintance to some purpose. Ere two hours had elapsed the latter had forgotten his bullocks as completely as if he had never had them, and his drovers were left to their own discretion in effecting their sale. As for Andy Cahill, like many other sapient Irishmen, he preferred his pleasure to his business, got drunk, and danced, and sung at Denis O'Shaughnessy's wedding, which we are bound to say was the longest, the most hospitable, and frolicsome that ever has been remembered in the parish from that day to the present.

PHELIM O'TOOLE'S COURTSHIP

PHELIM O'TOOLE, who had the honour of being that interesting personage, an only son, was heir to a snug estate of half an acre, which had been the family patrimony since the time of his grandfather, Tyrrell O'Toole, who won it from the *Sassenach* at the point of his reaping-hook, during a descent once made upon England by a body of *spalpeens*, in the month of August. This resolute little band was led on by Tyrrell, who, having secured about eight guineas by the excursion, returned to his own country with a coarse linen travelling-bag slung across his shoulder, a new hat in one hand, and a staff in the other. On reaching once more his native village of Teernarogarth, he immediately took half an acre, for which he paid a moderate rent in the shape of daily labour as a cottar. On this he resided until death, after which event he was succeeded by his son, Larry O'Toole, the father of the "purty boy" who is about to shine in the following pages.

Phelim's father and mother had been married near seven years without the happiness of a family. This to both was a great affliction. Sheelah O'Toole was melancholy from night to morning, and Larry was melancholy from morning to night. Their cottage was silent and solitary; the floor and furniture had not the appearance of any cottage in which Irish children are wont to amuse themselves. When they rose in the morning a miserable stillness prevailed around them; young voices were not heard—laughing eyes turned not on their parents—the melody of angry squabbles, as the urchins, in their parents' fancy, cuffed and scratched each other—half or wholly naked among the ashes in the morning, soothed not the yearning hearts of Larry and his wife. No, no; there was none of this. Morning passed in a quietness hard to be borne; noon arrived, but the dismal, dreary sense of childlessness hung upon the house of their hearts; night

again returned, only to add its darkness to that which overshadowed the sorrowful spirits of this disconsolate couple.

For the first two or three years they bore this privation with a strong confidence that it would not last. The heart, however, sometimes becomes tired of hoping, or unable to bear the burden of expectation, which time only renders heavier. They first began to fret and pine, then to murmur, and finally to recriminate.

Sheelah wished for children, "to have the crathurs to spake to," she said, "and comfort us when we'd get ould an' helpless."

Larry cared not, provided they had a son to inherit the "half acre." This was the burden of his wishes, for in all their altercations his closing observation usually was, "Well, but what's to become of the half acre?"

"What's to become of the half acre? *Arrah,* what do I care for the half acre? It's not that you ought to be thinkin' of, but the dismal poor house we have, wid not the laugh or schreech of a single *pastiah* in it from year's end to year's end."

"Well, Sheelah?"

"Well yourself, Larry? To the *diouol* I pitch your half acre, man."

"To the *diouol* you pitch—What do you fly at me for?"

"Who's flyin' at you? They'd have little tow on their rock that ud fly at you."

"You are flyin' at me; an' only you have a hard face you wouldn't do it."

"A hard face! Indeed it's well come over wid us, to be tould that by the likes o' you—ha!"

"No matther for that! You had betther keep a soft tongue in your head, an' a civil one, in the manetime. Why did the divil timpt you to take a fancy to me at all?"

"That's it—throw the *grah* an' love I once had for you in my teeth now. It's a manly thing for you to do, an' you may be proud of it. Dear knows it would be betther for me I had fell in consate wid any face but yours."

"I wish to goodness you had! I wouldn't be as I am to-day. There's that half acre——"

"To the *diouol,* I say, I pitch yourself an' your half acre!

Why do you be comin' acrass me wid your half acre? Eh? Why do you?"

"Come, now; don't be puttin' your hands agin your sides an' waggin' your impty head at me, like a rockin' stone."

"An' why do you be aggravatin' at me wid your half acre?"

"Bekase I have a good right to do it. What'll become of it when I d——"

"That for you an' it, you poor excuse!"

"When I di——"

"That for you an' it, I say! That for you an' it, you atomy!"

"What will become of my half acre when I die? Did you hear that?"

"You ought to think of what'll become of yourself when you die—that's what you ought to think of; but little it troubles you, you sinful reprobate! Sure, the neighbours despises you."

"That's a falsity. But they know the life I lade wid you. The edge of your tongue's well known. They pity me for bein' joined to the likes of you. Your bad tongue's all you're good for."

"Aren't you afeard to be flyin' in the face o' Providence the way you are? an' to be ladin' me sich a heart-scalded life for no rason?"

"It's your own story you're tellin'. Sure, I haven't a day's pace wid you, or ever had these three years. But wait till next harvest, an' if I'm spared I'll go to England. Whin I do, I've a consate in my head that you'll never see my face agin."

"Oh, you know that's an' ould story wid you. Many a time you threatened us wid that afore. Who knows but you'd be dhrownded on your way, an' thin we'd get another husband."

"An' be these blessed tongs I'll do it afore I'm much ouldher!"

"An' lave me here to starve an' sthruggle by myself! Desart me like a villain, to poverty an' hardship! Marciful Mother of Heaven, look down upon me this day! but I'm the ill-thrated an' ill-used poor crathur, by a man that I don't, an' never did, desarve it from! An' all in regard that that 'half acre' must go to strangers! Och! oh!"

"Ay! now take to the cryin'—do; rock yourself over the ashes, an' wipe your eyes wid the corner of your apron; but I say agin, what's to become of the half acre?"

"Oh, God forgive you, Larry! That's the worst I say to you, you poor half-dead blackguard!"

"Why do you massacray me wid your tongue as you do?"

"Go an—go an. I won't make you an answer, you atomy! That's what I'll do. The heavens above turn your heart this day, and give me strinth to bear my throubles an' heart-burnin', sweet Queen o' Consolation! Or take me into the arms of Parodies, sooner nor be as I am, wid a poor baste of a villain, that I never turn my tongue on, barrin' to tell him the kind of a man he is, the blackguard!"

"You're betther than you desarve to be!"

To this Sheelah made no further reply; on the contrary, she sat smoking her pipe with a significant silence, that was only broken by an occasional groan, an ejaculation, or a singularly devout upturning of the eyes to heaven, accompanied by a shake of the head, at once condemnatory and philosophical, indicative of her dissent from what he said, as well as of her patience in bearing it.

Larry, however, usually proceeded to combat all her gestures by *viva voce* argument: for every shake of her head he had an appropriate answer, but without being able to move her from the obstinate silence she maintained. Having thus the field to himself, and feeling rather annoyed by the want of an antagonist, he argued on in the same form of dispute; whilst she, after first calming her own spirit by the composing effects of the pipe, usually cut him short with—

"Here, take a blast o' this; maybe it'll settle you."

This was received in silence. The good man smoked on, and every puff appeared as an evaporation of his anger. In due time he was as placid as herself; drew his breath in a grave, composed manner; laid his pipe quietly on the hob, and went about his business as if nothing had occurred between them.

These bickerings were strictly private, with the exception of some disclosures made to Sheelah's mother and sisters. Even these were thrown out rather as insinuations that all was not right, than as direct assertions that they lived unhappily. Before strangers they were perfect turtles.

Larry, according to the notices of his life furnished by Sheelah, was "as good a husband as ever broke the world's bread;" and Sheelah "was as good a poor man's wife as ever threw a gown over her shoulders." Notwithstanding all this caution, their little quarrels took wind, their unhappiness became known. Larry, in consequence of a failing he had, was the cause of this. He happened to be one of those men who can conceal nothing when in a state of intoxication. Whenever he indulged in liquor too freely, the veil which discretion had drawn over their recriminations was put aside, and a dolorous history of their weaknesses, doubts, hopes, and wishes most unscrupulously given to every person on whom the complainant could fasten. When sober he had no recollection of this, so that many a conversation of cross-purposes took place between him and his neighbours with reference to the state of his domestic inquietude and their want of children.

One day a poor mendicant came in at dinner-hour, and stood as if to solicit alms. It is customary in Ireland when any person of that description appears during meal-times, to make him wait until the meal is over, after which he is supplied with the fragments. No sooner had the *boccagh*—as a certain class of beggars is termed—advanced past the jamb than he was desired to sit until the dinner should be concluded. Meantime, with the tact of an adept in his calling, he began to ingratiate himself with Larry and his wife; and after sounding the simple couple upon their private history, he discovered that want of children was the occasion of their unhappiness.

"Well, good people," said the pilgrim, after listening to a dismal story on the subject, "don't be cast down, sure, whether or not. There's a holy well that I can direct yees to in the county ——. Any one, wid trust in the saint that's over it, who'll make a pilgrimage to it on the patthern day, won't be the worse for it. When you go there," he added, "jist turn to a lucky stone that's at the side of the well, say a rosary before it, and at the end of every dicken (decade) kiss it once, ache of you. Then you're to go round the well nine times upon your bare knees, sayin' your pathers and aves all the time. When that's over, lave a ribbon or a bit of your dress behind you, or somethin' by way of an offerin', thin go

into a tent an' refresh yourselves, an', for that matther, take a dance or two; come home, live happily, an' trust to the holy saint for the rest."

A gleam of newly awakened hope might be discovered lurking in the eyes of this simple pair, who felt those natural yearnings of heart incident to such as are without offspring.

They looked forward with deep anxiety to the anniversary of the patron saint; and when it arrived, none certainly who attended it felt a more absorbing interest in the success of the pilgrimage than they did.

The days on which these pilgrimages are performed at such places are called pattern or patron days. The journey to holy wells or holy lakes is termed a pilgrimage, or more commonly a station. It is sometimes enjoined by the priest as an act of penance, and sometimes undertaken voluntarily as a devotional work of great merit in the sight of God. The crowds in many places amount to from five hundred to a thousand, and often to two, three, four, or ten thousand people.

These stations have, for the most part, been placed in situations remarkable for wild and savage grandeur, or for soft, exquisite, and generally solitary beauty. They may be found on the high and rugged mountain-top, or sunk in the bottom of some still and lonely glen, far removed from the ceaseless din of the world. Immediately beside them, or close in their vicinity, stand the ruins of, probably, a picturesque old abbey, or perhaps a modern chapel. The appearance of these grey, ivy-covered walls is strongly calculated to stir up in the minds of the people the memory of bygone times, when their religion, with its imposing solemnities, was the religion of the land.

Let the reader, in order to understand the situation of the place we are describing, imagine to himself a stupendous cliff overhanging a green glen, into which tumbles a silver stream down a height of two or three hundred feet. At the bottom of this rock, a few yards from the basin formed by the cascade, in a sunless nook, was a well of cool, delicious water. This was the "holy well," out of which issued a slender stream that joined the rivulet formed by the cascade. On the shrubs which grew out of the crag-cliffs around it might be seen innumerable rags bleached by the weather out of their original

colour, small wooden crosses, locks of human hair, buttons, and other substitutes for property—poverty allowing the people to offer it only by fictitious emblems. Lower down in the glen, on the river's bank, was a smooth green, admirably adapted for the dance, which, notwithstanding the religious rites, is the heart and soul of a patron.

On that morning a vast influx of persons, male and female, old and young, married and single, crowded eagerly towards the well. Among them might be noticed the blind, the lame, the paralytic, and such as were afflicted with various other diseases; nor were those good men who had no offspring to be omitted. The mendicant, the pilgrim, the *boccagh*, together with every other description of impostors remarkable for attending such places, were the first on the ground, all busy in their respective vocations. The highways, the fields, and the *boreens*, or bridle-roads, were filled with living streams of people pressing forward to this great scene of fun and religion. The devotees could in general be distinguished from the country folks by their pharisaical and penitential visages, as well as by their not wearing shoes, for the stations to such places were formerly made with bare feet—most persons now, however, content themselves with stripping off their shoes and stockings on coming within the precincts of the holy ground. Human beings are not the only description of animals that perform pilgrimages to holy wells and blessed lakes. Cows, horses, and sheep are made to go through their duties, either by way of prevention or cure of the diseases incident to them. This is not to be wondered at when it is known that every domestic animal has its patron saint, to whom its owner may at any time pray on its behalf.

When the crowd was collected, nothing in the shape of an assembly could surpass it in the originality of its appearance. In the glen were constructed a number of tents, where whisky and refreshments might be had in abundance. Every tent had a fiddler or a piper; many two of them. From the top of a pole that ran up from the roof of each tent was suspended the symbol by which the owner of it was known by his friends and acquaintances. Here swung a salt herring or a turf, there a shillelah, in a third place a shoe, in a fourth place a wisp of hay, in a fifth an old hat, and so on with the rest.

The tents stood at a short distance from the scene of devotion at the well, but not so far as to prevent the spectator from both seeing and hearing what went on in each. Around the well, on bare knees, moved a body of people, thickly wedged together, some praying, some screaming, some excoriating their neighbours' shins, and others dragging them out of their way by the hair of the head. Exclamations of pain from the sick or lame, thumping oaths in Irish, recriminations in broken English, and prayers in bog Latin, all rose at once to the ears of the patron saint, who, we are inclined to think—could he have heard or seen his worshippers—would have disclaimed them altogether.

"For the sake of the Holy Virgin, keep your sharp elbows out o' my ribs."

"My blessin' an you, young man, and don't be lanin' an me, i' you plase!"

"*Damnho sheery orth, a rogarah Ruah!* what do you mane? Is it my back you're breakin'?"

"Hell purshue you, you ould sinner! can't you keep the spike of your crutch out o' my stomach? If you love me tell me so; but, by the livin' farmer, I'll take no such hints as that!"

"I'm a pilgrim, an' don't break my leg upon the rock, an' my blessin' an you!"

"Oh, murdher *sheery!* my poor child 'ill be smodhered!"

"My heart's curse an you! is it the ould cripple you're thrampin' over?"

"Here, Barny, blood alive, give this purty young girl a lift, your sowl, or she'll be undhermost!"

"'Och, 'twas on a Christmas mornin'
That Jeeroosillim was born in,
The Holy Land——'

Oh, my neck's broke!—the curse—Oh! I'm kilt fairly, so I am! The curse o' Cromwell an you, an' hould away——

'The Holy Land adornin',
All by the Baltic Say.
Three angels on a station,
All in deep meditation,
Wor takin' raycrayation,
All by the——'

Contints o' the book, if you don't hould away, I say agin, an' let me go an wid my *rann*, it'll be worse for you !—

'Wor takin' raycrayation,
All by the Baltic Say ! ! '"

"Help the ould woman there."

"Queen o' patriots, pray for us ! St. Abraham—Go to the divil, you *bosthoon ;* is it crushin' my sore leg you are ?—St. Abraham pray for us ! St. Isinglass, pray for us ! St. Jonathan—*Musha,* I wisht you wor in America, honest man, instid o' twistin' my arm like a gad !—St. Jonathan, pray for us ! Holy Nineveh, look down upon us wid compression an' resolution this day ! Blessed Jerooslim, throw down compuncture an' meditation upon us Christyeens assembled here afore you to offer up our sins ! Oh, grant us, blessed Catasthrophy, the holy virtues of timptation and solitude, through the improvement an' accommodation of St. Kolumbkill ! To him I offer up this button, a bit o' the waistband o' my own breeches, an' a taste of my wife's petticoat, in remimbrance of us havin' made this holy station ; an' may they rise up in glory to prove it for us at the last day ! Amin ! "

Such was the character of the prayers and ejaculations which issued from the lips of the motley group that scrambled, and crushed, and screamed on their knees around the well. In the midst of this ignorance and absurdity there were visible, however, many instances of apparent piety, goodness of heart, and simplicity of character. From such you could hear neither oath nor exclamation. They complied with the usages of the place modestly and attentively ; though not insensible, at the same time, to the strong disgust which the general conduct of those who were both superstitious and wicked was calculated to excite. A little from the well, just where its waters mingled with those of the cascade, men and women might be seen washing the blood off their knees, and dipping such parts of their body as were afflicted with local complaints into the stream. This part of the ceremony was anything but agreeable to the eye. Most of those who went round the well drank its waters ; and several of them filled flasks and bottles with it, which they

brought home for the benefit of such members of their family as could not attend in person.

Whilst all this went forward at the well, scenes of a different kind were enacted lower down among the tents. No sooner had the penitents got the difficult rites of the station over than they were off to the whisky; and decidedly, after the grinding of their bare knees upon the hard rock—after the pushing, crushing, and exhaustion of bodily strength which they had been forced to undergo—we say that the comforts and refreshments to be had in the tents were very seasonable. Here the dancing, shouting, singing, courting, drinking, and fighting formed one wild uproar of noise that was perfectly astounding. The leading boys and the prettiest girls of the parish were all present, partaking in the rustic revelry. Tipsy men were staggering in every direction, fiddles were playing, pipes were squeaking, men were rushing in detached bodies to some fight, women were doctoring the heads of such as had been beaten, and factions were collecting their friends for a fresh battle. Here you might see a grove of shillelahs up, and hear the crash of the onset; and in another place, the heads of the dancing parties bobbing up and down in brisk motion among the crowd that surrounded them. The pilgrim, having now gone through his station, stood hemmed in by a circle of those who wanted to purchase his beads or his scapulars. The ballad-singer had his own mob, from among whom his voice might be heard rising in its purest tones to the praise of

> "Brave O'Connell, the Liberathur,
> An' great Salvathur of Ireland's Isle!"

As evening approached, the whisky brought out the senseless prejudices of parties and factions in a manner quite consonant to the habits of the people. Those who, in deciding their private quarrels, had in the early part of the day beat and abused each other, now united as the subordinate branches of a greater party for the purpose of opposing in one general body some other hostile faction. These fights are usually commenced by a challenge from one party to another, in which a person from the opposite side is simply

and often very good-humouredly invited to assert that "black is the white of his enemy's eye," or to touch the old coat which he is pleased to trail after him between the two opposing powers. This characteristic challenge is soon accepted; the knocking down and yelling are heard; stones fly, and every available weapon is pressed into the service on both sides. In this manner the battle proceeds, until, probably, a life or two is lost. Bones, too, are savagely broken, and blood copiously spilled, by men who scarcely know the remote cause of the enmity between the parties.

Such is a hasty sketch of the Pattern, as it is called in Ireland, at which Larry and Sheelah duly performed their station. We, for our parts, should be sorry to see the innocent pastimes of a people abolished; but surely customs which perpetuate scenes of profligacy and crime should not be suffered to stain the pure and holy character of religion.

It is scarcely necessary to inform our readers that Larry O'Toole and Sheelah complied with every rite of the station. To kiss the "Lucky Stone," however, was their principal duty. Larry gave it a particularly honest smack, and Sheelah impressed it with all the ardour of a devotee. Having refreshed themselves in the tent, they returned home, and in somewhat less than a year from that period found themselves the happy parents of an heir to the half acre, no less a personage than young Phelim, who was called after St. Phelim, the patron of the "Lucky Stone."

The reader perceives that Phelim was born under particularly auspicious influence. His face was the herald of affection everywhere. From the moment of his birth Larry and Sheelah were seldom known to have a dispute. Their whole future life was, with few exceptions, one unchanging honeymoon. Had Phelim been deficient in comeliness, it would have mattered not a *crona bawn.* Phelim, on the contrary, promised to be a beauty; both his parents thought it, felt it, asserted it; and who had a better right to be acquainted, as Larry said, "wid the outs an' ins, the ups an' downs, of his face, the darlin' swaddy?"

For the first ten years of his life Phelim could not be said to owe the tailor much; nor could the covering which he wore be, without more antiquarian lore than we can give to

it, exactly classed under any particular term by which the various parts of human dress are known. He himself, like some of our great poets, was externally well acquainted with the elements. The sun and he were particularly intimate; wind and rain were his brothers, and frost also distantly related to him. With mud he was hand and glove, and not a bog in the parish, or a quagmire in the neighbourhood, but sprung up under Phelim's tread, and threw him forward with the brisk vibration of an old acquaintance. Touching his dress, however, in the early part of life, if he was clothed with nothing else, he was clothed with mystery. Some assert that a cast-off pair of his father's nether garments might be seen upon him each Sunday, the wrong side foremost, in accommodation with some economy of his mother's, who thought it safest, in consequence of his habits, to join them in this inverted way to a cape which he wore on his shoulders. We ourselves have seen one who saw another who saw Phelim in a pair of stockings which covered him from his knee-pans to his haunches, where, in the absence of waistbands, they made a pause—a breach existing from that to the small of his back. The person who saw all this affirmed, at the same time, that there was a dearth of cloth about the skirts of the integument which stood him instead of a coat. He bore no bad resemblance, he said, to a moulting fowl, with scanty feathers, running before a gale in the farmyard.

Phelim's want of dress in his merely boyish years being, in a great measure, the national costume of some hundred thousand young Hibernians in his rank of life, deserves a still more particular notice. His infancy we pass over; but from the period at which he did *not* enter into small-clothes, he might be seen every Sunday morning, or on some important festival, issuing from his father's mansion, with a piece of old cloth tied about him from the middle to the knees, leaving a pair of legs visible that were mottled over with characters which would, if found on an Egyptian pillar, put an antiquary to the necessity of constructing a new alphabet to decipher them. This or the inverted breeches, with his father's flannel waistcoat, or an old coat that swept the ground at least two feet behind him, constituted his state dress. On week days he threw off this finery, and contented himself, if the season

were summer, with appearing in a dun-coloured shirt, which resembled a noun-substantive, for it could stand alone. The absence of soap and water is sometimes used as a substitute for milling linen among the lower Irish; and so effectually had Phelim's single change been milled in this manner, that, when disenshirting at night, he usually laid it standing at his bedside, where it reminded one of frosted linen in everything but whiteness.

This, with but little variation, was Phelim's dress until his tenth year. Long before that, however, he evinced those powers of attraction which constituted so remarkable a feature in his character. He won all hearts—the chickens and ducks were devotedly attached to him; the cow, which the family always intended to buy, was in the habit of licking Phelim in his dreams; the two goats, which they actually did buy, treated him like one of themselves. Among the first and last he spent a great deal of his early life; for as the floor of his father's house was but a continuation of the dunghill, or the dunghill a continuation of the floor, we know not rightly which, he had a larger scope and a more unsavoury pool than usual for amusement. Their dunghill, indeed, was the finest of its size and kind to be seen; quite a tasteful thing, and so convenient that he could lay himself down at the hearth and roll out to its foot, after which he ascended it on his legs with all the elasticity of a young poet triumphantly climbing Parnassus.

One of the greatest wants which Phelim experienced in his young days was the want of a capacious pocket. We insinuate nothing; because with respect to his agility in climbing fruit-trees, it was only a species of exercise to which he was addicted—the eating and carrying away of the fruit being merely incidental, or probably the result of abstraction, which, as every one knows, proves what is termed "the absence of genius." In these ambitious exploits, however, there is no denying that he often bitterly regretted the want of a pocket; and in connection with this we have only to add that most of his solitary walks were taken about orchards and gardens, the contents of which he has been seen to contemplate with interest. This, to be sure, might proceed from a provident regard to health, for it is a well-known fact

that he has frequently returned home in the evenings distended like a boa constrictor after a gorge; yet no person was ever able to come at the cause of his inflation. There were, to be sure, suspicions abroad, and it was mostly found that depredations in some neighbouring orchard or garden had been committed a little before the periods in which it was supposed the distension took place. We mention these things, after the example of those "d——d good-natured" biographers who write great men's lives of late, only for the purpose of showing that there could be no truth in such suspicions. Phelim, we assure an enlightened public, was voraciously fond of fruit; he was frequently inflated, too, after the manner of those who indulge therein to excess—fruit was always missed immediately after the periods of his distension, so that it was impossible he could have been concerned in the depredations then made upon the neighbouring orchards. In addition to this we would beg modestly to add that the pomonian temperament is incompatible with the other qualities for which he was famous. His parents were too ignorant of those little eccentricities, which, had they known them, would have opened up a correct view of the splendid materials for village greatness which he possessed, and which probably were nipped in their bud for the want of a pocket to his breeches, or rather by the want of breeches to his pocket, for such was the wayward energy of his disposition that he ultimately succeeded in getting the latter, though it certainly often failed him to procure the breeches. In fact, it was a misfortune to him that he was the son of his father and mother at all. Had he been a second Melchizedec, and got into breeches in time, the virtues which circumstances suppressed in his heart might have flourished like cauliflowers, though the world would have lost all the advantages arising from the splendour of his talents at going naked.

Another fact, in justice to his character, must not be omitted. His penchant for fruit was generally known; but few persons, at the period we are describing, were at all aware that a love of whisky lurked as a predominant trait in his character, to be brought out at a future era in his life.

Before Phelim reached his tenth year he and his parents had commenced hostilities. Many were their efforts to subdue

some peculiarities of his temper which then began to appear. Phelim, however, being an only son, possessed high vantage-ground. Along with other small matters which he was in the habit of picking up, might be reckoned a readiness at swearing. Several other things also made their appearance in his parents' cottage, for whose presence there, except through his instrumentality, they found it rather difficult to account. Spades, shovels, rakes, tubs, frying-pans, and many other articles of domestic use were transferred, as if by magic, to Larry's cabin.

As Larry and his wife were both honest, these things were of course restored to their owners the moment they could be ascertained. Still, although this honest couple's integrity was known, there were many significant looks turned upon Phelim, and many spirited prophecies uttered with especial reference to him, all of which hinted at the probability of his dying something in the shape of a perpendicular death. This habit, then, of adding to their furniture was one cause of the hostility between him and his parents—we say one, for there were at least a good round dozen besides. His touch, for instance, was fatal to crockery; he stripped his father's Sunday clothes of their buttons with great secrecy and skill; he was a dead shot at the panes of his neighbours' windows; a perfect necromancer at sucking eggs through pin-holes; took great delight in calling home the neighbouring farmers' workmen to dinner an hour before it was ready; and was, in fact, a perfect master in many other ingenious manifestations of character ere he reached his twelfth year.

Now it was about this period that the smallpox made its appearance in the village. Indescribable was the dismay of Phelim's parents lest he among others might become a victim to it. Vaccination had not then surmounted the prejudices with which every discovery beneficial to mankind is at first met; and the people were left principally to the imposture of quacks, or the cunning of certain persons called "fairy men" or "sonsie" women. Nothing remained now but that this formidable disease should be met by all the power and resources of superstition. The first thing the mother did was to get a gospel consecrated by the priest, for the purpose of guarding Phelim against evil. What is termed a gospel, and

worn as a kind of charm about the person, is simply a slip of paper on which are written by the priest the first few verses of the Gospel of St. John. This, however, being worn for no specific purpose, was incapable of satisfying the honest woman. Superstition had its own peculiar remedy for the smallpox, and Sheelah was resolved to apply it. Accordingly she borrowed a neighbour's ass, drove it home, with Phelim, however, on its back, took the interesting youth by the nape of the neck, and in the name of the Trinity shoved him three times under it and three times over it. She then put a bit of bread into its mouth, until the ass had mumbled it a little, after which she gave the savoury morsel to Phelim as a *bonne bouche*. This was one preventive against the smallpox; but another was to be tried.

She next clipped off the extremities of Phelim's elf-locks, tied them in linen that was never bleached, and hung them beside the gospel about his neck. This was her second cure; but there was still a third to be applied. She got the largest onion possible, which, having cut it into nine parts, she hung from the roof-tree of the cabin, having first put the separated parts together. It is supposed that this has the power of drawing infection of any kind to itself. It is permitted to remain untouched until the disease has passed from the neighbourhood, when it is buried as far down in the earth as a single man can dig. This was a third cure; but there was still a fourth. She borrowed ten asses' halters from her neighbours, who, on hearing that they were for Phelim's use, felt particular pleasure in obliging her. Having procured these, she pointed them one by one at Phelim's neck, until the number nine was completed. The tenth she put on him, and with the end of it in her hand, led him like an ass, nine mornings before sunrise, to a south-running stream, which he was obliged to cross. On doing this, two conditions were to be fulfilled on the part of Phelim: he was bound, in the first place, to keep his mouth filled, during the ceremony, with a certain fluid which must be nameless; in the next, to be silent from the moment he left home until his return.

Sheelah, having satisfied herself that everything calculated to save her darling from the smallpox was done, felt considerably relieved, and hoped that, whoever might be

infected, Phelim would escape. On the morning when the last journey to the river had been completed, she despatched him home with the halters. Phelim, however, wended his way to a little hazel copse below the house, where he deliberately twined the halters together, and erected a swing-swang, with which he amused himself till hunger brought him to his dinner.

"Phelim, you idle thief, what kep' you away till now?"

"Oh, mudher, mudher, gi' me a piece o' *arran*" (bread).

"Why, here's the praties done for your dinner. What kep' you?"

"Oh, begorra, it's well you ever see me at all, so it is?"

"Why," said his father, "what happened you?"

"Oh, bedad, a terrible thing all out. As I was crassin' Dunroe Hill, I thramped on hungry grass.[1] First I didn't know what kem over me, I got so wake; and every step I wint 'twas waker an' waker I was growin', till at long last down I dhrops, and couldn't move hand or fut. I dunna how long I lay there, so I don't; but, anyhow, who should be *sthreelin'* acrass the hill but an ould *boccagh*.

"'My *bouchaleen dhas*,' says he, 'you're in a bad state I find. You've thramped upon Dunroe hungry grass, an' only for somethin' it's a *prabeen* you'd be afore ever you'd see home. Can you spake at all?' says he.

"'Oh, murdher,' says I, 'I b'lieve not.'

"'Well, here,' says the *boccagh*, 'open your purty *gob*, an' take in a thrifle of this male, an' you'll soon be stout enough.' Well, to be sure, it bates the world! I had hardly tasted the male, whin I found myself as well as ever; bekase, you know, mudher, that's the cure for it. 'Now,' says the *boccagh*, 'this is the spot the fairies planted their hungry grass an, so you'll know it agin when you see it. What's your name?' says he.

"'Phelim O'Toole,' says I.

"'Well,' says he, 'go home an' tell your father an' mother to offer up a prayer to St. Phelim, your namesake, in regard

[1] This refers to a superstition (which Carleton has illustrated in another story) of the people, who believe that grass which fairies have chosen affects the mortals who walk on it with a feeling of excessive hunger.

that only for him you'd be a *corp* before any relief would a come near you—or, at any rate, wid the fairies.'"

The father and mother, although with a thousand proofs before them that Phelim, so long as he could at all contrive a lie, would never speak truth, yet were so blind to his well-known propensity that they always believed the lie to be truth until they discovered it to be a falsehood. When he related a story, for instance, which carried not only improbability, but impossibility, on the face of it, they never questioned his veracity. The neighbours, to be sure, were vexed and nettled at the obstinacy of their credulity, especially on reflecting that they were as sceptical in giving credence to the narrative of any other person as all rational people ought to be. The manner of training up Phelim, and Phelim's method of governing them, had become a by-word in the village. "Take a sthraw to him, like Sheelah O'Toole," was often ironically said to mothers remarkable for mischievous indulgence to their children.

The following day proved that no charm could protect Phelim from the smallpox. Every symptom of that disease became quite evident; and the grief of his doting parents amounted to distraction. Neither of them could be declared perfectly sane; they knew not how to proceed—what regimen to adopt for him, nor what remedies to use. A week elapsed, but each succeeding day found him in a more dangerous state. At length, by the advice of some of the neighbours, an old crone called "Sonsie Mary" was called in to administer relief through the medium of certain powers which were thought to be derived from something holy and also supernatural. She brought a mysterious bottle, of which he was to take every third spoonful three times a day; it was to be administered by the hand of a young girl of virgin innocence, who was also to breathe three times down his throat, holding his nostrils closed with her fingers. The father and mother were to repeat a certain number of prayers, to promise against swearing, and to kiss the hearthstone nine times—the one turned north, and the other south. All these ceremonies were performed with care, but Phelim's malady appeared to set them at defiance; and the old crone would have lost her character in consequence, were it not that

Larry, on the day of the cure, after having promised not to swear, let fly an oath at a hen whose cackling disturbed Phelim. This saved her character, and threw Larry and Sheelah into fresh despair.

They had nothing now for it but the "fairy man," to whom, despite the awful mystery of his character, they resolved to apply rather than see their only son taken from them for ever. Larry proceeded without delay to the wise man's residence, after putting a small phial of holy water in his pocket to protect himself from fairy influence. The house in which this person lived was admirably in accordance with his mysterious character. One gable of it was formed by the mound of a fairy *rath,* against which the cabin stood endwise. Within a mile there was no other building; the country around it was a sheep-walk, green, and beautifully interspersed with two or three solitary glens, in one of which might be seen a cave, that was said to communicate under ground with the *rath.* A ridge of high-peaked mountains ran above it, whose evening shadow, in consequence of their form, fell down on each side of the *rath,* without obscuring its precincts. It lay south; and such was the power of superstition, that during summer the district in which it stood was thought to be covered with a light and silence decidedly supernatural. In spring it was the first to be in verdure, and in autumn the last. Nay, in winter itself the *rath* and the adjoining valleys never ceased to be green. These circumstances were not attributed to the nature of the soil, to its southern situation, nor to the fact of its being pasture-land, but simply to the power of the fairies, who were supposed to keep its verdure fresh for their own revels.

When Larry entered the house, which had an air of comfort and snugness beyond the common, a tall thin pike of a man, about sixty years of age, stood before him. He wore a brown greatcoat that fell far short of his knees; his small-clothes were closely fitted to thighs not thicker than hand telescopes; on his legs were drawn grey woollen stockings, rolled up about six inches over his small-clothes; his head was covered by a bay bobwig, on which was a little round hat, with the edge of the leaf turned up in every direction. His face was short and sallow, his chin peaked, his nose small

and turned up. If we add to this a pair of skeleton-like hands and arms projecting about eight inches beyond the sleeves of his coat, two fiery-ferret eyes, and a long, small hollow wand higher than himself, we have the outline of this singular figure.

"God save you, nabour," said Larry.

"Save you, save you, nabour," he replied, without pronouncing the name of the deity.

"This is a thryin' time," said Larry, "to them that has childher."

The fairy man fastened his red glittering eyes upon him with a sinister glance that occasioned Larry to feel rather uncomfortable.

"So you venthured to come to the fairy man?"

"It is about our son, an' he all we ha——"

"Whisht!" said the man, waving his hand with a commanding air. "Whisht! I wish you wor out o' this, for it's a bad time to be here. Listen! Listen! Do you hear nothing?"

Larry changed colour. "I do," he replied—"the Lord protect me! Is that them?"[1]

"What did you hear?" said the man.

"Why," returned the other, "I heard the bushes of the *rath* all movin', just as if a blast o' wind came among them!"

"Whisht!" said the fairy man, "they're here; you mustn't open your lips while you're in the house. I know what you want, an' we'll see your son. Do you hear anything more? If you do, lay your forefinger along your nose; but don't spake."

Larry heard, with astonishment, the music of a pair of bagpipes. The tune played was one which, according to a popular legend, was first played by Satan; it is called "Go to the Devil and Shake Yourself." To our own knowledge the peasantry in certain parts of Ireland refuse to sing it for the above reason. The mystery of the music was heightened, too, by the fact of its being played, as Larry thought, behind the gable of the cabin which stood against the side of the *rath*, out of which, indeed, it seemed to proceed.

[1] The fairies.

Larry laid his finger along his nose, as he had been desired; and this appearing to satisfy the fairy man, he waved his hand to the door, thus intimating that his visitor should depart; which he did immediately, but not without observing that this wild-looking being closed and bolted the door after him.

It is unnecessary to say that he was rather anxious to get off the premises of the good people; he therefore lost little time until he arrived at his own cabin; but judge of his wonder when, on entering it, he found the long-legged spectre awaiting his return.

"*Bonaght dhea orrin!*" he exclaimed, starting back; "the blessin' o' God be upon us! Is it here before me you are?"

"Hould your tongue, man," said the other, with a smile of mysterious triumph. "Is it that you wondher at? Ha, ha! That's little of it!"

"But how did you know my name? or who I was? or where I lived at all? Heaven protect us! it's beyant belief, clane out."

"Hould your tongue," replied the man; "don't be axin' me anything o' the kind. Clear out, both of yees, till I begin my *pisthrogues* wid the sick child. Clear out, I say."

With some degree of apprehension Larry and Sheelah left the house as they had been ordered, and the fairy man, having pulled out a flask of *poteen,* administered a dose of it to Phelim; and never yet did patient receive his medicine with such a relish: he licked his lips, and fixed his eye upon it with a longing look.

"Begorra," said he, "that's fine stuff entirely. Will you lave me the bottle?"

"No," said the fairy man; "but I'll call an' give you a little of it wanst a day."

"Ay, do," replied Phelim; "the divil a fear o' me if I get enough of it. I hope I'll see you often."

The fairy man kept his word; so that what with his bottle, a hardy constitution, and light bedclothes, Phelim got the upper hand of his malady. In a month he was again on his legs; but, alas! his complexion, though not changed to deformity, was woefully out of joint. His principal blemish, in addition to the usual marks left by this com-

plaint, consisted in a drooping of his left eyelid, which gave to his whole face a cast highly ludicrous.

When Phelim felt thoroughly recovered, he claimed a pair of "leather crackers," a hareskin cap, and a coat, with a pertinacity which kept the worthy couple in a state of inquietude until they complied with his importunity. Henceforth he began to have everything his own way. His parents, sufficiently thankful that he was spared to them, resolved to thwart him no more.

"It's well we have him at all," said his mother; "sure, if we hadn't him, we'd be breakin' our hearts, and sayin', if it ud plase God to send him back to us, that we'd be happy even wid givin' him his own way."

"They say it breaks their strinth, too," replied his father, "to be crubbin' them in too much, an' snappin' at thim for every hand's turn; an' I'm sure it does too."

"Doesn't he become the pock-marks well, the crathur?" said the mother.

"Become!" said the father—"but doesn't the droop in his eye set him off all to pieces!"

"Ay," observed the mother; "an' how the crathur went round among all the neighbours to show them the 'leather crackers'! To see his little pride out o' the hareskin cap, too, wid the hare's ears stickin' out of his temples—that, an' the droopin' eye undher them, makes him look so cunnin' an' ginteel that one can't help havin' their heart fixed upon him."

"He'd look betther still if that ould coat wasn't sweepin' the ground behind him; an' what ud you think to put a pair o' *martyeens* on his legs to hide the mazles? He might go anywhere thin."

"Throth, he might. But, Larry, what in the world wide could be in the fairy man's bottle that Phelim took sich a likin' for it? He tould me this mornin' that he'd suffer to have the pock agin, set in case he was cured wid the same bottle."

"Well, the heaven be praised, anyhow, that we have a son for the half acre, Sheelah."

"Amin! An' let us take good care of him, now that he's spared to us."

Phelim's appetite after his recovery was anything but a joke to his father. He was now seldom at home, except during meal-times; wherever fun or novelty was to be found, Phelim was present. He became a regular attendant upon all the sportsmen. To such he made himself very useful by his correct knowledge of the best covers for game and the best pools for fish. He was acquainted with every rood of land in the parish; knew with astonishing accuracy where coveys were to be sprung and hares started. No hunt was without him; such was his wind and speed of foot that to follow a chase, and keep up with the horsemen, was to him only a matter of sport. When daylight passed, night presented him with amusements suitable to itself. No wake, for instance, could escape him; a dance without young Phelim O'Toole would have been a thing worthy to be remembered. He was zealously devoted to cock-fighting; on Shrove-Tuesday he shouted loudest among the crowd that attended the sport of throwing at cocks tied to a stake; football and hurling never occurred without him; bull-baiting, for it was common in his youth, was luxury to him; and ere he reached fourteen every one knew Phelim O'Toole as an adept at card-playing. Wherever a sheep, a leg of mutton, a dozen of bread, or a bottle of whisky was put up in a shebeen-house, to be played for by the country gamblers at the five and ten, or spoiled five, Phelim always took a hand, and was generally successful. On these occasions he was frequently charged with an over-refined dexterity; but Phelim usually swore, in vindication of his own innocence, until he got black in the face, as the phrase among such characters goes.

The reader is to consider him now about fifteen, a stout, overgrown, unwashed cub. His parents' anxiety that he should grow strong prevented them from training him to any kind of employment. He was eternally going about in quest of diversion; and wherever a knot of idlers was to be found, there was Phelim. He had, up to this period, never wore a shoe, nor a single article of dress that had been made for himself, with the exception of one or two pair of sheepskin small-clothes. In this way he passed his time, bare-legged, without shoes, clothed in an old coat much too large for him, his neck open, and his sooty locks covered with the hareskin

cap, the ears, as usual, sticking out above his brows. Much of his time was spent in setting the idle boys of the village to fight, and in carrying lying challenges from one to another. He himself was seldom without a broken head or a black eye; for, in Ireland, he who is known to be fond of quarrelling, as the people say, usually "gets enough an' lavins of it." Larry and Sheelah, thinking it now high time that something should be done with Phelim, thought it necessary to give him some share of education. Phelim opposed this bitterly as an unjustifiable encroachment upon his personal liberty; but by bribing him with the first and only suit of clothes he had yet got, they at length succeeded in prevailing on him to go.

The school to which he was sent happened to be kept in what is called an Inside Kiln. This kind of kiln is usually —but less so now than formerly—annexed to respectable farmers' outhouses, to which, in agricultural districts, it forms a very necessary appendage. It also serves at the same time as a barn, the kiln-pot being sunk in the shape of an inverted cone at one end, but divided from the barn-floor by a wall about three feet high. From this wall beams run across the kiln-pot, over which, in a transverse direction, are laid a number of rafters like the joists of a loft, but not fastened. These ribs are covered with straw, over which again is spread a winnow cloth to keep the grain from being lost. The fire is sunk on a level with the bottom of the kiln-pot—that is, about eight or ten feet below the floor of the barn. The descent to it is by stairs formed at the side wall. We have been thus minute in describing it because, as the reader will presently perceive, the feats of Phelim render it necessary.

On the first day of his entering the school he presented himself with a black eye; and as his character was well known to both master and scholars, the former felt no hesitation in giving him a wholesome lecture upon the subject of his future conduct. For at least a year before this time he had gained the nickname of "Blessed Phelim," and "Bouncing," epithets bestowed on him by an ironical allusion to his patron saint and his own habits.

"So, Blessed Phelim," said the master, "you are coming to school!! Well, well! I only say that miracles will never cease. *Arrah,* Phelim, will you tell us candidly—ah—I beg

your pardon—I mean, will you tell us the best lie you can coin upon the cause of your coming to imbibe moral and literary knowledge? Silence, boys, till we hear Blessed Phelim's lie."

"You must hear it, masther," said Phelim. "I'm comin' to larn to read an' write."

"Bravo! By the bones of Prosodius, I expected a lie, but not such a thumper as that. And you're comin' wid a black eye to prove it! A black eye, Phelim, is the blackguard's coat-of-arms; and to do you justice, you are seldom widout your crest."

For a few days Phelim attended the school, but learned not a letter. The master usually sent him to be taught by the youngest lads, with a hope of being able to excite a proper spirit of pride and emulation in a mind that required some extraordinary impulse. One day he called him up to ascertain what progress he had actually made; the unsuspecting teacher sat at the time upon the wall which separated the barn-floor from the kiln-pot, with his legs dangling at some distance from the ground. It was summer, and the rafters used in drying the grain had been removed. On finding that Blessed Phelim, notwithstanding all the lessons he had received, was still in a state of the purest ignorance, he lost his temper, and brought him over between his knees, that he might give him an occasional cuff for his idleness. The lesson went on, and the master's thumps were thickening about Phelim's ears, much to the worthy youth's displeasure.

"Phelim," said the master, "I'll invert you as a scarecrow for dunces. I'll lay you against the wall, with your head down and your heels up, like a forked carrot."

"But how will you manage that?" said Phelim. "What ud I be doin' in the manetime?"

"I'll find a way to manage it," said the master.

"To put my head down an' my heels up, is id?" inquired Phelim.

"You've said it, my worthy," returned his teacher.

"If you don't know the way," replied the pupil, "I'll show you," getting his shoulder under the master's leg, and pitching him heels over head into the kiln-pot. He instantly seized his cap, and ran out of the school, highly delighted at

his feat, leaving the scholars to render the master whatever assistance was necessary. The poor man was not dangerously hurt; but in addition to a broken arm, he received half a dozen severe contusions on the head and in different parts of the body.

This closed Phelim's education; for no persuasion could ever induce him to enter a school afterwards; nor could any temptation prevail on the neighbouring teachers to admit him as a pupil.

Phelim now shot up rapidly to the stature of a young man; and a graceful slip was he. From the period of fifteen until nineteen he was industriously employed in idleness. About sixteen he began to look after the girls, and to carry a cudgel. The father in vain attempted to inoculate him with a love of labour; but Phelim would not receive the infection. His life was a pleasanter one. Sometimes, indeed, when he wanted money to treat the girls at fairs and markets, he would prevail on himself to labour a week or fortnight with some neighbouring farmer; but the moment he had earned as much as he deemed sufficient, the spade was thrown aside. Phelim knew all the fiddlers and pipers in the barony; was master of the ceremonies at every wake and dance that occurred within several miles of him. He was a crack dancer, and never attended a dance without performing a hornpipe on a door or a table. No man could shuffle, or treble, or cut, or spring, or caper with him. Indeed, it was said that he could dance "Moll Roe" upon the end of a five-gallon keg, and snuff a mould candle with his heels, yet never lose the time. The father and mother were exceedingly proud of Phelim. The former, when he found him grown up, and associating with young men, began to feel a kind of ambition in being permitted to join Phelim and his companions, and to look upon the society of his own son as a privilege. With the girls Phelim was a beauty without paint. They thought every wake truly a scene of sorrow if he did not happen to be present. Every dance was doleful without him. Phelim wore his hat on one side, with a knowing but careless air; he carried his cudgel with a good-humoured dashing spirit, precisely in accordance with the character of a man who did not care a *traneen* whether he drank with you

as a friend, or fought with you as a foe. Never were such songs heard as Phelim could sing, nor such a voice as that with which he sang them. His attitudes and action were inimitable. The droop in his eye was a standing wink at the girls; and when he sang his funny songs, with what practised ease he gave the darlings a roguish chuck under the chin! Then his jokes! "Why, faix," as the fair ones often said of him, "before Phelim speaks at all, one laughs at what he says." This was fact. His very appearance at a wake, dance, or drinking match was hailed by a peal of mirth. This heightened his humour exceedingly; for say what you will, laughter is to wit what air is to fire—the one dies without the other.

Let no one talk of beauty being on the surface. This is a popular error, and no one but a superficial fellow would defend it. Among ten thousand you could not get a more unfavourable surface than Phelim's. His face resembled the rough side of a colander,[1] or, as he was often told in raillery, "you might grate potatoes on it." The lid of his right eye, as the reader knows, was like the lid of a salt-box, always closed; and when he risked a wink with the left, it certainly gave him the look of a man shutting out the world and retiring into himself for the purpose of self-examination. No, no; beauty is in the mind, in the soul; otherwise Phelim never could have been such a prodigy of comeliness among the girls. This was the distinction the fair sex drew in his favour. "Phelim," they would say, "is not purty, but he's very comely." "Bad end to the one of him but would stale a pig off a tether wid his winnin' ways." And so he would too, without much hesitation, for it was not the first time he had stolen his father's.

From nineteen until the close of his minority, Phelim became a distinguished man in fairs and markets. He was, in fact, the hero of the parish; but unfortunately he seldom knew on the morning of the fair-day the name of the party or faction on whose side he was to fight. This was merely a matter of priority, for whoever happened to give him the first treat uniformly secured him. The reason of this pliability

[1] Sometimes called cullender.

on his part was that Phelim, being every person's friend by his good-nature, was nobody's foe except for the day. He fought for fun and whisky. When he happened to drub some companion or acquaintance on the opposite side, he was ever ready to express his regret at the circumstance, and abused them heartily for not having treated him first.

Phelim was also a great Ribbonman; and from the time he became initiated into the system, his eyes were wonderfully opened to the oppressions of the country. Sessions, decrees, and warrants he looked upon as gross abuses; assizes, too, by which so many of his friends were put to some inconvenience, he considered as the result of Protestant ascendency —cancers that ought to be cut out of the constitution. Bailiffs, drivers, tithe-proctors, tax-gatherers, policemen, and parsons he thought were vermin that ought to be compelled to emigrate to a much warmer country than Ireland.

There was no such hand in the country as Phelim at an *alibi.* Just give him the outline—a few leading particulars of the fact—and he would work wonders. One would think, indeed, that he had been born for that especial purpose; for as he was never known to utter a syllable of truth but once, when he had a design in not being believed, so there was no risk of a lawyer getting truth out of him. No man was ever afflicted with such convenient maladies as Phelim; even his sprains, toothaches, and colics seemed to have entered into the Whiteboy system. But, indeed, the very diseases in Ireland are seditious. Many a time has a toothache come in to aid Paddy in obstructing the course of justice, and a colic been guilty of misprision of treason. Irish deaths, too, are very disloyal, and frequently at variance with the laws. Nor are our births much better; for although more legitimate than those of our English neighbours, yet they are in general more illegal. Phelim, in proving his *alibis,* proved all these positions. On one occasion "he slep' at the prisoner's house, and couldn't close his eye with a thief of a toothache that parsecuted him the whole night;" so that, in consequence of having the toothache, it was impossible that the prisoner could leave the house without his knowledge.

Again, the prisoner at the bar could not possibly have shot the deceased, "bekase Mickey slep' that very night at

Phelim's, an' Phelim, bein' ill o' the colic, never slep' at all durin' the whole night; an', by the vartue of his oath, the poor boy couldn't go out o' the house unknownst to him. If he had, Phelim would a seen him, sure."

Again, "Paddy Cummisky's wife tuck ill of a young one, an' Phelim was sent for to bring the midwife; but afore he kem to Paddy's or hard o' the thing at all, the prisoner, arly in the night, comin' to sit a while wid Paddy, went for the midwife instead o' Phelim, an' thin they sot up an' had a sup in regard of the 'casion, an' the prisoner never left them at all that night until the next mornin'. An' by the same a-token, he remimbered Paddy Cummisky barrin' the door, an' shuttin' the windies, bekase it's not lucky to have them open, for 'fraid that the fairies ud throw their *pishthrogues* upon the young one, an' it not christened."

Phelim was certainly an accomplished youth. As an alibist, however, his career was, like that of all alibists, a short one. The fact was, that his face soon became familiar to the court and the lawyers, so that his name and appearance were ultimately rather hazardous to the cause of his friends.

Phelim, on other occasions, when summoned as evidence against his well-wishers or brother Ribbonmen, usually forgot his English, and gave his testimony by an interpreter. Nothing could equal his ignorance and want of common capacity during these trials. His face was as free from every visible trace of meaning as if he had been born an idiot. No block was ever more impenetrable than he.

"What is the noble gintleman sayin'?" he would ask in Irish; and on having that explained, he would inquire, "What is that?" then demand a fresh explanation of the last one, and so on successively, until he was given up in despair.

Sometimes, in cases of a capital nature, Phelim, with the consent of his friends, would come forward and make disclosures, in order to have them put upon their trial and acquitted, lest an approver, or some one earnestly disposed to prosecute, might appear against them. Now the *alibi* and its usual accompaniments are all of old standing in Ireland; but the master-stroke to which we have alluded is a modern invention. Phelim would bear evidence against them; and

whilst the Government—for it was mostly in Government prosecutions he adventured this—believed they had ample grounds for conviction in his disclosures, it little suspected that the whole matter was a plan to defeat itself. In accordance with his design, he gave such evidence upon the table as rendered conviction hopeless. His great object was to damn his own character as a witness, and to make such blunders, premeditated slips, and admissions, as just left him within an inch of a prosecution for perjury. Having succeeded in acquitting his friends, he was content to withdraw amid a volley of pretended execrations, leaving the attorney-general, with all his legal knowledge, outwitted and foiled.

All Phelim's accomplishments, however, were nothing when compared to his gallantry. With personal disadvantages which would condemn any other man to old bachelorship, he was nevertheless the white-headed boy among the girls. He himself was conscious of this, and made his attacks upon their hearts indiscriminately. If he met an unmarried female only for five minutes, be she old or ugly, young or handsome, he devoted at least four minutes and three-quarters to the tender passion—made love to her with an earnestness that would deceive a saint, backed all his protestations with a superfluity of round oaths, and drew such a picture of her beauty as might suit the houries of Mahomet's paradise.

Phelim and his father were great associates. No two agreed better. They went to fairs and markets together, got drunk together, and returned home with their arms about each other's neck in the most loving and affectionate manner. Larry, if Phelim were too modest to speak for himself, seldom met a young girl without laying siege to her for the son. He descanted upon his good qualities, glossed over his defects, and drew deeply upon invention in his behalf. Sheelah, on the other hand, was an eloquent advocate for him. She had her eye upon half a dozen of the village girls, to every one of whom she found something to say in Phelim's favour.

But it is time the action of our story should commence. When Phelim had reached his twenty-fifth year the father thought it was high time for him to marry. The good man had, of course, his own motives for this. In the first place, Phelim, with all his gallantry and cleverness, had never

contributed a shilling either towards his own support or that of the family. In the second place, he was never likely to do so. In the third place, the father found him a bad companion; for, in good truth, he had corrupted the good man's morals so evidently that his character was now little better than that of his son. In the fourth place, he never thought of Phelim that he did not see a gallows in the distance; and matrimony, he thought, might save him from hanging, as one poison neutralises another. In the fifth place, the half acre was but a shabby patch to meet the exigencies of the family since Phelim grew up. "Bouncing Phelim," as he was called for more reasons than one, had the gift of good digestion along with his other accomplishments, and with such energy was it exercised that the "half acre" was frequently in hazard of leaving the family altogether. The father therefore felt quite willing, if Phelim married, to leave him the inheritance, and seek a new settlement for himself. Or if Phelim preferred leaving him, he agreed to give him one-half of it, together with an equal division of all his earthly goods: to wit—two goats, of which Phelim was to get one; six hens and a cock, of which Phelim was to get three hens and the chance of a toss-up for the cock; four stools, of which Phelim was to get two; two pots—a large one and a small one—the former to go with Phelim; three horn spoons, of which Phelim was to get one and the chance of a toss-up for the third. Phelim was to bring his own bed, provided he did not prefer getting a bottle of fresh straw as a connubial luxury. The blanket was a tender subject; for having been fourteen years in employment, it entangled the father and Phelim touching the prudence of the latter claiming it all. The son was at length compelled to give it up, at least in the character of an appendage to his marriage property. He feared that the wife, should he not be able to replace it by a new one, or should she herself not be able to bring him one as part of her dowry, would find the honeymoon rather lively. Phelim's bedstead admitted of no dispute, the floor of the cabin having served him in that capacity ever since he began to sleep in a separate bed. His pillow was his small-clothes, and his quilt his own coat, under which he slept snugly enough.

The father having proposed, and the son acceded to, these arrangements, the next thing to be done was to pitch upon a proper girl as his wife. This, being a more important matter, was thus discussed by the father and son one evening at their own fireside, in the presence of Sheelah.

"Now, Phelim," said the father, "look about you, an' tell us what girl in the neighbourhood you'd like to be married to."

"Why," replied Phelim, "I'll lave that to you; jist point out the girl you'd like for your daughther-in-law, an' be she rich, poor, ould, or ugly, I'll delude her. That's the chat."

"Ah, Phelim, if you could put your *comedher* an Gracey Dalton, you'd be a made boy. She has the full of a rabbit-skin o' guineas."

"A made boy! Faith, they say I'm that as it is, you know. But would you wish me to put my *comedher* on Gracey Dalton? Spake out."

"To be sure I would."

"Ay," observed the mother; "or what ud you think of Miss Pattherson? That ud be the girl. She has a fine farm and five hundher pounds. She's a Protestant, but Phelim could make a Christian of her."

"To be sure I could," said Phelim, "have her thumpin' her breast and countin' her *Padareens* in no time. Would you wish me to have her, mudher?"

"Throth an' I would, *avick*."

"That ud never do," observed the father. "Sure, you don't think she'd ever think of the likes o' Phelim?"

"Don't make a goose of yourself, ould man," observed Phelim. "Do you think, if I set about it, that I'd not manufacture her senses as asy as I'd peel a piatee."

"Well, well," replied the father, "in the name o' goodness make up to her. Faith, it ud be something to have a jauntin'-car in the family."

"Ay, but what the sorra will I do for a suit o' clothes," observed Phelim. "I could never go near her in these breeches. My elbows, too, are out o' this ould coat, bad luck to it! An' as for a waistcoat, why, I dunna but it's a sin to call what I'm wearin' a waistcoat at all. Thin agin—why, blood alive, sure I can't go to her barefooted; an' I dunna but it ud be dacenter to do that same than to step

out in sich excuses for brogues as these. An' in regard o' the stockins, why, I've pulled them down, sthrivin' to look dacent, till one ud think the balls o' my legs is at my heels."

"The sorra word's in that but thruth, anyhow," observed the father; "but what's to be done?—for we have no way of gettin' them."

"Faith, I don't know that," said Phelim. "What if we'd borry? I could get the loan of a pair of breeches from Dudley Dwire, an' a coat from Sam Appleton. We might thry Billy Brady for a waistcoat an' a pair o' stockins. Barny Buckram-back, the pinsioner, ud lend me his pumps; an' we want nothing now but a hat."

"Nothin' undher a Caroline ud do, goin' there," observed the father.

"I think Father Carroll ud oblage me wid the loan o' one for a day or two," said Phelim; "he has two or three o' them, all as good as ever."

"But, Phelim," said the father, "before we go to all this trouble, are you sure you could put your *comedher* on Miss Pattherson?"

"None o' your nonsense," said Phelim; "don't you know I could? I hate a man to be puttin' questions to me when he knows them himself. It's a fashion you have got, an' you ought to dhrop it."

"Well, thin," said the father, "let us set about it to-morrow. If we can borry the clo'es, thry your luck."

Phelim and the father, the next morning, set out, each in a different direction, to see how far they could succeed on the borrowing system. The father was to make a descent on Dudley Dwire for the breeches, and appeal to the generosity of Sam Appleton for the coat. Phelim himself was to lay his case before the priest, and to assail Buckram-back, the pensioner, on his way home for the brogues.

When Phelim arrived at the priest's house, he found none of the family up but the housekeeper. After bidding her good-morrow, and being desired to sit down, he entered into conversation with the good woman, who felt anxious to know the scandal of the whole parish.

"Aren't you a son of Larry Toole's, young man?"

"I am, indeed, Mrs. Doran. I'm Phelim O'Toole, my mother says."

"I hope you're comin' to spake to the priest about your duty?"

"Why, then, begorra, I'm glad you axed me, so I am—for only you seen the pinance in my face, you'd never suppose sich a thing. I want to make my confishion to him, wid the help o' goodness."

"Is there any news goin', Phelim?"

"Divil a much, barrin' what you hard yourself, I suppose, about Frank Fogarty, that went mad yestherday, for risin' the meal on the poor, an' ate the ears off himself afore anybody could see him."

"*Vick na hoia,* Phelim; do you tell me so?"

"Why, man o' Moses! is it possible you did not hear it, ma'am?"

"Oh, *wurrah,* man alive, not a syllable! Ate the ears off of himself! Phelim, *acushla,* see what it is to be hard an the poor!"

"Oh, he was ever an' always the biggest nager livin', ma'am. Ay, an' when he was tied up till a blessed priest ud be brought to *malivogue* the divil out of him, he got a scythe an' cut his own two hands off."

"No, thin, Phelim."

"Faitha, ma'am, sure enough. I suppose, ma'am, you hard about Biddy Duignan?"

"Who is she, Phelim?"

"Why, the misfortunate crathur's a daughter of her father's, ould Mick Duignan, of Tavenimore."

"An' what about her, Phelim? What happened her?"

"Faix, ma'am, a bit of a mistake she met wid; but, anyhow, ould Harry Connolly's to stand in the chapel nine Sundays, an' to make three stations to Lough Derg for it. Bedad, they say it's as purty a crathur as you'd see in a day's thravellin'."

"Harry Connolly! Why, I know Harry, but I never heard of Biddy Duignan or her father at all. Harry Connolly! Is it a man that's bent over his staff for the last twenty years? Hut, tut, Phelim, don't say sich a thing!"

"Why, ma'am, sure he takes wid it himself; he doesn't deny it at all, the ould sinner."

"Oh, that I mayn't sin, Phelim, if one knows who to thrust in this world, so they don't. Why, the desateful ould —Hut, Phelim, I can't give in to it."

"Faix, ma'am, no wondher; but sure, when he confesses it himself! Bedad, Mrs. Doran, I never seen you look so well. Upon my sowl, you'd take the shine out o' the youngest o' thim!"

"Is it me, Phelim? Why, you're beside yourself."

"Beside myself, am I? Faith, an' if I am, what I said's thruth, anyhow. I'd give more nor I'll name to have so red a pair of cheeks as you have. Sowl, they're thumpers."

"Ha, ha, ha! Oh, that I mayn't sin, but that's a good joke! An ould woman, near sixty!"

"Now, Mrs. Doran, that's nonsense, an' nothing else. Near sixty? Oh, by my purty, that's runnin' away wid the story entirely! No, nor thirty. Faith, I know them that's not more nor five or six an' twenty, that ud be glad to borry the loan of your face for a while. Divil a word o' lie in that."

"No, no, Phelim, *aroon;* I seen the day; but that's past. I remimber when the people did say I was worth lookin' at. Won't you sit near the fire? You're in the dhraft there."

"Thank you kindly, ma'am. Faith, you have the name, far an' near, for bein' the civillist woman alive this day. But, upon my sowl, if you wor ten times as civil, an' say that you're not aquil to any young girl in the parish, I'd dispute it wid you, an' say it was nothin' else than a bounce."

"*Arrah,* Phelim darlin', how can you palaver me that way? I hope your dacent father's well, Phelim, an' your honest mother?"

"Divil a fear o' them. Now, I'd hould nine to one that the purtiest o' them hasn't a sweeter mout' than you have. By dad you have—by dad you have a pair o' lips, God bless them, that—well, well——"

Phelim here ogled her with looks particularly wistful.

"Phelim, you're losin' the little senses you had."

"Faix, an' it's you that's taken them out o' me, then. A purty woman always makes a fool o' me. Divil a word o' lie in it. Faix, Mrs. Doran, ma'am, you have a chin o' your own! Well, well! Oh, begorra, I wish I hadn't come out this mornin', anyhow!"

"*Arrah,* why, Phelim? In throth it's you that's the quare Phelim!"

"Why, ma'am—Oh, bedad, it's a folly to talk. I can't go widout tastin' them. Sich a pair o' timptations as your lips, barrin' your eyes, I didn't see this many a day."

"Tastin' what, you mad crathur?"

"Why, I'll show you what I'd like to be afther tastin'. Oh, bedad, I'll have no refusin'; a purty woman always makes a foo——"

"Keep away, Phelim—keep off—bad end to you. What do you mane? Don't you see Fool Art lyin' in the corner there undher the sacks? I don't think he's asleep."

"Fool Art! why, the misfortunate idiot, what about him? Sure, he hasn't sinse to know the right hand from the left. Bedad, ma'am, the thruth is that a purty woman always makes a——"

"Throth an' you won't," said she, struggling.

"Throth an' I will, thin, taste the same lips, or we'll see who's strongest!"

A good-humoured struggle took place between the housekeeper and Phelim, who found her, in point of personal strength, very near a match for him. She laughed heartily, but Phelim attempted to salute her with a face of mock gravity as nearly resembling that of a serious man as he could assume. In the meantime, chairs were overturned and wooden dishes trundled about; a crash was heard here, and another there. Phelim drove her to the hob, and from the hob they bounced into the fire, the embers and ashes of which were kicked up into a cloud about them.

"Phelim, spare your strinth," said the funny housekeeper; "it won't do. Be asy now, or I'll get angry. The priest, too, will hear the noise, and so will Fool Art."

"To the divil wid Fool Art, an' the priest, too," said Phelim; "who cares a buckey[1] about the priest whin a purty woman like you is consarn——"

"What's this?" said the priest, stepping down from the parlour—"what's the matter? Oh, oh, upon my word, Mrs. Doran! Very good, indeed! Under my own roof, too! An'

[1] A small marble.

pray, ma'am, who is the gallant? Turn round, young man. Yes, I see! Why, better and better! Bouncing Phelim O'Toole, that never spoke truth! I think, Mr. O'Toole, that when you come a-courting, you ought to consider it worth while to appear somewhat more smooth in your habiliments. I simply venture to give that as my opinion."

"Why, sure enough," replied Phelim, without a moment's hesitation, "your reverence has found us out."

"Found you out! Why, is that the tone you speak in?"

"Faith, sir, thruth's best. I wanted her to tell it to you long ago, but she wouldn't. Howsomever, it's still time enough. Hem!—the thruth, sir, is that Mrs. Doran an' I is goin' to get the words said as soon as we can; so, sir, wid the help o' goodness I came to see if your reverence ud call us next Sunday wid a blessin'."

Mrs. Doran had for at least a dozen round years before this been in a state of hopelessness upon the subject of matrimony —nothing in the shape of a proposal having in the course of that period come in her way. Now we have Addison's authority for affirming that an old woman who permits the thoughts of love to get into her head becomes a very odd kind of animal. Mrs. Doran, to do her justice, had not thought of it for nearly three lustres; for this reason, that she had so far overcome her vanity as to deem it impossible that a proposal could be ever made to her. It is difficult, however, to know what a day may bring forth. Here was an offer dropping like a ripe plum into her mouth. She turned the matter over in her mind with a quickness equal to that of Phelim himself. One leading thought struck her forcibly: if she refused to close with this offer, she would never get another.

"Is it come to this, Mrs. Doran?" inquired the priest.

"Oh, bedad, sir, she knows it is," replied Phelim, giving her a wink with the safe eye.

Now Mrs. Doran began to have her suspicions. The wink she considered as decidedly ominous. Phelim, she concluded with all the sagacity of a woman thinking upon that subject, had winked at her to assent only for the purpose of getting themselves out of the scrape for the present. She feared that Phelim would be apt to break off the match, and take

some opportunity, before Sunday should arrive, of preventing the priest from calling them. Her decision, however, was soon made. She resolved, if possible, to pin down Phelim to his own proposal.

"Is this true, Mrs. Doran?" inquired the priest a second time.

Mrs. Doran could not, with any regard to the delicacy of her sex, give an assent without proper emotion. She accordingly applied her gown-tail to her eyes, and shed a few natural tears in reply to the affecting query of the pastor.

Phelim, in the meantime, began to feel mystified. Whether Mrs. Doran's tears were a proof that she was disposed to take the matter seriously, or whether they were tears of shame and vexation for having been caught in the character of a romping old hoyden, he could not then exactly decide. He had, however, awful misgivings upon the subject.

"Then," said the priest, "it is to be understood that I'm to call you both on Sunday?"

"There's no use in keepin' it back from you," replied Mrs. Doran. "I know it's foolish of me; but we have all our failins, and to be fond of Phelim, there, is mine. Your reverence *is* to call us next Sunday, as Phelim tould you. I am sure I can't tell you how he deluded me at all, the desaver o' the world!"

Phelim's face during this acknowledgment was, like Goldsmith's Haunch of Venison, "a subject for painters to study." His eyes projected like a hare's, until nothing could be seen but the balls. Even the drooping lid raised itself up, as if it were never to droop again.

"Well," said the priest, "I shall certainly not use a single argument to prevent you. Your choice, I must say, does you credit, particularly when it is remembered that you have come at least to years of discretion. Indeed, many persons might affirm that you have gone beyond them; but I say nothing. In the meantime your wishes must be complied with. I will certainly call Phelim O'Toole and Bridget Doran on Sunday next; and one thing I know, that we shall have a very merry congregation."

Phelim's eyes turned upon the priest and the old woman alternately with an air of bewilderment which, had the

priest been a man of much observation, might have attracted his attention.

"Oh, murdher alive, Mrs. Doran," said Phelim, "how am I to do for clothes? Faith, I'd like to appear dacent in the thing, anyhow."

"True," said the priest. "Have you made no provision for smoothing the externals of your admirer? Is he to appear in this trim?"

"Bedad, sir," said Phelim, "we never thought o' that. All the world knows, your reverence, that I might carry my purse in my eye an' never feel a mote in it. But the thruth is, sir, she was so lively on the subject—in a kind of pleasant, coaxin' hurry of her own—an' indeed I was so myself too. Augh, Mrs. Doran! Begorra, sir, she put her *comedher* an me entirely, so she did. Well, be my sowl, I'll be the flower of a husband to her, anyhow. I hope your reverence 'ill come to the christ'nin'? But about the clo'es?—bad luck saize the tack I have to put to my back but what you see an me, if we were to be married to-morrow."

"Well, Phelim, *aroon*," said Mrs. Doran, "his reverence here has my little pences o' money in his hands, an' the best way is for you to get the price of a suit from him. You must get clo'es, an' good ones too, Phelim, sooner nor any stop should be put to our marriage."

"Augh, Mrs. Doran," said Phelim, ogling her from the safe eye with a tender suavity of manner that did honour to his heart; "begorra, ma'am, you've played the puck entirely wid me. Faith, I'm getting fonder an' fonder of her every minute, your reverence."

He set his eye, as he uttered this, so sweetly and significantly upon the old housekeeper that the priest thought it a transgression of decorum in his presence.

"I think," said he, "you had better keep your melting looks to yourself, Phelim. Restrain your gallantry, if you please, at least until I withdraw."

"Why, blood alive! sir, when people's fond of one another it's hard to keep the love down. Augh, Mrs. Doran!—faith, you've rendhered my heart like a lump o' tallow."

"Follow me to the parlour," said the priest, "and let me

know, Bridget, what sum I am to give this melting gallant of yours."

"I may as well get what'll do the weddin' at wanst," observed Phelim. "It'll save throuble, in the first place; an' sackinly, it'll save time; for, plase goodness, I'll have everything ready for houldin' the weddin' the Monday afther the last call. By the hole o' my coat, the minute I get the clo'es we'll be spliced, an' then for the honeymoon!"

"How much money shall I give him?" said the priest.

"Indeed, sir, I think you ought to know that; I'm ignorant of what ud make a dacent weddin'. We don't intend to get marrid undher a hedge; we've frinds on both sides, an' of coorse we must have them about us, plase goodness."

"Begorra, sir, it's no wondher I'm fond of her, the darlin'! Bad win to you, Mrs. Doran, how did you come over me at all?"

"Bridget," said the priest, "I have asked you a simple question, to which I expect a plain answer. What money am I to give this tallow-hearted swain of yours?"

"Why, your reverence, whatsomever you think may be enough for full, an' plinty, an' dacency at the weddin'."

"Not forgettin' the thatch for me, in the manetime," said Phelim. "Nothin' less will sarve us, plase your reverence. Maybe, sir, you'd think of comin' to the weddin' yourself?"

"There are in my hands," observed the priest, "one hundred and twenty-two guineas of your money, Bridget. Here, Phelim, are ten for your wedding suit and wedding expenses. Go to your wedding? No! don't suppose for a moment that I countenance this transaction in the slightest degree. I comply with your wishes, but I heartily despise you both—but certainly this foolish old woman most. Give me an acknowledgment for this, Phelim."

"God bless you, sir!" said Phelim, as if he had paid them a compliment. "In regard o' the acknowledgment, sir, I acknowledge it wid all my heart; but bad luck to the scrape at all I can write."

"Well, no matter. You admit, Bridget, that I give this money to this blessed youth by your authority and consent."

"Surely, your reverence; I'll never go back of it."

"Now, Phelim," said the priest, "you have the money; pray get married as soon as possible."

"I'll give you my oath," said Phelim; "an' be the blessed iron tongs in the grate there, I'll not lose a day in getting myself spliced. Isn't she the tendher-hearted sowl, your reverence? Augh, Mrs. Doran!"

"Leave my place," said the priest. "I cannot forget the old proverb, that one fool makes many, but an old fool is worse than any. So it is with this old woman."

"Ould woman! Oh, thin, I'm sure I don't desarve this from your reverence!" exclaimed the housekeeper, wiping her eyes. "If I'm a little seasoned now, you know I wasn't always so. If ever there was a faithful sarvant, I was that, and managed your house and place as honestly as I'll manage my own, plase goodness."

As they left the parlour Phelim became the consoler.

"Whisht, you darlin'!" he exclaimed. "Sure, you'll have Bouncin' Phelim to comfort you. But now that he has shut the door, what—hem—I'd take it as a piece o' civility if you'd open my eyes a little; I mane—hem—was it—is this doin' him—or how? Are you—hem—do you undherstand me, Mrs. Doran?"

"What is it you want to know, Phelim? I think everything is very plain."

"Oh, the divil a plainer, I suppose. But, in the manetime, might one ax, out o' mere curiosity, if you're in arnest?"

"In arnest! *Arrah*, what did I give you my money for, Phelim? Well, now that everything is settled, God forgive you if you make a bad husband to me."

"A bad what?"

"I say, God forgive you if you make a bad husband to me. I'm afeard, Phelim, that I'll be too foolish about you—that I'll be too fond of you."

Phelim looked at her in solemn silence, and then replied: "Let us trust in God that you may be enabled to overcome the weakness. Pray to Him to avoid all folly, an', above everything, to give you a dacent stock of discration, for it's a mighty fine thing for a woman of your yea——hem, a mighty fine thing it is, indeed, for a sasoned woman, as you say you are."

"When will the weddin' take place, Phelim?"

"The what?" said Phelim, opening his brisk eye with a fresh stare of dismay.

"Why, the weddin', *acushla*. When will it take place? I think the Monday afther the last call ud be the best time. We wouldn't lose a day thin. Throth, I long to hear my last call over, Phelim, jewel."

Phelim gave her another look.

"The last call! Thin, by the vestment, you don't long half as much for your last call as I do."

"*Arrah*, Phelim, did you take the—the—what you wor wantin' a while agone? Throth, myself disremimbers."

"Ay, a round dozen o' them. How can you forget it?"

The idiot in the corner here gave a loud snore, but composed himself to sleep, as if insensible to all that passed.

"Throth, an' I do forget it. Now, Phelim, you'll not go till you take a cup o' tay wid myself. Throth, I do forget it, Phelim darlin', jewel."

Phelim's face now assumed a very queer expression. He twisted his features into all possible directions; brought his mouth first round to one ear and then to the other; put his hand, as if in great pain, on the pit of his stomach; lifted one knee up till it almost touched his chin, then let it down, and instantly brought up the other in a similar manner.

"Phelim darlin', what ails you?" inquired the tender old nymph. "*Wurrah*, man alive, aren't you well?"

"Oh, be the vestment," said Phelim, "what's this at all! Murdher *sheery*, what'll I do! Oh, I'm very bad! At death's door, so I am! Begorra, Mrs. Doran, I must be off!"

"*Wurrah*, Phelim dear, won't you stop till we settle everything?"

"Oh, purshuin' to the hap'orth I can settle till I recover o' this murdherin' colic! All's asthray wid me in the inside. I'll see you—I'll see you—*Hanim un diouol!* what's this—I must be off like a shot—oh, murdher *sheery!*—but—but—I'll see you to-morrow. In the manetime, I'm—I'm for ever oblaged to you for—for—lendin' me the—loan of—oh, by the vestments, I'm a gone man!—for lendin' me the loan of the ten guineas—Oh, I'm gone!"

Phelim disappeared on uttering these words, and his strides

on passing out of the house were certainly more rapid and vigorous than those of a man labouring under pain. In fact, he never looked behind him until one-half the distance between the priest's house and his father's cabin had been fairly traversed.

Some misgivings occurred to the old housekeeper, but her vanity, having been revived by Phelim's blarney, would not permit her to listen to them. She had, besides, other motives to fortify her faith in his attachment. First, there was her money, a much larger sum than ever Phelim could expect with any other woman, young or old; again, they were to be called on the following Sunday, and she knew that when a marriage affair proceeds so far, obstruction or disappointment is not to be apprehended.

When Phelim reached home he found the father returned after having borrowed a full suit of clothes for him. Sam Appleton, on hearing from Larry that Bouncing Phelim was about to get a "great match," generously lent him coat, waistcoat, hat, and small-clothes.

When Phelim presented himself at home he scarcely replied to the queries put to him by his father and mother concerning his interview with the priest. He sat down, rubbed his hands, scratched his head, rose up, and walked to and fro, in a mood of mind so evidently between mirth and chagrin that his worthy parents knew not whether to be merry or miserable.

"Phelim," said the mother, "did you take anything while you wor away?"

"Did I take anything, is it? *Arrah,* be asy, old woman! Did I take anything? Faith, you may say that!"

"Let us know, anyhow, what's the matther wid you?" asked the father.

"Tare-an'-ounze!" exclaimed the son, "what is this for at all, at all? It's too killin' I am, so it is."

"You're not lookin' at Sam Appleton's clo'es," said the father, "that he lent you the loan of, hat an' all."

"Do you want to put an affront upon me, ould man? To the divil wid himself an' his clo'es! When I want clo'es I'll buy them wid my own money!"

"Larry," observed the mother, "there's yourself all over —as proud as a paycock when the sup's in his head, an' ud

spake as big widout the sign o' money in your pocket as if you had the rint of an estate."

"What do you say about the sign o' money?" exclaimed Phelim, with a swagger. "Maybe you'll call that the sign o' money!" he added, producing the ten guineas in gold.

The father and mother looked at it for a considerable time, then at each other, and shook their heads.

"Phelim!" said the father solemnly.

"Phelim!" said the mother awfully; and both shook their heads again.

"You wor never over-scrupulous," the father proceeded, "an' you know you have many little things to answer for, in the way of picking up what didn't belong to yourself. I think, too, you're not the same you wor afore you tuck to swearin' the *alibis*."

"Faith an' I doubt I'll have to get some one to swear an *alibi* for myself soon," Phelim replied.

"Why, blessed hour!" said Larry, "didn't I often tell you never to join the boys in anything that might turn out a hangin' matther?"

"If this is not a hangin' matther," said Phelim, "it's something nearly as bad—it's a marryin' matther. Sure, I deluded another since you seen me last. Divil a word o' lie in it. I was clane fell in love wid this mornin' about seven o'clock."

"But how did you get the money, Phelim?"

"Why, from the youthful sprig that fell in love wid me. Sure, we're to be 'called' in the chapel on Sunday next."

"Why, thin, now, Phelim! An' who is the young crathur? for in throth she must be young to go to give the money beforehand!"

"Murdher!" exclaimed Phelim, "what's this for? Hell purshue her, the ould rat-thrap! Was ever any one done as I am! Who is she? Why she's—oh, murdher, oh!—she's no other than—hem!—divil a one else than Father O'Hara's housekeeper, ould Biddy Doran!"

The mirth of the old couple was excessive. The father laughed till he fell off his stool, and the mother till the tears ran down her cheeks.

"Death alive, ould man! but you're very merry," said Phelim. "If you wor my age, an' in such an amplush, you'd

laugh on the wrong side o' your mouth. Maybe you'll turn your tune when you hear that she has a hundher an' twenty guineas."

"An' you'll be rich, too," said the father. "The sprig an' you will be rich!—ha, ha, ha!"

"An' the family they'll have!" said the mother, in convulsions.

"Why, in regard o' that," said Phelim, rather nettled, "sure, we can do as my father an' you did: we can kiss the Lucky Stone, an' make a station."

"Phelim, *aroon*," said the mother seriously, "put it out o' your head. Sure, you wouldn't go to bring me a daughter-in-law oulder nor myself?"

"I'd as soon go over,"[1] said Phelim, "or swing itself, before I'd marry sich a piece o' desate. Hard feedin' to her! how she did me to my face!"

Phelim then entered into a long-visaged detail of the scene at Father O'Hara's, dwelling bitterly on the alacrity with which the old housekeeper ensnared him in his own mesh.

"However," he concluded, "she'd be a sharp one if she'd do me altogether. We're not marrid yet; an' I've a consate o' my own that she's done for the ten guineas, anyhow!"

A family counsel was immediately held upon Phelim's matrimonial prospects. On coming close to the speculation of Miss Patterson, it was somehow voted, notwithstanding Phelim's powers of attraction, to be rather a discouraging one. Gracey Dalton was also given up. The matter was now serious, the time short, and Phelim's bounces touching his own fascinations with the sex in general were considerably abated. It was therefore resolved that he ought to avail himself of Sam Appleton's clothes until his own could be made. Sam, he said, would not press him for them immediately, inasmuch as he was under obligation to Phelim's silence upon some midnight excursions that he had made.

"Not," added Phelim, "but I'm as much, an' maybe more, in his power than he is in mine."

When breakfast was over, Phelim and the father, after having determined to "drink a bottle" that night in the

[1] A familiar term for "transportation."

family of a humble young woman, named Donovan, who, they all agreed, would make an excellent wife for him, rested upon their oars until evening. In the meantime Phelim sauntered about the village, as he was in the habit of doing, whilst the father kept the day as a holiday. We have never told our readers that Phelim was in love, because, in fact, we know not whether he was or not. Be this as it may, we simply inform them that in a little shed in the lower end of the village lived a person with whom Phelim was very intimate, called Foodle Flattery. He was, indeed, a man after Phelim's own heart, and Phelim was a boy after his. He maintained himself by riding country races; by handling, breeding, and feeding cocks; by fishing, poaching, and serving processes; and finally, by his knowledge as a cow-doctor and farrier—into the two last of which he had given Phelim some insight. We say the two last, for in most of the other accomplishments Phelim was fully his equal. Phelim frequently envied him his life. It was an idle, amusing, vagabond kind of existence, just such a one as he felt a relish for. This man had a daughter, rather well-looking; and it so happened that he and Phelim had frequently spent whole nights out together, no one knew on what employment. Into Flattery's house did Phelim saunter with something like an inclination to lay the events of the day before him, and to ask his advice upon his future prospects. On entering the cabin he was much surprised to find the daughter in a very melancholy mood; a circumstance which puzzled him not a little, as he knew that they lived very harmoniously together. Sally had been very useful to her father, and if fame did not belie her, was sometimes worthy Foodle's assistant in his nocturnal exploits. She was certainly reputed to be "light-handed"; an imputation which caused the young men of her acquaintance to avoid, in their casual conversations with her, any allusion to matrimony.

"Sally, *achora*," said Phelim, when he saw her in distress, "what's the fun? Where's your father?"

"Oh, Phelim," she replied, bursting into tears, "long runs the fox, but he's cotch at last. My father's in gaol."

Phelim's jaw dropped. "In gaol! *Chorp an diouol*, no!"

"It's thruth, Phelim. Curse upon this Whiteboy business; I wish it had never come into the counthry at all."

"Sally, I must see him; you know I must. But tell me how it happened. Was it at home he was taken?"

"No; he was taken this mornin' in the market. I was wid him sellin' some chickens. What'll you and Sam Appleton do, Phelim?"

"Uz! Why, what danger is there aither to Sam or me, you darlin'?"

"I'm sure, Phelim, I don't know; but he tould me that if I was provided for he'd be firm, an' take chance of his thrial. But he says, poor man, that it ud break his heart to be thransported, lavin' me behind him wid nobody to take care o' me. He says, too, if anything 'ud make him stag,[1] it's fear of the thrial goin' aginst himself; for, as he said to me, 'what ud become of you, Sally, if anything happened me?'"

A fresh flood of tears followed this disclosure, and Phelim's face, which was certainly destined to undergo on that day many variations of aspect, became remarkably blank.

"Sally, you insinivator, I'll hould a thousand guineas you'd never guess what brought me here to-day."

"*Arrah*, how could I, Phelim? To plan somethin' wid my fadher, maybe."

"No, but to plan somethin' wid yourself, you coaxin' jewel, you. Now tell me this—Would you marry a certain gay, roguish, well-built young fellow they call Bouncin' Phelim?"

"Phelim, don't be gettin' an wid your fun now, an' me in affliction. Sure, I know well you wouldn't throw yourself away on a poor girl like me, that has nothing but a good pair of hands to live by."

"Be my sowl, an' you live by them. Well, but set in case—supposin'—that same Bouncin' Phelim was willin' to make you mistress of the half acre, what ud you be sayin'?"

"Phelim, if a body thought you worn't jokin' them—Ah, the dickens go wid you, Phelim—this is more o' your thricks —But if it was thruth you wor spakin', Phelim?"

"It is thruth," said Phelim; "be the vestment, it's nothin'

[1] Inform.

else. Now, say yes or no; for if it's a thing that it's to be a match, you must go an' tell him that I'll marry you, an' he must be as firm as a rock. But see—Sally, by thim five crasses, it's not bekase your father's in I'm marryin' you at all. Sure, I'm in love wid you, *acushla!* Divil a lie in it. Now, yes or no?"

"Well—throth—to be sure—the sorra one, Phelim, but you have quare ways wid you. Now, are you downright in airnest?"

"Be the stool I'm sittin' on!"

"Well, in the name o' goodness, I'll go to my father an' let him know it. Poor man, it'll take the fear out of his heart. Now, can he depind on you, Phelim?"

"Why, all I can say is that we'll get ourselves called on Sunday next. Let himself, sure, send some one to autorise the priest to call us. An' now that all's settled, don't I desarve somethin'? Oh, begorra, surely."

"Behave, Phelim—oh—oh—Phelim, now—there, you've tuck it—och, the curse of the crows on you, see the way you have my hair down! There now, you broke my comb too. Throth, you're a wild slip, Phelim. I hope you won't be goin' on this a-way wid the girls when you get married."

"Is it me, you coaxer? No; faith, I'll wear a pair of winkers, for 'fraid o' lookin' at them at all. Oh, begorra, no, Sally; I'll lave that to the great people. Sure, they say, the devil a differ they make at all."

"Go off now, Phelim, till I get ready and set out to my father. But, Phelim, never breathe a word about him bein' in gaol. No one knows it but ourselves—that is none o' the neighbours."

"I'll sing dumb," said Phelim. "Well, *banaght lath a rogorah!* Tell him the thruth—to be game, and he'll find you and me sweeled together whin he comes out, plase goodness."

Phelim was but a few minutes gone when the old military cap of Fool Art projected from the little bedroom, which a wicker wall, plastered with mud, divided from the other part of the cabin.

"Is he gone?" said Art.

"You may come out, Art," said she, "he's gone."

"Ha!" said Art triumphantly, "I often tould him, when he vexed me an' pelted me wid snowballs, that I'd come 'long sides wid him yet. An' it's not over aither. Fool Art can snore when he's not asleep, an' see wid his eyes shut. Wherroo for Art!"

"But, Art, maybe he intinds to marry the housekeeper afther all?"

"Hi the colic, the colic!
An' ho the colic for Phelim!"

"Then you think he won't, Art?"

"Hi the colic, the colic!
An' ho the colic for Phelim!"

"Now, Art, don't say a word about my father not bein' in gaol. He's to be back from my grandfather's in a short time, an' if we manage well, you'll see what you'll get, Art —a brave new shirt, Art."

"Art has the lane for Phelim, but it's not the long one wid no turn in it. Wherroo for Art!"

Phelim, on his return home, felt queer. Here was a second matrimonial predicament, considerably worse than the first, into which he was hooked decidedly against his will. The worst feature in this case was the danger to be apprehended from Foodle Flattery's disclosures, should he take it into his head to peach upon his brother Whiteboys. Indeed, Phelim began to consider it a calamity that he ever entered into their system at all; for on running over his exploits along with them, he felt that he was liable to be taken up any morning of the week and lodged in one of his Majesty's boarding-houses. The only security he had was the honesty of his confederates; and experience took the liberty of pointing out to him many cases in which those who considered themselves quite secure upon the same grounds either dangled or crossed the water. He remembered, too, some prophecies that had been uttered concerning him with reference both to hanging and matrimony. Touching the former, it was often said that "he'd die where the bird flies" —between heaven and earth; on matrimony, that there

seldom was a swaggerer among the girls but came to the ground at last.

Now, Phelim had a memory of his own, and in turning over his situation, and the prophecies that had been so confidently pronounced concerning him, he felt, as we said, rather queer. He found his father and mother in excellent spirits when he got home. The good man had got a gallon of whisky on credit; for it had been agreed on not to break the ten golden guineas until they should have ascertained how the match-making would terminate that night at Donovan's.

"Phelim," said the father, "strip yourself, an' put on Sam's clo'es; you must send him down yours for a day or two; he says it's the least he may have the wearin' o' them, so long as you have his."

"Right enough," said Phelim; "wid all my heart. I'm ready to make a fair swap wid him any day, for that matther."

"I sent word to the Donovans that we're to go to coort there to-night," said Larry, "so that they'll be prepared for us; an' as it would be shabby not to have a friend, I asked Sam Appleton himself. He's to folly us."

"I see," said Phelim, "I see. Well, the best boy in Europe Sam is for sich a spree. Now, fadher, you must lie like the ould *diouol* to-night. Back everything I say, an' there's no fear of us. But about what she's to get, you must hould out for that. I'm to despise it, you know. I'll abuse you for spakin' about fortune, but don't budge an inch."

"It's not the first time I've done that for you, Phelim; but in regard o' these ten guineas, why, you must put them in your pocket, for 'fraid they'd be wantin' to get off wid layin' down guinea for guinea. You see, they don't think we have a rap; an' if they propose it, we'll be up to them."

"Larry," observed Sheelah, "don't make a match, except they give that pig they have. Hould out for that by all means."

"Tare-an'-ounze!" exclaimed Phelim, "am I goin' to take the counthry out o' the face? By the vestments, I'm a purty boy! Do you know the fresh news I have for yees?"

"Not ten guineas more, Phelim," replied the father.

"Maybe you soodhered another ould woman," said the mother.

"Be asy," replied Phelim. "No, but by the five crasses, I deluded a young one since I went out!"

The old couple were once more disposed to be mirthful, but Phelim confirmed his assertion with such a multiplicity of oaths that they believed him. Nothing, however, could wring the secret of her name out of him. He had reasons for concealing it which he did not wish to divulge. In fact, he could never endure ridicule, and the name of Sally Flattery as the person whom he had "deluded," would constitute on his part a triumph quite as sorry as that which he had achieved in Father O'Hara's. In Ireland no man ever thinks of marrying a female thief—which Sally was strongly suspected to be—except some worthy fellow who happens to be gifted with the same propensity.

When the proper hour arrived, honest Phelim, after having already made arrangements to be called on the following Sunday as the intended husband of two females, now proceeded with great coolness to make, if possible, a similar engagement with a third.

There is something, however, to be said for Phelim. His conquest over the housekeeper was considerably out of the common course of love affairs. He had drawn upon his invention only to bring himself and the old woman out of the ridiculous predicament in which the priest found them. He had, moreover, intended to prevail on her to lend him the hat, in case the priest himself had refused him. He was consequently not prepared for the vigorous manner in which Mrs. Doran fastened upon the subject of matrimony. On suspecting that she was inclined to be serious, he pleaded his want of proper apparel; but here again the liberality of the housekeeper silenced him, whilst, at the same time, it opened an excellent prospect of procuring that which he most required—a decent suit of clothes. This induced him to act a part that he did not feel. He saw the old woman was resolved to outwit him, and he resolved to overreach the old woman.

His marriage with Sally Flattery was to be merely a matter of chance. If he married her at all, he knew it must be in self-defence. He felt that her father had him in his power, and that he was anything but a man to be depended on. He

also thought that his being called with her on the Sunday following would neutralise his call with the housekeeper; just as positive and negative quantities in algebra cancel each other. But he was quite ignorant that the story of Flattery's imprisonment was merely a plan of the daughter's to induce him to marry her.

With respect to Peggy Donovan, he intended, should he succeed in extricating himself from the meshes which the other two had thrown around him, that she should be the elected one to whom he was anxious to unite himself. As to the confusion produced by being called to three at once, he knew that, however laughable in itself, it would be precisely something like what the parish would expect from him. Bouncing Phelim was no common man, and to be called to three on the same Sunday would be a corroboration of his influence with the sex. It certainly chagrined him not a little that one of them was an old woman, and the other of indifferent morals, but still it exhibited the claim of three women upon one man, and that satisfied him. His mode of proceeding with Peggy Donovan was regular, and according to the usages of the country. The notice had been given that he and his father would go a-courting, and of course they brought the whisky with them, that being the custom among persons in their circumstances in life. These humble courtships very much resemble the driving of a bargain between two chapmen; for, indeed, the closeness of the demands on the one side, and the reluctance of concession on the other, are almost incredible. Many a time has a match been broken up by a refusal on the one part to give a slip of a pig, or a pair of blankets, or a year-old calf. These are small matters in themselves, but they are of importance to those who perhaps have nothing else on earth with which to begin the world.

The house to which Phelim and his father directed themselves was, like their own, of the humblest description. The floor of it was about sixteen feet by twelve; its furniture rude and scanty. To the right of the fire was a bed, the four posts of which ran up to the low roof; it was curtained with straw mats, with the exception of an opening about a foot and a half wide on the side next the fire, through which

those who slept in it passed. A little below the foot of the bed were ranged a few shelves of deal, supported by pins of wood driven into the wall. These constituted the dresser. In the lower end of the house stood a potato-bin, made up of stakes driven into the floor, and wrought with strong wicker-work. Tied to another stake beside this bin stood a cow, whose hinder part projected so close to the door that those who entered the cabin were compelled to push her over out of their way. This, indeed, was effected without much difficulty, for the animal became so habituated to the necessity of moving aside, that it was only necessary to lay the hand upon her. Above the door in the inside, almost touching the roof, was the hen-roost, made also of wickerwork; and opposite the bed, on the other side of the fire, stood a meal-chest, its lid on a level with a little pane of glass which served as a window. An old straw chair, a few stools, a couple of pots, some wooden vessels and crockery, completed the furniture of the house. The pig to which Sheelah alluded was not kept within the cabin, that filthy custom being now altogether obsolete.

This catalogue of cottage furniture may appear to our English readers very miserable. We beg them to believe, however, that if every cabin in Ireland were equally comfortable, the country would be comparatively happy. Still it is to be remembered that the *dramatis personæ* of our story are of the humblest class.

When seven o'clock drew nigh, the inmates of this little cabin placed themselves at a clear fire; the father on one side, the mother at the other, and the daughter directly between them, knitting, for this is usually the occupation of a female on such a night. Everything in the house was clear, the floor swept, the ashes removed from the hearth, the parents in their best clothes, and the daughter also in her holiday apparel. She was a plain girl, neither remarkable for beauty nor otherwise. Her eyes, however, were good, so were her teeth, and an anxious look, produced of course by an occasion so interesting to a female, heightened her complexion to a blush that became her. The creature had certainly made the most of her little finery. Her face shone like that of a child after a fresh scrubbing with a

strong towel; her hair, carefully curled with the hot blade of a knife, had been smoothed with soap until it became lustrous by repeated polishing, and her best red ribbon was tied tightly about it in a smart knot, that stood out on the side of her head with something of a coquettish air. Old Donovan and his wife maintained a conversation upon some indifferent subject, but the daughter evidently paid little attention to what they said. It being near the hour appointed for Phelim's arrival, she sat with an appearance of watchful trepidation, occasionally listening, and starting at every sound that she thought bore any resemblance to a man's voice or footstep.

At length the approach of Phelim and his father was announced by a verse of a popular song, for singing which Phelim was famous.

> "'A sailor coorted a farmer's daughter
> That lived contagious to the Isle of Man.
> A long time coortin', an' still discoorsin'
> Of things consarnin' the ocean wide;
> At linth he saize, "Me own dearest darlint,
> Will you consint for to be me bride?"'

"An' so she did consint, the darlin'; but what the puck would she do else? God save the family! Paddy Donovan, how is your health? Molly, *avourneen*, I'm glad to hear that you're thrivin'. An' Peggy — eh! Ah, begorra, fadher, here's somethin' to look at! Give us the hand of you, you bloomer! Och, och! faith, you're the daisy!"

"Phelim," said the father, "will you behave yourself? Haven't you the night before you for your capers. Paddy Donovan, I'm glad to see you! Molly, give us your right hand, for, in throth, I have a regard for you! Peggy dear, how are you? But I'm sure I needn't be axin' when I look at you! In throth, Phelim, she is somethin' to throw your eye at."

"Larry Toole, you're welcome," replied Donovan and his wife, "an' so is your son. Take stools, both of you, an' draw near the hearth. Here, Phelim," said the latter, "draw in an' sit beside myself."

"Thank you kindly, Molly," replied Phelim; "but I'll do

no sich thing. *Arrah,* do you think, now, that I'd begin to *gosther* wid an ould woman, while I have the likes o' Peggy, the darlin', beside me? I'm up to a thrick worth nine of it. No, no; this chest 'll do. Sure, you know, I must help the 'duck of diamonds' here to count her stitches."

"Paddy," said Larry, in a friendly whisper, "put this whisky past for a while, barrin' this bottle that we must taste for good luck. Sam Appleton's to come up afther us, an' I suppose some o' your own *cleaveens* 'ill be here after a while."

"Thrue for you," said Donovan. "Jemmy Burn and Antony Devlin is to come over presently. But, Larry, this is nonsense. One bottle o' whisky was lashins; my goodness, what'll we be doin' wid a whole gallon?"

"Dacency or nothin', Paddy; if it was my last I'd show sperit, an' why not? Who'd be for the shabby thing?"

"Well, well, Larry, I can't say but you're right, afther all! Maybe I'd do the same thing myself, for all I'm spakin' aginst it."

The old people then passed round an introductory glass, after which they chatted away for an hour or so, somewhat like the members of a committee who talk upon indifferent topics until their brethren are all assembled.

Phelim, in the meantime, grappled with the daughter, whose knitting he spoiled by hooking the thread with his finger, jogging her elbow until he ran the needles past each other, and finally unravelling her clue; all which she bore with great good-humour. Sometimes, indeed, she ventured to give him a thwack upon the shoulder, with a laughing frown upon her countenance, in order to correct him for teasing her.

When Jemmy Burn and Antony Devlin arrived, the spirits of the party got up. The whisky was formally produced, but as yet the subject of the courtship, though perfectly understood, was not introduced. Phelim and the father were anxious to await the presence of Sam Appleton, who was considered, by the way, a first-rate hand at match-making.

Phelim, as is the wont, on finding the din of the conversation raised to the proper pitch, stole one of the bottles, and prevailed on Peggy to adjourn with him to the potato-bin. Here they ensconced themselves very snugly; but not, as

might be supposed, contrary to the knowledge and consent of the seniors, who winked at each other on seeing Phelim gallantly tow her down with the bottle under his arm. It was only the common usage on such occasions, and not considered any violation whatsoever of decorum. When Phelim's prior engagements are considered, it must be admitted that there was something singularly ludicrous in the humorous look he gave over his shoulder at the company as he went toward the bin, having the bottom of the whisky bottle projecting behind his elbow, winking at them in return, by way of a hint to mind their own business and allow him to plead for himself. The bin, however, turned out to be rather an uneasy seat, for as the potatoes lay in a slanting heap against the wall, Phelim and his sweetheart were perpetually sliding down from the top to the bottom. Phelim could be industrious when it suited his pleasure. In a few minutes those who sat about the fire imagined, from the noise at the bin, that the house was about to come about their ears.

"Phelim, you thief," said the father, "what's all that noise for?"

"*Chrosh orrin!*" said Molly Donovan, "is that tundher?"

"Devil carry these piatees," exclaimed Phelim, raking them down with both hands and all his might, "if there's any sittin' at all upon them! I'm levellin' them to prevint Peggy, the darlin', from slidderin', an' to give us time to be talkin' somethin lovin' to one another. The curse o' Cromwell an them! One might as well dhrink a glass o' whisky wid his sweetheart, or spake a tindher word to her, on the wings of a windmill as here. There, now they're as level as you plase, *acushla!* Sit down, you jewel, you, an' give me the egg-shell, till we have a sup o' the crathur in comfort. Faith, it was too soon for us to be comin' down in the world!"

Phelim and Peggy, having each emptied the egg-shell, which among the poorer Irish is frequently the substitute for a glass, entered into the following sentimental dialogue, which was covered by the loud and entangled conversation of their friends about the fire; Phelim's arm lovingly about her neck, and his head laid down snugly against her cheek.

"Now, Peggy, you darlin' o' the world—bad cess to me, but

I'm as glad as two tenpennies that I levelled these piatees; there was no sittin' an them. Eh, *avourneen?*"

"Why, we're comfortable now, anyhow, Phelim!"

"Faith, you may say that"—(a loving squeeze). "Now, Peggy, begin an' tell us all about your bachelors."

"The sarra one ever I had, Phelim."

"Oh, murdher, *sheery*, what a bounce! Bad cess to me if you can spake a word o' thruth afther that, you common desaver! Worn't you an' Paddy Moran pullin' a coard?"

"No, in throth; it was given out on us, but we never wor, Phelim. Nothin' ever passed betune us but common civility. He thrated my father an' mother wanst to share of half a pint in the Lammas Fair, when I was along wid them; but he never broke discoorse wid me, barrin', as I sed, in civility an' friendship."

"An' do you mane to put it down my throath that you never had a sweetheart at all?"

"The nerra one."

"Oh, you thief! Wid two sich lips o' your own, an' two sich eyes o' your own, and two sich cheeks o' your own!—oh, by the tarn, that won't pass."

"Well, an' supposin' I had—behave, Phelim—supposin' I had, where's the harm? Sure, it's well known all the sweethearts you had, an' yet have, I suppose."

"Begorra, an' that's thruth; an' the more the merrier, you jewel, you, till one gets marrid. I had enough o' them in my day; but you're the flower o' them all, that I'd like to spend my life wid"—(a squeeze).

"The sarra one word the men say a body can trust. I warrant you tould that story to every one o' them as well as to me. Stop, Phelim—it's well known that what you say to the *colleens* is no gospel. You know what they christened you 'Bouncin' Phelim' for."

"Betune you an' me, Peggy, I'll tell you a sacret: I was the boy for deludin' them. It's very well known the matches I might a' got; but you see, you little shaver, it was waitin' for yourself I was."

"For me! A purty story, indeed! I'm sure it was! Oh, afther that! Why, Phelim, how can you—Well, well, did any one ever hear the likes?"

"Be the vestments, it's thruth. I had you in my eye these three years, but was waitin' till I'd get together as much money as ud set us up in the world dacently. Give me that egg-shell agin. Talkin's druthy work. *Shudorth, a rogarah!* an' a pleasant honeymoon to us!"

"Wait till we're marrid first, Phelim; thin it'll be time enough to dhrink *that.*"

"Come, *acushla,* it's your turn now; taste the shell an' you'll see how lovin' it'll make us. Mother's milk's a thrifle to it."

"Well, if I take this, Phelim, I'll not touch another dhrop to-night. In the manetime, here's whatever's best for us! Whoo! Oh, my! but that's strong! I dunna how the people can dhrink so much of it!"

"Faith, nor me; except bekase they have a regard for it, an' that it's worth havin' a regard for, jist like yourself an' me. Upon my faix, Peggy, it bates all, the love an' likin' I have for you, an' ever had these three years past. I tould you about the eyes, *mavourneen,* an'—an'—about the lips——"

"Phelim—behave—I say—now stop wid you—well—well—but you're the tazin' Phelim! Throth, the girls may be glad when you're marrid!" exclaimed Peggy, adjusting her polished hair.

"Bad cess to the bit if ever I got so sweet a one in my life—the soft end of a honeycomb's a fool to it. One thing, Peggy, I can tell you—that I'll love you in great style. Whin we're marrid it's I that'll *soodher* you up. I won't let the wind blow on you. You must give up workin' too. All I'll ax you to do will be to nurse the childher; an' that same will keep you busy enough, plase goodness."

"Upon my faix, Phelim, you're the very sarra, so you are. Will you be asy now! I'll engage when you're marrid it'll soon be another story wid you. Maybe you'd care little about us thin!"

"Be the vestments, I'm spaking pure gospel, so I am. Sure, you don't know that to be good husbands runs in our family. Every one o' them was as sweet as thracle to their wives. Why, there's that ould cock, my fadher, an' if you'd see how he butthers up the ould woman to this day, it ud make your heart warm to any man o' the family."

"Ould an' young was ever an' always the same to you, Phelim. Sure, the ouldest woman in the parish, if she happened to be single, couldn't miss of your blarney. It's reported you're going to be marrid to an ould woman."

"He—hem—ahem! Bad luck to this cowld I have! It's stickin' in my throath entirely, so it is!—hem!—To a what?"

"Why, to an ould woman wid a great deal o' the hard goold!"

Phelim put his hand instinctively to his waistcoat-pocket, in which he carried the housekeeper's money.

"Would you oblige one wid her name?"

"You know ould Molly Kavanagh well enough, Phelim."

Phelim put up an inward ejaculation of thanks.

"To the sarra wid her, an' all sasoned women! God be praised—that the night's fine, anyhow! Hand me the shell, and we'll take a *gauliogue* aich, an' afther that we'll begin an' talk over how lovin' an' fond o' one another we'll be."

"You're takin' too much o' the whisky, Phelim. Oh, for goodness' sake!—oh—b—b—n—now be asy. Faix, I'll go to the fire, an' lave you altogether, so I will, if you don't give over slustherin' me that way, an' stoppin' my breath."

"Here's all happiness to our two selves, *acushla machree!* Now thry another *gauliogue*, an' you'll see how deludin' it'll make you."

"Not a sup, Phelim."

"*Arrah*, nonsense! Be the vestments, it's as harmless as new milk from the cow. It'll only do you good, *alanna*. Come now, Peggy, don't be ondacent, an' it our first night's coortin'! Blood alive! don't make little o' my father's son, on sich a night, an' us at business like this, anyhow!"

"Phelim, by the crass, I won't take it; so that ends it. Do you want to make little o' me? It's not much you'd think o' me in your mind if I'd dhrink it."

"The shell's not half full."

"I wouldn't break my oath for all the whisky in the kingdom; so don't ax me. It's neither right nor proper of you to force it an me."

"Well, all I say is that it's makin' little of one Phelim O'Toole, that hasn't a thought in his body but what's over

head an' ears in love wid you. I must only dhrink it for you myself, thin. Here's all kinds o' good fortune to us! Now, Peggy—sit closer to me, *acushla!*—now, Peggy, are you fond o' me at all? Tell thruth now."

"Fond o' you! Sure, you know all the girls is fond of you. Aren't you 'the boy for deludin' them'?"

"Come, come, you shaver; that won't do. Be sarious. If you knew how my heart's warmin' to you this minute, you'd fall in love wid my shadow. Come, now, out wid it. Are you fond of a sartin boy not far from you, called Bouncin' Phelim?"

"To be sure I am. Are you satisfied now? Phelim! I say——"

"Faith, it won't pass, *avourneen.* That's not the voice for it. Don't you hear me, how tendher I spake wid my mouth brathin' into your ear, *acushla machree?* Now turn about, like a purty enticin' girl as you are, an' put your sweet bill to my ear the same way, an' whisper what you know into it? That's a darlin'! Will you, *achora?*"

"An' maybe all this time you're promised to another?"

"Be the vestments, I'm not promised to one. Now! Saize the one!"

"You'll say that, anyhow!"

"Do you see my hands acrass? Be thim five crasses, I'm not promised to a girl livin', so I'm not; nor wouldn't, bekase I had you in my eye. Now will you tell me what I'm wantin' of you? The grace o' heaven light down an you, an' be a good, coaxin' darlin' for wanst! Be this an' be that, if ever you heerd or seen sich doins an' times as we'll have when we're marrid! Now the *weeny* whispher, *a colleen dhas!*"

"It's time enough yet to let you know my mind, Phelim. If you behave yourself an' be—Why, thin, is it at the bottle agin you are? Now, don't dhrink so much, Phelim, or it'll get into your head. I was sayin' that if you behave yourself, an' be a good boy, I may tell you somethin' soon."

"Somethin' soon! Live horse, an' you'll get grass! Peggy, if that's the way wid you, the love's all on my side, I see clearly. Are you willin' to marry me, anyhow?"

"I'm willin' to do whatsomever my father an' mother wishes."

"I'm for havin' the weddin' off-hand; an', of coorse, if we agree to-night, I think our best plan is to have ourselves called on Sunday. An' I'll tell you what, *avourneen*—be the holy vestments, if I was to be 'called' to fifty on the same Sunday, you're the darlin' I'd marry."

"Phelim, it's time for us to go up to the fire; we're long enough here. I thought you had only three words to say to me."

"Why, if you're tired o' me, Peggy, I don't want you to stop. I wouldn't force myself on the best girl that ever stepped."

"Sure, you have tould me all you want to say, an' there's no use in us stayin' here. You know, Phelim, there's not a girl in the parish ud believe a word that ud come out o' your lips. Sure, there's none o' them but you coorted one time or other. If you could get betther, Phelim, I dunna whether you'd be here to-night at all or not."

"Answer me this, Peggy—what do you think your father ud be willin' to give you? Not that I care a *crona bawn* about it, for I'd marry you wid an inch of candle."

"You know my father's but a poor man, Phelim, an' can give little or nothin'. Them that won't marry me as I am needn't come here to look for a fortune."

"I know that, Peggy, an', be the same a-token, I want no fortune at all wid you but yourself, darlin'. In the manetime, to show you that I could get a fortune—*Dher a lorha heena*, I could have a wife wid a hundher an' twenty guineas!"

Peggy received this intelligence much in the same manner as Larry and Sheelah had received it. Her mirth was absolutely boisterous for at least ten minutes. Indeed, so loud had it been, that Larry and her father could not help asking—

"*Arrah*, what's the fun, Peggy *achora?*"

"Oh, nothin'," she replied, "but one o' Phelim's bounces."

"Now," said Phelim, "you won't believe me! Be all the books——"

Peggy's mirth prevented his oaths from being heard. In vain he declared, protested, and swore. On this occasion he was compelled to experience the fate peculiar to all liars. Even truth from his lips was looked upon as falsehood.

Phelim, on finding that he could neither extort from Peggy an acknowledgment of love, nor make himself credible upon the subject of the large fortune, saw that he had nothing for it now, in order to produce an impression, but the pathetic.

"Well," said he, "you may lave me, Peggy *achora*, if you like; but out o' this I'll not budge, wid a blessin', till I cry my skinful, so I won't. Saize the toe I'll move, now, till I'm sick wid cryin'! Oh, murdher alive, this night! Isn't it a poor case entirely, that the girl I'd suffer myself to be turned inside out for won't say that she cares about a hair o' my head! Oh, thin, but I'm the misfortunate blackguard all out! Och, oh! Peggy *achora*, you'll break my heart! Hand me that shell, *acushla*—for I'm in the height of affliction!"

Peggy could neither withhold it nor reply to him. Her mirth was even more intense now than before; nor, if all were known, was Phelim less affected with secret laughter than Peggy.

"Is it makin' fun o' me you are, you thief—eh? Is it laughin' at my grief you are?" exclaimed Phelim. "Be the tarn o' war, I'll punish you for that."

Peggy attempted to escape; but Phelim succeeded, ere she went, in taking a salutation or two, after which both joined those who sat at the fire, and in a few minutes Sam Appleton entered.

Much serious conversation had already passed in reference to the courtship, which was finally entered into and debated, *pro* and *con*.

"Now, Paddy Donovan, that we're all together, let me tell you one thing—there's not a betther-natur'd boy, nor a stouther, claner young fellow, in the parish than my Phelim. He'll make your daughther as good a husband as ever broke bread!"

"I'm not sayin' aginst that, Larry. He is a good-nathured boy. But I tell you, Larry Toole, my daughther's his fill of a wife any day. An' I'll put this to the back o' that—she's a hard-workin' girl, that ates no idle bread."

"Very right," said Sam Appleton. "Phelim's a hairo, an' she's a beauty. Dang me, but they wor made for one another. Phelim, *abouchal*, why don't you—Oh, I see you are. Why, I was goin' to bid you make up to her."

"Give no *gosther*, Sam," replied Phelim, "but sind round

the bottle, an' don't forget to let it come this way. I hardly tasted a dhrop to-night."

"Oh, Phelim!" exclaimed Peggy.

"Whisht!" said Phelim; "there's no use in lettin' the ould fellows be committin' sin. Why, they're hearty[1] as it is, the sinners."

"Come, nabours," said Burn, "I'm the boy that's for close work. How does the match stand? You're both my friends, an' may this be poison to me, but I'll spake like an honest man for the one as well as for the other."

"Well, then," said Donovan, "how is Phelim to support my daughther, Larry? Sure, that's a fair questin', anyway."

"Why, Paddy," replied Larry, "when Phelim gets her, he'll have a patch of his own, as well as another. There's that 'half acre,' and a betther piece o' land isn't in Europe!"

"Well, but what plenishin' are they to have, Larry? A bare half acre's but a poor look-up."

"I'd as soon you'd not make little of it, in the manetime," replied Larry, rather warmly. "As good a couple as ever they wor lived on that half acre; along wid what they earned by hard work otherwise."

"I'm not disparagin' it, Larry; I'd be long sorry. But about the furniture. What are they to begin the world wid?"

"Hut," said Devlin, "go to the sarra wid yees! What ud they want, no more nor other young people like them, to begin the world wid? Are you goin' to make English or Scotch of them, that never marries till they're able to buy a farm an' stock it, the nagers? By the staff in my hand, an Irishman ud lash a dozen o' them, wid all their prudence! Hasn't Phelim an' Peggy health and hands, what most new-married couples in Ireland begins the world wid? Sure, they're not worse nor a thousand others!"

"Success, Antony," said Phelim; "here's your health for that!"

"God be thanked, they have health an' hands," said Donovan. "Still, Antony, I'd like that they'd have somethin' more."

"Well, then, Paddy, spake up for yourself," observed Larry.

[1] Tipsy.

"What will you put to the fore for the *colleen?* Don't take both flesh an' bone!"

"I'll not spake up till I know all that Phelim's to expect," said Donovan. "I don't think he has a right to be axin' anything wid sich a girl as my Peggy."

"Hut, tut, Paddy! She's a good *colleen* enough; but do you think she's above any one that carries the name of O'Toole upon him? Still it's but rasonable for you to wish the girl well settled. My Phelim will have one-half o' my worldly goods, at all evints."

"Name them, Larry, i' you plase."

"Why, he'll have one o' the goats—the grey one, for she's the best o' the two, in throth. He'll have two stools, three hens, an' a toss-up for the cock; the biggest o' the two pots, two good crocks, three good wooden trenchers, an'—hem—he'll have his own—I say, Paddy, are you listenin' to me?—Phelim, do you hear what I'm givin' you, *a veehonee?* —his own bed! An' there's all I can or will do for him. Now do you spake up for Peggy."

"I'm to have my own bedstead too!" said Phelim; "an' bad cess to the stouter one in Europe. It's as good this minute as it was eighteen years agone."

"Paddy Donovan, spake up," said Larry.

"Spake up!" said Paddy contemptuously. "Is it for three crowns' worth I'd spake up? The bedstead, Phelim! *Be dhu husht,* man!"

"Put round the bottle," said Phelim; "we're dhry here."

"Thrue enough, Phelim," said the father. "Paddy, here's towarst you an' yours—nabours, all your healths—young couple! Paddy, give us your hand, man alive! Sure, whether we agree or not, this won't put between us."

"Throth, it won't, Larry—an' I'm thankful to you. Your health, Larry, an' all your healths! Phelim and Peggy, success to yees, whether or not! An' now, in regard o' your civility, I will spake up. My proposal is this—I'll put down guinea for guinea wid you."

Now we must observe, by the way, that this was said under the firm conviction that neither Phelim nor the father had a guinea in their possession.

"I'll do the same, Paddy," said Larry; "but I'll lave it to

the present company if you're not bound to put down the first guinea. Nabours, amn't I right?"

"You are right, Larry," said Burn; "it's but fair that Paddy should put down the first."

"Molly *achora,*" said Donovan to the wife, who, by the way, was engaged in preparing the little feast usual on such occasions—"Molly *achora,* give me that ould glove you have in your pocket."

She immediately handed him an old shammy[1] glove, tied up into a hard knot, which he felt some difficulty in unloosing.

"Come, Larry," said he, laying down a guinea-note, "cover that like a man."

"Phelim carries my purse," observed the father; but he had scarcely spoken when the laughter of the company rang loudly through the house. The triumph of Donovan appeared to be complete, for he thought the father's allusion to Phelim tantamount to an evasion.

"Phelim! Phelim carries it! Faix, an' I doubt he finds it a light burdyeen."

Phelim approached in all his glory.

"What am I to do?" he inquired, with a swagger.

"You're to cover that guinea-note wid a guinea, if you can," said Donovan.

"Whether ud you prefar goold or notes?" said Phelim, looking pompously about him; "that's the talk."

This was received with another merry peal of laughter.

"Oh, goold—goold by all manes!" replied Donovan.

"Here goes the goold, my worthy," said Phelim, laying down his guinea with a firm slap upon the table.

Old Donovan seized it, examined it, then sent it round, to satisfy himself that it was a *bonâ fide* guinea.

On finding that it was good he became blank a little; his laugh lost its strength, much of his jollity was instantly neutralised, and his face got at least two inches longer. Larry now had the laugh against him, and the company heartily joined in it.

"Come, Paddy," said Larry, "go an!—ha, ha, ha!"

Paddy fished for half a minute through the glove; and,

[1] Chamois.

after what was apparently a hard chase, brought up another guinea, which he laid down.

"Come, Phelim!" said he, and his eye brightened again with a hope that Phelim would fail.

"Good agin!" said Phelim, thundering down another, which was instantly subjected to a similar scrutiny.

"You'll find it good," said Larry. "I wish we had a sackful o' them. Go an, Paddy. Go an, man; who's afeard?"

"Sowl, I'm done," said Donovan, throwing down the purse with a hearty laugh. "Give me your hand, Larry. Be the goold afore us, I thought to do you. Sure, these two guineas is for my rint, an' we mustn't let them come atween us at all."

"Now," said Larry, "to let you see that my son's not widout something to begin the world wid—Phelim, shell out the rest o' the yallow boys."

"Faix, you ought to dhrink the ould woman's health for this," said Phelim. "Poor ould crathur, many a long day she was saving up these for me. It's my mother I'm speakin' about."

"An' we will, too," said the father: "here's Sheelah's health, nabours!—the best poor man's wife that ever threwn a gown over her shouldher."

This was drunk with all the honours, and the negotiation proceeded.

"Now," said Appleton, "what's to be done? Paddy, say what you'll do for the girl."

"Money's all talk," said Donovan; "I'll give the girl the two-year-old heifer—an' that's worth double what his father has promised Phelim! I'll give her a stone o' flax, a dacent suit o' clo'es, my blessin'—an' there's her fortune."

"Has she neither bed nor beddin'?" inquired Larry.

"Why, don't you say that Phelim's to have his own bed?" observed Donovan. "Sure, one bed 'ill be plenty for them."

"I don't care a damn about fortune," said Phelim, for the first time taking a part in the bargain, "so long as I get the darlin' herself. But I think there ud be no harm in havin' a spare pair o' blankets—an', for that matther, a bedstead, too—in case a friend came to see a body."

"I don't much mind givin' you a brother to the bedstead you have, Phelim," replied Donovan, winking at the company, for he was perfectly aware of the nature of Phelim's bedstead.

"I'll tell you what you must do," said Larry, "otherwise I'll not stand it. Give the *colleen* a chaff bed, blankets, an' all other parts complate, along wid that slip of a pig. If you don't do this, Paddy Donovan, why, we'll finish the whisky, an' part friends—but it's no match."

"I'll never do it, Larry. The bed an' beddin' I'll give; but the pig I'll by no manner o' manes part wid."

"Put round the bottle," said Phelim, "we're gettin' dhry agin—saying nothin' is dhroothy work. Ould man, will you not bother us about fortune!"

"Come, Paddy Donovan," said Devlin, "dang it, let out a little; considher he has ten guineas; an' I give it as my downright maxim an' opinion that he's fairly entitled to the pig."

"You're welcome to give your opinion, Antony, an' I'm welcome not to care a rotten sthraw about it. My daughther's wife enough for him, widout a gown to her back, if he had his ten guineas doubled."

"An' my son," said Larry, "is husband enough for a betther girl nor ever called you father—not makin' little, at the same time, of either you or her."

"Paddy," said Burn, "there's no use in spakin' that way. I agree wid Antony that you ought to throw in the 'slip.'"

"Is it what I have to pay my next gale o' rint wid? No, no! If he won't marry her widout it, she'll get as good that will."

"Saize the 'slip,'" said Phelim, "the darlin' herself here is all the 'slip' I want."

"But I'm not so," said Larry; "the 'slip' must go in, or it's a break-off. Phelim can get girls that has money enough to buy us all out o' root. Did you hear that, Paddy Donovan?"

"I hear it," said Paddy, "but I'll b'lieve as much of it as I like."

Phelim apprehended that, as his father got warm with the liquor, he might, in vindicating the truth of his own assertion, divulge the affair of the old housekeeper.

"Ould man," said he, "have sinse, an' pass that over, if you have any regard for me."

"I'd not be brow-bate into anything," observed Donovan.

"Sowl, you would not," said Phelim. "For my part, Paddy, I'm ready to marry your daughther—(a squeeze to Peggy)—widout a hap'orth at all, barrin' herself. It's the girl I want, an' not the 'slip.'"

"Thin, be the book, you'll get both, Phelim, for your dacency," said Donovan; "but, you see, I wouldn't be bullied into puttin' one foot past the other for the best man that ever stepped on black leather."

"Whisht!" said Appleton, "that's the go! Success, ould heart! Give us your hand, Paddy; here's your good health, an' may you never button an empty pocket!"

"Is all settled?" inquired Molly.

"All but about the weddin' an' the calls," replied her husband. "How are we to do about that, Larry?"

"Why, in the name o' goodness, to save time," he replied, "let them be called on Sunday next, the two Sundays afther, and thin married, wid a blessin'."

"I agree wid that entirely," observed Molly. "An' now, Phelim, clear away, you an' Peggy, off o' that chist, till we have our bit o' supper in comfort."

"Phelim," said Larry, "when the supper's done, you must slip over to Roche's for a couple o' bottles more o' whisky. We'll make a night of it."

"There's two bottles in the house," said Donovan; "an', be the saikerment, the first man that talks of bringin' in more till these is dhrunk is ondacent."

This was decisive. In the meantime the chest was turned into a table, the supper laid, and the attack commenced. All was pleasure, fun, and friendship. The reader may be assured that Phelim, during the negotiation, had not misspent the time with Peggy. Their conversation, however, was in a tone too low to be heard by those who were themselves talking loudly.

One thing, however, Phelim understood from his friend Sam Appleton, which was, that some clue had been discovered to an outrage in which he (Appleton) had been concerned. Above all other subjects, that was one on which

Phelim was but a poor comforter. He himself found circumspection necessary; and he told Appleton that if ever danger approached him, he had resolved either to enlist, or to go to America, if he could command the money.

"You ought to do that immediately," added Phelim.

"Where's the money?" replied the other.

"I don't know," said Phelim; "but if I was bent on goin', the want of money wouldn't stop me, as long as it could be found in the counthry. We had to do as bad for others, an' it can't be a greater sin to do that much for ourselves."

"I'll think of it," said Appleton. "At any rate, it's in for a penny, in for a pound, wid me."

When supper was over they resumed their drinking, sang songs, and told anecdotes with great glee and hilarity. Phelim and Peggy danced jigs and reels, whilst Appleton sang for them, and the bottle also did its duty.

On separating about two o'clock there was not a sober man among them but Appleton. He declined drinking, and was backed in his abstemiousness by Phelim, who knew that sobriety on the part of Sam would leave himself more liquor. Phelim therefore drank for them both, and that to such excess that Larry, by Appleton's advice, left him at his father's, in consequence of his inability to proceed homewards. It was not, however, without serious trouble that Appleton could get Phelim and the father separated; and when he did, Larry's grief was bitter in the extreme. By much entreaty, joined to some vigorous shoves towards the door, he was prevailed upon to depart without him; but the old man compensated for the son's absence by indulging in the most vociferous sorrow as he went along, about "his Phelim." When he reached home his grief burst out afresh; he slapped the palms of his hands together, and indulged in a continuous howl, that one on hearing it would imagine to be the very echo of misery. When he had fatigued himself he fell asleep on the bed, without having undressed, where he lay until near nine o'clock the next morning. Having got up and breakfasted, he related to his wife, with an aching head, the result of the last night's proceedings. Everything, he assured her, was settled; Phelim and Peggy were to be called the following Sunday, as Phelim, he supposed, had already informed her.

"Where's Phelim?" said the wife; "an' why didn't he come home wid you last night?"

"Where is Phelim! Why, Sheelah woman, sure he did come home wid me last night!"

"*Chrosh orrin,* Larry, no! What could happen him? Why, man, I thought you knew where he was; an' in regard of his bein' abroad so often at night, myself didn't think it sthrange."

Phelim's absence astounded them both, particularly the father, who had altogether forgotten everything that had happened on the preceding night after the period of his intoxication. He proposed to go back to Donovan's to inquire for him, and was about to proceed there when Phelim made his appearance, dressed in his own slender apparel only. His face was three inches longer than usual, and the droop in his eye remarkably conspicuous.

"No fear of him," said the father—"here's himself. *Arrah,* Phelim, what became of you last night? Where wor you?"

Phelim sat down very deliberately and calmly, looked dismally at his mother, and then looked more dismally at his father.

"I suppose you're sick too, Phelim," said the father. "My head's goin' round like a top."

"Ate your breakfast," said his mother; "it's the best thing for you."

"Where wor you last night, Phelim?" inquired the father.

"What are you sayin', ould man?"

"Who wor you wid last night?"

"Do, Phelim," said the mother, "tell us, *aroon!* I hope it wasn't *out* you wor. Tell us, *avourneen!*"

"Ould woman, what are you talkin' about?"

Phelim whistled *Ulican dhu oh,* or the "Song of Sorrow." At length he bounced to his feet, and exclaimed in a loud, rapid voice—

"*Ma chorp an diouol!* ould couple, but I'm robbed of my ten guineas by Sam Appleton!"

"Robbed by Sam Appleton! Heavens above!" exclaimed the father.

"Robbed by Sam Appleton! *Gra machree,* Phelim! no, you aren't!" exclaimed the mother.

"*Gra machree* yourself, but I say I am," replied Phelim—"robbed clane of every penny of it!"

Phelim then sat down to breakfast—for he was one of those happy mortals whose appetite is rather sharpened by affliction—and immediately related to his father and mother the necessity which Appleton's connection had imposed on him of leaving the country; adding, that while he was in a state of intoxication he had been stripped of Appleton's clothes; that his own were left beside him; that when he awoke the next morning he found his borrowed suit gone; that on searching for his own he found, to his misery, that the ten guineas had disappeared along with Appleton, who, he understood from his father, had "left the neighbourhood for a while, till the throuble he was in ud pass over."

"But I know where he's gone," said Phelim, "an' may the divil's luck go wid him; an' God's curse on the day I ever had anything to do wid that hell-fire Ribbon business! 'Twas he first brought me into it, the villain; an' now I'd give the townland we're in to be fairly out of it."

"*Hanim an diouol!*" said the father, "is the ten guineas gone? The curse of hell upon him, for a black desaver! Where's the villain, Phelim?"

"He's gone to America," replied the son. "The divil tear the tongue out o' myself, too! I should be puttin' him up to go there, an' to get money, if it was to be had. The villain bit me fairly."

"Well, but how are we to manage?" inquired Larry. "What's to be done?"

"Why," said the other, "to bear it, an' say nothin'. Even if he was in his father's house, the double-faced villain has me so much in his power that I couldn't say a word about it. My curse on the Ribbon business, I say, from my heart out!"

That day was a miserable one to Phelim and the father. The loss of the ten guineas and the feverish sickness produced by their debauch rendered their situation not enviable. Some other small matters, too, in which Phelim was especially concerned, independent of the awkward situation in which he felt himself respecting the three calls on the following day, which was Sunday, added greater weight to his anxiety. He new not how to manage, especially upon the subject of his

habiliments, which certainly were in a very dilapidated state. An Irishman, however, never despairs. If he has not apparel of his own sufficiently decent to wear on his wedding-day, he borrows from a friend. Phelim and his father remembered that there were several neighbours in the village who would oblige him with a suit for the wedding; and as to the other necessary expenses, they did what their countrymen are famous for—they trusted to chance.

"We'll work ourselves out of it some way," said Larry. "Sure, if all fails us, we can sell the goats for the weddin' expenses. It's one comfort that Paddy Donovan must find the dinner; an' all we have to get is the whisky, the marriage-money, an' some other thrifles."

"They say," observed Phelim, "that people have more luck whin they're marrid[1] than whin they're single. I'll have a bout at the marriage, so I will; for worse luck I can't have, if I had half a dozen wives, than I always met wid."

"I'll go down," observed Larry, "to Paddy Donovan's an' send him to the priest's to give in your names to be called to-morrow. Faith, it's well that you won't have to appear, or I dunna how you'd get over it."

"No," said Phelim, "that bill won't pass. You must go to the priest yourself, an' see the curate; if you go near Father O'Hara, it ud knock a plan on the head that I've invinted. I'm in the notion that I'll make the ould woman bleed agin. I'll squeeze as much out of her as 'ill bring me to America, for I'm not overly safe here; or, if all fails, I'll marry her, an' run away wid the money. It ud bring us all acrass."

Larry's interview with the curate was but a short one. He waited on Donovan, however, before he went, who expressed himself satisfied with the arrangement, and looked forward to the marriage as certain. As for Phelim, the idea of being called to three females at the same time was one that tickled his vanity very much. Vanity where the fair sex was concerned had been always his predominant failing. He was not finally determined on marriage with any of them; but

[1] This is another absurd opinion peculiar to the Irish, and certainly one of the most pernicious that prevails among them.

he knew that should he even escape the three, the *éclat* resulting from so celebrated a transaction would recommend him to the sex for the remainder of his life. Impressed with this view of the matter, he sauntered about as usual; saw Foodle Flattery's daughter, and understood that her uncle had gone to the priest to have his niece and worthy Phelim called the next day. But besides this hypothesis, Phelim had another, which, after all, was the real one. He hoped that the three applications would prevent the priest from calling him at all.

The priest, who possessed much sarcastic humour, on finding the name of Phelim come in as a candidate for marriage honours with three different women, felt considerably puzzled to know what he could be at. That Phelim might hoax one or two of them was very probable; but that he should have the effrontery to make him the instrument of such an affair, he thought a little too bad.

"Now," said he to his curate, as they talked the matter over that night, "it is quite evident that this scapegrace reckons upon our refusing to call him with any of those females to-morrow. It is also certain that not one of the three to whom he has pledged himself is aware that he is under similar obligations to the other two."

"How do you intend to act, sir?" inquired the curate.

"Why," said Father O'Hara, "certainly to call him to each; it will give the business a turn for which he is not prepared. He will stand exposed, moreover, before the congregation, and that will be some punishment to him."

"I don't know as to the punishment," replied the curate. "If ever a human being was free from shame, Phelim is. The fellow will consider it a joke."

"Very possible," observed his superior; "but I am anxious to punish this old woman. It may prevent her from uniting herself with a fellow who would, on becoming master of her money, immediately abandon her—perhaps proceed to America."

"It will also put the females of the parish on their guard against him," said the innocent curate, who knew not that it would raise him highly in their estimation.

"We will have a scene, at all events," said Father O'Hara;

"for I'm resolved to expose him. No blame can be attached to those whom he has duped, excepting only the old woman, whose case will certainly excite a great deal of mirth. That matters not, however; she has earned the ridicule, and let her bear it."

It was not until Sunday morning that the three calls occurred to Phelim in a new light. He forgot that the friends of the offended parties might visit upon his proper carcass the contumely he offered to them. This, however, did not give him much anxiety, for Phelim was never more in his element than when entering upon a row.

The Sunday in question was fine, and the congregation unusually large: one would think that all the inhabitants of the parish of Teernarogarah had been assembled. Most of them certainly were.

The priest, after having gone through the usual ceremonies of the Sabbath worship, excepting those with which he concludes the mass, turned round to the congregation, and thus addressed them:—

"I would not," said he, "upon any other occasion of this kind think it necessary to address you at all; but this is one perfectly unique, and in some degree patriarchal, because, my friends, we are informed that it was allowed in the times of Abraham and his successors to keep more than one wife. This custom is about being revived by a modern, who wants, in rather a barefaced manner, to palm himself upon us as a patriarch. And who do you think, my friends, this Irish patriarch is? Why, no other than bouncing Phelim O'Toole!"

This was received precisely as the priest had anticipated: loud were the shouts of laughter from all parts of the congregation.

"Divil a fear o' Phelim!" they exclaimed. "He wouldn't be himself or he'd kick up a dust some way."

"Blessed Phelim! Jist like him! Faith, he couldn't be marrid in the common coorse!"

"*Arrah,* whisht till we hear the name o' the happy crathur that's to be blisthered wid Phelim! The darlin's in luck, whoever she is, an' has gained a prize in the 'bouncer.'"

"This patriarch," continued the priest, "has made his selection with great judgment and discrimination. In the first place, he has pitched upon a hoary damsel of long standing in the world—one blessed with age and experience. She is qualified to keep Phelim's house well, as soon as it shall be built; but whether she will be able to keep Phelim himself is another consideration. It is not unlikely that Phelim, in imitation of his great prototypes, may prefer living in a tent. But whether she keeps Phelim or the house, one thing is certain, that Phelim will keep her money. Phelim selected this aged woman, we presume, for her judgment; for surely she who has given such convincing proof of discretion must make a useful partner to one who, like Phelim, has that virtue yet to learn. I have no doubt, however, but in a short time he will be as discreet as his teacher."

"Blood alive! Isn't that fine language?"

"You may say that! Begad, it's himself can discoorse! What's the Protestants to that?"

"The next upon the list is one who, though a poor man's daughter, will certainly *bring property* to Phelim. There is also an aptness in this selection which does credit to the 'Patriarch.' Phelim is a great dancer, an accomplishment of which we do not read that the patriarchs themselves were possessed; although we certainly do read that a light heel was of a little service to Jacob. Well, Phelim carries a light heel, and the second female of his choice on this list carries a 'light hand'; [1] it is therefore but natural to suppose that, if ever they are driven to extremities, they will make light of many things which other people would consider of weighty moment. Whether Phelim and she may long remain stationary in this country is a problem more likely to be solved at the county assizes than here. It is not improbable that his Majesty may recommend the patriarch and one of his wives to try the benefit of a voyage to New South Wales, he himself graciously vouchsafing to bear their expenses."

"Divil a lie in that, anyhow! If ever any one crossed the wather, Phelim will. Can't his reverence be funny when he plases?"

[1] Intimating theft.

"Many a time it was prophecized for him; an' his reverence knows best."

"Begad, Phelim's gettin' over the coals. But sure it's all the way the father an' mother reared him."

"Tundher-an'-turf, is he goin' to be called to a pair o' them?"

"Faix, so it seems."

"Oh, the divil's clip! Is he mad? But let us hear it out."

"The third damsel is by no means so well adapted for Phelim as either of the other two. What she could have seen in him is another problem much more difficult than the one I have mentioned. I would advise her to reconsider the subject, and let Phelim have the full benefit of the attention she may bestow upon it. If she finds the patriarch possessed of but one virtue, except necessity, I will admit that it is pretty certain that she will soon discover the longitude, and that has puzzled the most learned men of the world. If she marries this patriarch, I think the angels who may visit him will come in shape of policemen; and that Phelim, so long as he can find a cudgel, will give them anything but a patriarchal reception is another thing of which we may rest pretty certain.

"I now publish the banns of matrimony between Phelim O'Toole of Teernarogarah and Bridget Doran of Dernascobe. If any person knows of any impediment why these two should not be joined in wedlock, they are bound to declare it.

"This Bridget Doran, my friends, is no other than my old housekeeper; but when, where, or how Phelim could have won upon her juvenile affections is one of those mysteries which is never to be explained. I dare say the match was brought about by despair on her side, and necessity on his. She despaired of getting a husband, and he had a necessity for the money. In point of age I admit she would make a very fit wife for any patriarch."

Language could not describe the effect which this disclosure produced upon the congregation. The fancy of every one present was tickled at the idea of a union between Phelim and the old woman. It was followed by roars of laughter, which lasted several minutes.

"Oh, thin, the curse o' the crows upon him, was he only

able to butther up the ould woman! Oh, *Ghe dhiven!* that flogs. Why, it's a wondher he didn't stale the ould slip, an' make a runaway match of it!—ha, ha, ha! *Musha*, bad scran to her, but she had young notions of her own! A purty bird she picked up in Phelim!—ha, ha, ha!"

"I also publish the banns of matrimony between Phelim O'Toole of Teernarogarah and Sally Flattery of the same place. If any of you know of any impediment why they should not be joined in wedlock, you are bound to declare it."

The mirth rose again loud and general. Foodle Flattery, whose character was so well known, appeared so proper a father-in-law for Phelim that his selection in this instance delighted them highly.

"Betther an' betther, Phelim! More power to you! You're fixed at last. Foodle Flattery's daughter—a known thief! Well, what harm? Phelim himself has pitch on his fingers—or had, anyhow, when he was growin' up—for many a thing stuck to them. Oh, bedad, now we know what his reverence was at when he talked about the 'sizes, bad luck to them! Betune her an' the ould woman, Phelim ud be in Paradise! Foodle Flattery's daughter! Begad, she'll 'bring him property,' sure enough, as his reverence says."

"I also publish the banns of matrimony between Phelim O'Toole—whom we must in future call the 'Patriarch'—of Teernarogarah, and Peggy Donovan of the same place. If any of you know any impediment in the way of their marriage, you are bound to declare it."

"Bravo! Phelim, *acushla*. 'Tis you that's the blessed youth. Tundher-an'-whisky, did ever anybody hear of such desate? To do three o' them! Be sure the bouncer has some schame in this. Well, one would suppose Paddy Donovan an' his daughter had more sinse nor to think of sich a runagate as bouncin' Phelim."

"No, but the pathriark! Sure, his reverence sez that we mustn't call him anything agin but the pathriark! Oh, begorra, that's the name!—ha, ha, ha!"

When the mirth of the congregation had subsided, and their comments ended, the priest concluded in the following words:—

"Now, my friends, here is such a piece of profligacy as I

have never, in the whole course of my pastoral duties, witnessed. It is the act of Phelim O'Toole, be it known, who did not scruple to engage himself for marriage to three females —that is, to two girls and an old woman—and who, in addition, had the effrontery to send me his name and theirs, to be given out all on the same Sunday; thus making me an instrument in his hands to hoax those who trusted in his word. That he can marry but one of them is quite clear; but that he would not scruple to marry the three, and three more to complete the half-dozen, is a fact which no one who knows him will doubt. For my part, I know not how this business may terminate. Of a truth he has contrived to leave the claims of the three females in a state of excellent confusion. Whether it raise or lessen him in their opinion, I cannot pretend to determine. I am sorry for Donovan's daughter, for I know not what greater calamity could befall any honest family than a matrimonial union with Phelim O'Toole. I trust that this day's proceedings will operate as a caution to the females of the parish against such an unscrupulous reprobate. It is for this purpose only that I publish the names given in to me. His character was pretty well known before; it is now established; and having established it, I dismiss the subject altogether."

Phelim's fame was now nearly at its height. Never before had such a case been known; yet the people somehow were not so much astonished as might be supposed; on the contrary, had Phelim's courtship gone off like that of another man they would have felt more surprised. We need scarcely say that the "giving out" or "calling" of Phelim and the three damsels was spread over the whole parish before the close of that Sunday. Every one had it—man, woman, and child. It was told, repeated, and improved as it went along. New circumstances were added, fresh points made out, and other *dramatis personæ* brought in—all with great felicity, and quite suitable to Phelim's character.

Strongly contrasted with the amusement of the parishioners in general was the indignation felt by the three damsels and their friends. The old housekeeper was perfectly furious; so much so, indeed, that the priest gave some dark hints at the necessity of sending for a strait waistcoat. Her fellow-

servants took the liberty of breaking some strong jests upon her, in return for which she took the liberty of breaking two strong churn-staves upon them. Being a remarkably strong woman for her years, she put forth her strength to such purpose that few of them went to bed without sore bones. The priest was seriously annoyed at it, for he found that his house was a scene of battle during the remainder of the day.

Sally Flattery's uncle, in the absence of her father, indignantly espoused the cause of his niece. He and Donovan each went among their friends to excite in them a proper resentment, and to form a faction for the purpose of chastising Phelim. Their chagrin was bitter on finding that their most wrathful representations of the insult sustained by their families were received with no other spirit than one of the most extravagant mirth. In vain did they rage, and fume, and swear; they could get no one to take a serious view of it. Phelim O'Toole was the author of all, and from him it was precisely what they had expected.

Phelim himself, and the father, on hearing of the occurrence after mass, were as merry as any other two in the parish. At first the father was disposed to lose his temper; but on Phelim telling him he would hear no *gosther* on the subject, he thought proper to take it in good-humour. About this time they had not more than a week's provision in the house, and only three shillings of capital. The joke of the three calls was too good a one to pass off as an ordinary affair —they had three shillings, and although it was their last, neither of them could permit the matter to escape as a dry joke. They accordingly repaired to the little public-house of the village, where they laughed at the world, got drunk, hugged each other, despised all mankind, and staggered home, ragged and merry, poor and hearty, their arms about each other's necks, perfect models of filial duty and paternal affection.

The reader is aware that the history of Phelim's abrupt engagement with the housekeeper was conveyed by Fool Art to Sally Flattery. Her thievish character rendered marriage as hopeless to her as length of days did to Bridget Doran. No one knew the plan she had laid for Phelim, but this fool; and in order to secure his silence she had promised him a

shirt on the Monday after the first call. Now Art, as was evident by his endless habit of shrugging, felt the necessity of a shirt very strongly.

About ten o'clock on Monday he presented himself to Sally, and claimed his recompense.

"Art," said Sally, "the shirt I intended for you is upon Squire Nugent's hedge beside their garden. You know the family's goin' up to Dublin on Thursday, Art, an' they're gettin' their washin' done in time to be off. Go down, but don't let any one see you; take the third shirt on the row, an' bring it up to me till I smooth it for you."

Art sallied down to the hedge on which the linen had been put out to dry, and having reconnoitred the premises, shrugged himself, and cast a longing eye on the third shirt. With that knavish penetration, however, peculiar to such persons, he began to reflect that Sally might have some other object in view besides his accommodation. He determined therefore to proceed upon new principles—sufficiently safe, he thought, to protect him from the consequences of theft.

"Good-morrow, Bush," said Art, addressing that on which the third shirt was spread. "Isn't it a burnin' shame an' a sin for you," he continued, "to have sich a fine white shirt an you, an' me widout a stitch to my back. Will you swap?"

Having waited until the bush had due time to reply—

"Sorra fairer," he observed; "silence gives consint."

In less than two minutes he stripped, put on one of the Squire's best shirts, and spread out his own dusky fragment in its place.

"It's a good thing," said Art, "to have a clear conscience; a fair exchange is no robbery."

Now, it so happened that the Squire himself, who was a humourist, and also a justice of the peace, saw Art putting his morality in practice at the hedge. He immediately walked out with an intention of playing off a trick upon the fool for his dishonesty; and he felt the greater inclination to do this in consequence of an opinion long current, that Art, though he had outwitted several, had never been outwitted himself.

Art had been always a welcome guest in the Squire's kitchen, and never passed the "Big House," as an Irish country gentleman's residence is termed, without calling. On this occasion, however, he was too cunning to go near it—a fact which the Squire observed. By taking a short cut across one of his own fields he got before Art, and turning the angle of a hedge, met him trotting along at his usual pace.

"Well, Art, where now?"

"To the crass roads, your honour."

"Art, is not this a fine place of mine? Look at these groves, and the lawn, and the river there, and the mountains behind all. Is it not equal to Sir William R——'s?"[1] (Sir William was Art's favourite patron.)

"Sir William, your honour, has all this at his place."

"But I think my views are finer."

"They're fine enough," replied Art; "but where's the lake before the door?"

The Squire said no more about his prospects.

"Art," he continued, "would you carry a letter for me to M——?"

"I'll be wantin' somethin' to dhrink on the way," said Art.

"You shall get something to eat and drink before you go," said the Squire, "and half-a-crown for your trouble."

"Augh," exclaimed Art, "be dodda, sir, you're nosed like Sir William, and chinned like Captain Taylor." This was always Art's compliment when pleased.

The Squire brought him up to the house, ordered him refreshment, and while Art partook of it, wrote a letter or mittimus to the county gaoler, authorising him to detain the bearer in prison until he should hear further from him.

Art, having received the half-crown and the letter, appeared delighted; but on hearing the name of the person to whom it was addressed, he smelt a trick. He promised faithfully, however, to deliver it, and betrayed no symptoms whatever of suspicion. After getting some distance from

[1] A local landlord named Sir W. Richardson, referred to in Carleton's incomplete "Autobiography," recently published, with a continuation by the present writer.—ED.

the big house, he set his wits to work, and ran over in his mind the names of those who had been most in the habit of annoying him. At the head of this list stood Phelim O'Toole, and on Phelim's head did he resolve to transfer the revenge which the Squire, he had no doubt, intended to take on himself.

With considerable speed he made his way to Larry O'Toole's, where such a scene presented itself as made him for a moment forget the immediate purport of his visit.

Opposite Phelim, dressed out in her best finery, stood the housekeeper, zealously insisting on either money or marriage. On one side of him stood old Donovan and his daughter, whom he had forced to come, in the character of a witness, to support his charges against the gay deceiver. On the other were ranged Sally Flattery in tears, and her uncle in wrath, each ready to pounce upon Phelim.

Phelim stood the very emblem of patience and good-humour. When one of them attacked him he winked at the other two; when either of the other two came on he winked still at those who took breath. Sometimes he trod on his father's toe, lest the old fellow might lose the joke, and not unfrequently proposed their going to a public-house, and composing their differences over a bottle, if any of them would pay the expenses.

"What do you mane to do?" said the housekeeper—"but it's asy known I'm an unprotected woman, or I wouldn't be thrated as I am. If I had relations livin' or near me, we'd pay you on the bones for bringin' me to shame and scandal as you have done."

"Upon my *sannies*, Mrs. Doran, I feel for your situation, so I do," said Phelim. "You've outlived all your friends, an' if it was in my power to bring any o' them back to you I'd do it."

"Oh, you desaver, is that the feelin' you have for me, when I thought you'd be a guard an' projection to me? You know I have the money, you sconce, an' how comfortable it ud keep us, if you'd only see what's good for you. You blarneyed an' palavered me, you villain, till you got my infections, an' thin you tuck the colic as an

excuse to lave me in a state of dissolution an' disparagement. You promised to marry me, an' you had no notion of it."

"You're not the only one he has disgraced, Mrs. Doran," said Donovan. "A purty way he came down, himself an' his father, undher pretence of coortin' my daughter. He should lay down his ten guineas, too, to show us what he had to begin the world wid, the villain!—an' him had no notion of it aither."

"An' he should send this girl to make me go to the priest to have him and her called, the reprobate!" said Nick Flattery—"an' him had no notion of it aither."

"Sure, he sent us all there!" exclaimed Donovan.

"He did," said the old woman.

"Not a doubt of it," observed Flattery.

"Ten guineas!" said the housekeeper. "An' so you brought my ten guineas in your pocket to coort another girl! Aren't you a right profligate?"

"Yes," said Donovan, "aren't you a right profligate?"

"Answer the dacent people," said Flattery—"aren't you a right profligate?"

"Take the world asy, all of yees," replied Phelim. "Mrs. Doran, there was three of you called, sure enough; but, be the vestments, I intinded—Do you hear me, Mrs. Doran? Now have rason—I say, do you hear me? Be the vestments, I intinded to marry only one of you; an' that I'll do still, except I'm vexed—(a wink at the old woman). Yet you're all flyin' at me, as if I had three heads upon me."

"Maybe the poor boy's not so much to blame," said Mrs. Doran. "There's hussies in this world," and here she threw an angry eye upon the other two, "that ud give a man no pace till he'd promised to marry them."

"Why did he promise to them that didn't want him, thin?" exclaimed Donovan. "I'm not angry that he didn't marry my daughther—for I wouldn't give her to him now—but I am at the slight he put an her."

"Paddy Donovan, did you hear what I said jist now?" replied Phelim. "I wish to Jamini some people ud have sinse! Be them five crasses, I know thim I intinded to marry, as well as I do where I'm standin'. That's plain talk,

Paddy. I'm sure the world's not past yet, I hope "—(a wink at Paddy Donovan).

"An' wasn't he a big rascal to make little of my brother's daughther as he did?" said Flattery; "but he'll rub his heels together for the same act."

"Nick Flatthery, do you think I could marry three wives? Be that horseshoe over the door, Sally Flatthery, you didn't thrate me dacent. She did not, Nick; an' you ought to know that it was wrong of her to come here to-day."

"Well, but what do you intind to do, Phelim, *avourn*—— you profligate?" said the half-angry, half-pacified housekeeper, who, being the veteran, always led on the charge.

"Why, I intind to marry one of you," said Phelim. "I say, Mrs. Doran, do you see thim ten fingers acrass—be thim five crasses, I'll do what I said, if nothing happens to put it aside."

"Then be an honest man," said Flattery, "an' tell us which o' them you will marry."

"Nick, don't you know I always regarded your family? If I didn't, that I may never do an ill turn! Now! But some people can't see anything. *Arrah*, tundher-an'-whisky, man, would you expect me to tell out, before all that's here, who I'll marry—to be hurtin' the feelins of the rest. Faith, I'll never do a shabby thing."

"What rekimpinse will you make my daughther for bringin' down her name afore the whole parish, along wid them she oughtn't to be named in the one day wid?" said Donovan.

"An' who is that, Paddy Donovan?" said the housekeeper, with a face of flame.

"None of your broad hints, Paddy," said Nick. "If it's a collusion to Sally Flattery you mane, take care I don't make you ate your words."

"Paddy," exclaimed Phelim, "you oughtn't to be hurtin' their feelins!"—(a friendly wink to Paddy).

"If you mane me," said the housekeeper, "by the crook on the fire, I'd lave you a mark."

"I mane you for one, thin, since you provoke me," replied Donovan.

"For one is it?" said Nick; "an' who's the other, i' you plase?"

"Your brother's daughther," he replied. "Do you think I'd even[1] my daughther to a thief?"

"Begorra," observed Phelim, "that's too provokin', an' what I wouldn't bear. Will yees keep the pace, I say, till I spake a word to Mrs. Doran? Mrs. Doran, can I have a word or two wid you outside the house?"

"To be sure you can," she replied; "I'd give you fair play if the *diouol* was in you."

Phelim accordingly brought her out, and thus accosted her:

"Now, Mrs. Doran, you think I thrated you ondacent; but do you see that book?" said he, producing a book of ballads, on which he had sworn many a similar oath before. "Be the contints o' that book, as sure as you're beside me, it's you I intind to marry! These other two—the curse o' the crows upon them! I wish we could get them from about the place—is both dyin' for love o' me, an' I surely did promise to get myself called to them. They wanted it to be a promise of marriage; but, says I, 'Sure, if we're called together it's the same, for whin it comes to that, all's right' —an' so I tould both o' them, unknownst to one another. *Arrah,* be my sowl, you'd make two like them, so you would; an' if you hadn't a penny, I'd marry you afore aither o' them to-morrow. Now, there's the whole sacret, an' don't be onaisy about it. Tell Father O'Hara how it is, whin you go home, an' that he must call the three o' you to me agin, on next Sunday, and the Sunday afther, plase goodness; jist that I may keep my promise to them. You know I couldn't have luck or grace if I marrid you wid the sin of two broken promises on me."

"My goodness, Phelim, but you tuck a burdyeen off o' me! Faix, you'll see how happy we'll be."

"To be sure we will! But I'm tould you're sometimes crass, Mrs. Doran. Now, you must promise to be kind an' lovin' to the childher, or, be the vestment, I'll break off the match yet."

"Och, an' why wouldn't I, Phelim, *acushla?* Sure, that's but rason."

"Well, take this book an' swear it. Begorra, your word

[1] Compare.

won't do, for it's a thing my mind's made up on. It's I that'll be fond o' the childher."

"An' how am I to swear it, Phelim? for I never tuck an oath myself yet."

"Take the book in your hand, shut one eye, and say the words afther me. Be the contints o' this book—"

"Be the contints o' this book—"

"I'll be kind, an' motherly, an' boistherous—"

"I'll be kind, an' motherly, an' boistherous—"

"To my own childher—"

"To my own childher—"

"An' never bate or abuse thim—"

"An' never bate or abuse thim—"

"Barrin' whin they desarve it."

"Barrin' whin they desarve it."

"An' this I swear—"

"An' this I swear—"

"In the presence of St. Phelim."

"In the presence of St. Phelim."

"Amin!"

"Amin!"

"Now, Mrs. Doran, *acushla,* if you could jist know how aisy my conscience is about the childher, poor crathurs, you'd be in mighty fine spirits. There won't be sich a lovin' husband, begad, in Europe. It's I that'll coax you, an' butther you up like a new pair o' brogues; but, begad, you must be sweeter than liquorice or sugar-candy to me. Won't you, darlin'?"

"Be the crass, Phelim darlin', jewel, I'll be as kind a wife as ever breathed! *Arrah,* Phelim, won't you come down to-morrow evenin'? There'll be no one at home but myself, an'—ha, ha, ha!—Oh, you coaxin' rogue! I see you laughin'! Will you come, darlin'?"

"Surely. But death alive! I was near forgettin'—sure, bad luck to the penny o' the ten guineas but I paid away."

"Paid away! Is it my ten guineas?"

"Your ten guineas, darlin'; an' right well I managed it. Didn't I secure Pat Hanratty's farm by it? Sam Appleton's uncle had it as good as taken; so, begad, I came down wid the ten guineas, by way of airles, an' now we have it. I knew you'd be plased to hear it, an' that you'd be proud to give

me ten more for clo'es an' the weddin' expenses. Isn't that good news, *avourneen?*—eh, you duck o' diamonds? Faith, let Phelim alone! An' another thing—I must call you Bridget for the future; it's sweeter an' more lovin'."

"Phelim, I wish you had consulted wid me afore you done it; but it can't be helped. Come down to-morrow evenin', an' we'll see what's to be done."

"The grace o' heaven upon you, but you are the winnin'est woman alive this day! Now take my advice, an' go home widout comin' in. I'm wantin' to get this other pair off o' my hands as well as I can; an' our best way is to do all widout noise. Isn't it, darlin'?"

"It is, Phelim, jewel; an' I'll go."

"Faith, Bridget, you've dealt in thracle afore now, you're so sweet. Now, *acushla*, farewell; an' take care of yourself till to-morrow evenin'!"

Phelim, on re-entering his father's cabin, found Larry and Peggy Donovan placed between her father and Flattery, each struggling to keep them asunder. Phelim at first had been anxious to set them by the ears, but his interview with the old woman changed his plan of operations altogether. With some difficulty he succeeded in repressing their tendency to single combat, which having effected, he brought out Flattery and his niece, both of whom he thus addressed—

"Be the vestment, Sally, only that my regard an' love for you is uncommon, I'd break off the affair altogether, so I would."

"An' why would you do so, Phelim O'Toole?" inquired the uncle.

"Bekase," replied Phelim, "you came here an' made a show of me when I wished to have no *brieuliagh* at all, at all. In regard of Peggy Donovan, I never spoke a word to the girl about marriage since I was christened. Saize the syllable! My father brought me down there to *gosther* a while the other night, an' Paddy sent away for whisky. An' the curse o' Cromwell on myself! I should get tossicated. So while I was half-says over, the two ould rips set to makin' the match —planned to have us called—an' me knew nothin' about it, good, bad, or indifferent. That's the thruth, be the sky above us!"

"An' what have you to say about the housekeeper, Phelim?"

"Why, I don't know yet who done me there. I was about takin' a farm, an' my father borrid ten guineas from her. Somebody heard it—I suspect Sam Appleton—an' gave in our names to the priest to be called, makin' a good joke of it. All sorts o' luck to them, barrin' good luck, that did it; but they put me in a purty state! But never heed! I'll find them out yet. Now go home, both o' you, an' I'll slip down in half an hour, wid a bottle o' whisky in my pocket. We'll talk over what's to be done. Sure, Sally here knows it's my own intherest to marry her, and no one else."

"If my father thought you would, Phelim, he'd not stag, even if he was to crass the wather!"

"Go home, Sally darlin', till I get this mad Donovan an' his daughther away. Be all that's beautiful, I'll be apt to give him a taste o' my *shillelagh* if he doesn't behave himself! Half an hour I'll be down in—wid the bottle; an' don't you go, Nick, till you see me."

"Phelim," said the uncle, "you know how the case is: you must aither marry the girl, or take a long voyage, *abouchal*. We'll have no bouncin' or palaver."

"Bedad, Nick, I've great patience wid you," said Phelim, smiling—"go off, I say, both of you."

They then proceeded homewards, and Phelim returned to appease the anger of Donovan, as he had that of the others. Fresh fiction was again drawn forth, every word of which the worthy father corroborated. They promised to go down that night and drink another bottle together; a promise which they knew by the state of their finances it was impossible to fulfil. The prospect of the "booze," however, tranquillised Donovan, who in his heart relished a glass of liquor as well as either Phelim or the father. Shaking of hands and professions of friendship were again beginning to multiply with great rapidity, when Peggy thought proper to make a few observations on the merits of her admirer.

"In regard to me," she observed, "you may save yourselves the throuble o' comin'. I wouldn't marry Phelim, afther what the priest said yistherday, if he had the riches o' the townland we're spakin' in. I never cared for him, nor liked

him; an' it was only to plase my father an' mother that I consinted to be called to him at all. I'll never join myself to the likes of him. If I do, may I be a corpse the next minute!"

Having thus expressed herself, she left her father, Phelim, and Larry to digest her sentiments, and immediately went home.

Donovan, who was outrageous at this contempt of his authority, got his hat, with the intention of compelling her to return and retract in their presence what she had said; but the daughter, being the more light-footed of the two, reached home before he could overtake her; where, backed by her mother, she maintained her resolution, and succeeded, ere long, in bringing the father over to her opinion.

During this whole scene in Larry's, Fool Art sat in that wild abstraction which characterises the unhappy class to which he belonged. He muttered to himself, laughed—or rather chuckled—shrugged his shoulders, and appeared to be as unconscious of what had taken place as an automaton. When the coast was clear he rose up, and plucking Phelim's skirt, beckoned him towards the door.

"Phelim," said he, when they had got out, "would you like to earn a crown?"

"Tell me how, Art," said Phelim.

"A letther from the Square to the gaoler of M—— gaol. If you bring back an answer, you'll get a crown, your dinner, an' a quart o' sthrong beer."

"But why don't you bring it yourself, Art?"

"Why, I'm afeard. Sure, they'd keep me in gaol, I'm tould, if they'd catch me in it—aha! Bedad, I won't go near them; sure, they'd hang me for shootin' Bonypart—aha!"

"Must the answer be brought back to-day, Art?"

"Oh, it wouldn't do to-morrow at all. Be dodda, no! Five shillins, your dinner, an' a quart o' sthrong beer!—aha! But you must give me a shillin' or two to buy a sword, for the Square's goin' to make me a captain; thin I'll be grand, an' I'll make you a sargint."

This seemed a windfall to Phelim. The unpleasant dilemma in which Sally Flattery had placed him by the fabricated account of her father's imprisonment made him extremely

anxious to see Foodle himself, and to ascertain the precise outrage for which he had been secured. Here, then, was an opportunity of an interview with him, and of earning five shillings, a good dinner, and a quart of strong beer, as already specified.

"Art," said he, "give me the letther, an' I'm the boy that'll soon do the job. Long life to you, Art! Be the contints o' the book, Art, I'll never pelt you or vex you agin, my worthy; an' I'll always call you captain!"

Phelim immediately commenced his journey to M——, which was only five miles distant, and in a very short time reached the gaol, saw the gaoler, and presented his letter.

The latter, on perusing it, surveyed him with the scrutiny of a man whose eye was practised in scanning offenders.

Phelim, whilst the gaoler examined him, surveyed the strong and massy bolts with which every door and hatchway was secured. Their appearance produced rather an uncomfortable sensation in him; so much so, that when the gaoler asked him his name he thought it more prudent, in consequence of a touch of conscience he had, to personate Art for the present, inasmuch as he felt it impossible to assume any name more safe than that of an idiot.

"My name is Art Maguire," said he, in reply to the gaoler. "I'm messenger to Square S——; the one he had was discharged on Friday last. I expect soon to be made groom, too."

"Come this way," said the gaoler, "and you shall have an answer."

He brought Phelim into the prison-yard, where he remained for about twenty minutes, labouring under impressions which he felt becoming gradually more unpleasant. His anxiety was not lessened on perceiving twenty or thirty cuprits, under the management of the turnkeys, enter the yard, where they were drawn up in a line, like a file of solliers.

"What's your name?" said one of the turnkeys.

"Art Maguire," replied Phelim.

"Stand here," said the other, shoving him amongst the prisoners. "Keep your head up, you villain, an' don't be ashamed to look your friends in the face. It won't be hard

to identify you, at any rate, you scoundrel. A glimpse of that phiz, even by starlight, would do you, you dog. Jack, tell Mr. S—— to bring in the gintlemen—they're all ready."

Phelim's dismay on finding himself under drill with such a villainous crew was indescribable. He attempted to parley with the turnkey, but was near feeling the weight of his heavy keys for daring to approach a man placed in authority.

While thus chewing the cud of sweet and bitter fancy, three gentlemen, accompanied by the gaoler, entered the yard, and walked backward and forward in front of the prisoners, whose faces and persons they examined with great care. For a considerable time they could not recognise any of them; but just as they were about to give up the scrutiny, one of the gentlemen approached Phelim, and looking narrowly into his countenance, exclaimed—

"Here, gaoler, this man I identify. I cannot be mistaken in his face; the rough visage and drooping eye of that fellow put all doubt as to his identity out of question. What's his name?"

"He gives his name, sir, as Arthur Maguire."

"Arthur what, sir?" said another of the turnkeys, looking earnestly at Phelim. "Why, sir, this is the fellow that swore the *alibis* for the Kellys—ay, an' for the Delanys, an' for the O'Briens. His name is Phelim O'Toole; an' a purty boy he is, by all report."

Phelim, though his heart sank within him, attempted to banter them out of their bad opinion of him; but there was something peculiarly dismal and melancholy in his mirth.

"Why, gintlemen — ha, ha! — begorra, I'd take it as a convanience—I mane as a favour—if you'd believe me that there's a small taste of mistake here. I was sent by Squire S—— wid a letter to Mr. S——t, an' he gave me fifty ordhers to bring him back an' answer this day. As for Phelim O'Toole, if you mane the rascal that swears the *alibis*, fath, I can't deny but I'm as like him, the villain, as one egg is to another. Bad luck to his 'dhroop,' anyhow; little I thought that it would ever bring me into throuble—ha, ha, ha! Mr. S——t, what answer have you for the Square, sir? Bedad, I'm afeard I'll be late."

"That letter, Master Maguire, or Toole, or whateveryour

name is, authorises me to detain you as a prisoner until I hear further from Mr. S——."

"I identify him distinctly," said the gentleman once more. "I neither doubt nor waver on the subject; so you will do right to detain him. I shall lodge informations against him immediately."

"Sir," said Phelim to the gaoler, "the Square couldn't mane me at all, in regard that it was another person he gave the letter to, for to bring to you; the other person gave it to me. I can make my oath of that. Begorra, you're playin' your thricks upon sthrangers now, I suppose."

"Why, you lying rascal," said the gaoler, "have you not a few minutes ago asserted to the contrary? Did you not tell me that your name was Arthur, or Art Maguire? that you are Mr. S——'s messenger, and expect to be made his groom? And now you deny all this."

"He's Phelim O'Toole," said the turnkey, "I'll swear to him; but if you wait for a minute I'll soon prove it."

He immediately retired to the cell of a convict whom he knew to be from the townland of Teernarogarah, and ordering its inmate to look through the bars of his window, which commanded the yard, he asked him if there was any one among them whom he knew.

The fellow in a few minutes replied, "Whethen, divil a one, barrin' bouncin' Phelim O'Toole."

The turnkey brought him down to the yard, where he immediately recognised Phelim as an old friend, shook hands with him, and addressed him by his name.

"Bad luck to you," said Phelim, in Irish, "is this a place to welcome your friends to?"

"There is some mystery here," said the gaoler. "I suppose the fact is that this fellow returned a wrong name to Mr. S——, and that accounts for the name of Arthur Maguire being in the letter."

All Phelim's attempts to extricate himself were useless. He gave them the proper version of the letter affair with Fool Art, but without making the slightest impression: the gaoler desired him to be locked up.

"Divil fire you all, you villains!" exclaimed Phelim; "is it goin' to put me in crib yees are for no rason in life?

Doesn't the whole parish know that I was never off o' my bed for the last three months, wid a complaint I had, antil widin two or three days agone!"

"There are two excellent motives for putting you in crib," said the gaoler; "but if you can prove that you have been confined to your bed so long as you say, why, it will be all the better for yourself. Go with the turnkey."

"No; tarenation to the fut I'll go," said Phelim, "till I'm carrid."

"Doesn't the gintleman identify you, you villain," replied one of the turnkeys; "an' isn't the Square's letther in your favour?"

"Villain is id!" exclaimed Phelim. "An' from a hangman's cousin, too, we're to bear this!—eh? Take that, anyhow, an' maybe you'll get more when you don't expect it. Whoo! Success, Phelim! There's blood in you still, *abouchal!*"

He accompanied the words by a spring of triumph from the ground, and surveyed the already senseless turnkey with exultation. In a moment, however, he was secured for the purpose of being put into strong irons.

"To the devil's warmin'-pan wid ye all," he continued; "you may do your worst. I defy yees. Ha! be the heavens above me, you'll suffer for this, my fine gintleman. What can yees do but hang or thransport me, you villains? I tell yees, if a man's sowl had a crust of sin on it a foot thick, the best way to get it off ud be jist to shoot a dozen like you. Sin! Oh, the divil saize the sin at all in it. But wait! Did yees ever hear of a man they call Dan O'Connell? Be my sowl, he'll make yees rub your heels together, for keepin' an innocent boy in gaol, that there's no law or no warrant out for. This is the way we're thrated by thim that's ridin' rough shod over us. But have a taste o' patience, ye scoundrels! It won't last, I can tell yees. Our day will soon come, an' then I'd recommend yees to thravel for your health. Hell saize the day's pace or happiness ever will be seen in the country till laws, an' judges, an' juries, an' gaols, an' gaolers, an' turnkeys, an' hangmen is all swep' out of it. Saize the day! An' along wid them goes the parsons an' procthors, tithes an' taxes, all to the divil together. That

day's not far off, ye villains. An' now I tell yees, that if a hair o' my head's touched—ay, if I was hanged to-morrow—I'd lave them behind me that ud put a bullet, wid the help an' blessin' o' God, through any one that'll injure me! So lay that to your conscience, an' do your best. Be the crass, O'Connell 'ill make you look nine ways at wanst for this! He's the boy can put the pin in your noses! He's the boy can make yees thrimble, one an' all o' yees—like a dog in a wet sack! An', wid the blessin' o' God, he'll help us to put our feet on your necks afore long!"

"That's a prudent speech," observed the gaoler; "it will serve you very much."

Phelim consigned him to a very warm settlement in reply.

"Come away, Phelim," said the turnkey, "follow me; you are goin' to be put where you'll have an opportunity of sayin' your prayers."

He then ushered Phelim to a cell, where the reader may easily imagine what he felt. His patriotism rose to a high pitch; he deplored the wrongs of his country bitterly, and was clearly convinced that until gaols, judges, and assizes, together with a long train of similar grievances, were utterly abolished, Ireland could never be right, nor persecuted "boys" like himself at full liberty to burn or murder the enemies of their country with impunity. Notwithstanding these heroic sentiments, an indifferent round oath more than once escaped him against Ribbonism in whole and in part. He cursed the system, and the day and the hour on which he was inveigled into it. He cursed those who had initiated him; nor did his father and mother escape for their neglect of his habits, his morals, and his education. This occurred when he had time for reflection.

The next day Fool Art went to Larry's, where he understood that Phelim was on the missing list. This justified his suspicions of the Squire; but by no means lessened his bitterness against him for the prank he had intended to play upon him. With great simplicity he presented himself at the big house, and met its owner on the lawn, accompanied by two other gentlemen. The magistrate was somewhat surprised on seeing Art at large, when he imagined him to be under the gaoler's lock and key.

"Well, Art," said he, concealing his amazement, "did you deliver my letter?"

"It went safe, your honour," replied Art.

"Did you yourself give it into his hands, as I ordered you?"

"Whoo! Be dodda, would your honour think Art ud tell a lie? Sure he read it. Aha!"

"An' what did he say, Art?"

"Whoo! Why, that he didn't know which of us had the least sense—you for sendin' a fool on a message, or me for deliverin' it."

"Was that all that happened?"

"No, sir. He said," added the fool, with bitter sarcasm, alluding to a duel in which the Squire's character had not come off with flying colours—"he said, sir, that whin you have another challenge to fight, you may get sick agin for threepence."

This having been the manner in which the Squire was said to have evaded the duel, it is unnecessary to say that Art's readiness to refresh his memory on the subject prevented him from being received at the big house in future.

Reader, remember that we only intended to give you a sketch of Phelim O'Toole's courtship; we will, however, go so far beyond our original plan as to apprise you of his fate.

When it became known in the parish that he was in gaol, under a charge of felony, Sally Flattery abandoned all hopes of securing him as a husband. The housekeeper felt suitable distress, and hoped, should the poor boy be acquitted, that "he might hould up his head wid any o' them." Phelim, through the agency of his father, succeeded in getting ten guineas from her, to pay the lawyers for defending him, not one penny of which he applied to the purpose for which he obtained it. The expenses of his defence were drawn from the Ribbon-boy fund; and the Irish reader cannot forget the elegant and pathetic appeal made by his counsel to the jury on his behalf, and the strength with which the fact of his being the whole support of a helpless father and mother was stated. The appeal, however, was ineffectual; worthy Phelim was convicted, and sentenced to transportation for life. When his old acquaintances heard the nature of his destiny, they remembered the two prophecies that had been so often uttered concerning him. One of them was certainly

fulfilled to the letter—we mean that in which it was stated "that the greatest swaggerer among the girls generally comes to the wall at last." The other, though not literally accomplished, touched at least upon the spirit; transportation for life ranks next to hanging.

We cannot avoid mentioning a fact connected with Phelim which came to light while he remained in prison. By incessant trouble he was prevailed upon, or rather compelled, to attend the prison school, and on examining him touching his religious knowledge, it appeared that he was ignorant of the plainest truths of Christianity; that he knew not how or by whom the Christian religion had been promulgated, nor, indeed, any other moral truth connected with revelation.

Immediately after his transportation Larry took to drink, and his mother to begging, for she had no other means of living. In this mode of life the husband was soon compelled to join her. They are both mendicants, and Sheelah now appears sensible of the error in their manner of bringing Phelim up.

"Ah! Larry," she is sometimes heard to say, "I doubt that we wor wrong for flyin' in the face o' God because He didn't give us childher. An' when it plased Him to grant us a son, we oughtn't to've spoiled him by over-indulgence, an' by lettin' him have his own head in everything, as we did. If we had sint him to school, an' larned him to work, an' corrected him when he desarved it, instead of laughin' at his lies, an' misbehaviour, and his oaths, as if they wor sport—ay, an' abusin' the nabours when they'd complain of him, or tell us what he was—ay! if we had, it's a credit an' a comfort he'd be to us now, an' not a shame an' a disgrace an' an affliction. We made our own bed, Larry, an' now we must lie down an it. An' God help us! We made *his* bed too, poor boy, an' a bad one it is. God forgive us! But, anyhow, my heart's breakin', for, bad as he was, sure we haven't him to look upon!"

"Thrue," replied Larry. "Still he was game an' 'cute to the last. Biddy Doran's ten guineas will sarve him *beyant*, poor fellow. But sure the 'boys' kep' their word to him, anyhow, in regard of shootin' Foodle Flattery. Myself was never betther plased in my life than to hear that he got the slugs into his heart, the villain!"

NEAL MALONE

THERE never was a greater-souled or doughtier tailor than little Neal Malone. Though but four feet four in height, he paced the earth with the courage and confidence of a giant; nay, one would have imagined that he walked as if he feared the world itself was about to give way under him. Let none dare to say in future that a tailor is but the ninth part of a man. That reproach has been gloriously taken away from the character of the cross-legged corporation by Neal Malone. He has wiped it off like a stain from the collar of a second-hand coat; he has pressed this wrinkle out of the lying front of antiquity; he has drawn together this rent in the respectability of his profession. No. By him who was breeches-maker to the gods—that is, except, like Highlanders, they eschewed inexpressibles—by him who cut Jupiter's frieze jocks for winter, and eke by the bottom of his thimble, we swear that Neal Malone was *more* than the ninth part of a man!

Setting aside the Patagonians, we maintain that two-thirds of mortal humanity were comprised in Neal; and perhaps we might venture to assert, that two-thirds of Neal's humanity were equal to six-thirds of another man's. It is right well known that Alexander the Great was a little man, and we doubt whether, had Alexander the Great been bred to the tailoring business, he would have exhibited so much of the hero as Neal Malone. Neal was descended from a fighting family, who had signalised themselves in as many battles as ever any single hero of antiquity fought. His father, his grandfather, and his great-grandfather were all fighting men, and his ancestors in general, up, probably, to Con of the Hundred Battles[1] himself. No wonder, there-

[1] Con O'Neill, a famous Irish warrior of the 16th century, otherwise known as "The Hundred-Fighter," or Fighter of a Hundred.—ED.

fore, that Neal's blood should cry out against the cowardice of his calling; no wonder that he should be an epitome of all that was valorous and heroic in a peaceable man, for we neglected to inform the reader that Neal, though "bearing no base mind," never fought any man in his own person. That, however, deducted nothing from his courage. If he did not fight, it was simply because he found cowardice universal. No man would engage him; his spirit blazed in vain; his thirst for battle was doomed to remain unquenched, except by whisky, and this only increased it. In short, he could find no foe. He has often been known to challenge the first cudgel-players and pugilists of the parish; to provoke men of fourteen stone weight; and to bid mortal defiance to faction heroes of all grades — but in vain. There was that in him which told them that an encounter with Neal would strip them of their laurels. Neal saw all this with a lofty indignation; he deplored the degeneracy of the times, and thought it hard that the descendant of such a fighting family should be doomed to pass through life peaceably, whilst so many excellent rows and riots took place around him. It was a calamity to see every man's head broken but his own; a dismal thing to observe his neighbours go about with their bones in bandages, yet his untouched; and his friends beat black and blue, whilst his own cuticle remained undiscoloured.

"Blur-an'-agers!" exclaimed Neal one day, when half tipsy in the fair, "am I never to get a bit of fightin'? Is there no cowardly *spalpeen* to stand afore Neal Malone? Be this an' be that, I'm blue-mowlded for want of a batin'! I'm disgracin' my relations by the life I'm ladin'! Will none o' ye fight me aither for love, money, or whisky—frind or inimy, an' bad luck to ye? I don't care a *traneen* which, only out o' pure friendship let us have a morsel o' the rale kick-up, 'tany rate. Frind or inimy, I say agin, if you regard me—sure, that makes no differ, only let us have the fight."

This excellent heroism was all wasted; Neal could not find a single adversary. Except he divided himself like Hotspur, and went to buffets one hand against the other,

there was no chance of a fight; no person to be found sufficiently magnanimous to encounter the tailor. On the contrary, every one of his friends—or, in other words, every man in the parish—was ready to support him. He was clapped on the back until his bones were nearly dislocated in his body, and his hand shaken until his arm lost its cunning at the needle for half a week afterwards. This, to be sure, was a bitter business—a state of being past endurance. Every man was his friend—no man was his enemy. A desperate position for any person to find himself in, but doubly calamitous to a martial tailor.

Many a dolorous complaint did Neal make upon the misfortune of having none to wish him ill; and what rendered this hardship doubly oppressive was the unlucky fact that no exertions of his, however offensive, could procure him a single foe. In vain did he insult, abuse, and malign all his acquaintances. In vain did he father upon them all the rascality and villainy he could think of. He lied against them with a force and originality that would have made many a modern novelist blush for want of invention—but all to no purpose. The world for once became astonishingly Christian; it paid back all his efforts to excite its resentment with the purest of charity; when Neal struck it on the one cheek, it meekly turned unto him the other. It could scarcely be expected that Neal would bear this. To have the whole world in friendship with a man is beyond doubt rather an affliction. Not to have the face of a single enemy to look upon would decidedly be considered a deprivation of many agreeable sensations by most people as well as by Neal Malone. Let who might sustain a loss, or experience a calamity, it was a matter of indifference to Neal. They were only his friends, and he troubled neither his head nor his heart about them.

Heaven help us! there is no man without his trials; and Neal, the reader perceives, was not exempt from his. What did it avail him that he carried a cudgel ready for all hostile contingencies? or knit his brows and shook his *kippeen* at the fiercest of his fighting friends? The moment he appeared, they softened into downright cordiality. His presence was the signal of peace; for, notwithstanding his

unconquerable propensity to warfare, he went abroad as the genius of unanimity, though carrying in his bosom the redoubtable disposition of a warrior; just as the sun, though the source of light himself, is said to be dark enough at bottom.

It could not be expected that Neal, with whatever fortitude he might bear his other afflictions, could bear such tranquillity like a hero. To say that he bore it as one, would be to basely surrender his character; for what hero ever bore a state of tranquillity with courage? It affected his cutting out! It produced what Burton calls "a windie melancholie," which was nothing else than an accumulation of courage that had no means of escaping, if courage can without indignity be ever said to escape. He sat uneasy on his lap-board. Instead of cutting out soberly, he flourished his scissors as if he were heading a faction; he wasted much chalk by scoring his cloth in wrong places, and even caught his hot goose without a holder. These symptoms alarmed his friends, who persuaded him to go to a doctor. Neal went, to satisfy them; but he knew that no prescription could drive the courage out of him—that he was too far gone in heroism to be made a coward of by apothecary stuff. Nothing in the pharmacopœia could physic him into a pacific state. His disease was simply the want of an enemy, and an unaccountable superabundance of friendship on the part of his acquaintances. How could a doctor remedy this by a prescription? Impossible. The doctor, indeed, recommended blood-letting; but to lose blood in a peaceable manner was not only cowardly, but a bad cure for courage. Neal declined it: he would lose no blood for any man until he could not help it; which was giving the character of a hero at a single touch. His blood was not to be thrown away in this manner; the only lancet ever applied to his relations was the cudgel, and Neal scorned to abandon the principles of his family.

His friends, finding that he reserved his blood for more heroic purposes than dastardly phlebotomy, knew not what to do with him. His perpetual exclamation was, as we have already stated, "I'm blue-mowlded for want of a batin'!" They did everything in their power to cheer him with the hope of a drubbing; told him he lived in an excellent

country for a man afflicted with his malady; and promised, if it were at all possible, to create him a private enemy or two, who, they hoped to heaven, might trounce him to some purpose.

This sustained him for a while; but as day after day passed, and no appearance of action presented itself, he could not choose but increase in courage. His soul, like a sword-blade too long in the scabbard, was beginning to get fuliginous by inactivity. He looked upon the point of his own needle, and the bright edge of his scissors, with a bitter pang when he thought of the spirit rusting within him; he meditated fresh insults, studied new plans, and hunted out cunning devices for provoking his acquaintances to battle, until by degrees he began to confound his own brain, and to commit more grievous oversights in his business than ever. Sometimes he sent home to one person a coat with the legs of a pair of trousers attached to it for sleeves, and despatched to another the arms of the aforesaid coat tacked together as a pair of trousers. Sometimes the coat was made to button behind instead of before; and he frequently placed the pockets in the lower part of the skirts, as if he had been in league with cut-purses.

This was a melancholy situation, and his friends pitied him accordingly.

"Don't be cast down, Neal," said they; "your friends feel for you, poor fellow."

"Divil carry my frinds," replied Neal; "sure, there's not one o' yez frindly enough to be my inimy. Tare-an'-ounze, what'll I do? I'm blue-mowlded for want of a batin'!"

Seeing that their consolation was thrown away upon him, they resolved to leave him to his fate; which they had no sooner done than Neal had thoughts of taking to the *Skiomachia* as a last remedy. In this mood he looked with considerable antipathy at his own shadow for several nights; and it is not to be questioned but that some hard battles would have taken place between them, were it not for the cunning of the shadow, which declined to fight him in any other position than with its back to the wall. This occasioned him to pause, for the wall was a fearful antagonist, inasmuch that it knew not when it was beaten. But there was still an

alternative left. He went to the garden one clear day about noon, and hoped to have a bout with the shade, free from interruption. Both approached, apparently eager for the combat, and resolved to conquer or die, when a villainous cloud, happening to intercept the light, gave the shadow an opportunity of disappearing; and Neal found himself once more without an opponent.

"It's aisy known," said Neal, "you haven't the blood in you, or you'd come to the scratch like a man."

He now saw that fate was against him, and that any further hostility towards the shadow was only a tempting of Providence. He lost his health, spirits, and everything but his courage. His countenance became pale and peaceful-looking; the bluster departed from him; his body shrank up like a withered parsnip. Thrice was he compelled to take in his clothes, and thrice did he ascertain that much of his time would be necessarily spent in pursuing his retreating person through the solitude of his almost deserted garments.

God knows it is difficult to form a correct opinion upon a situation so paradoxical as Neal's was. To be reduced to skin and bone by the downright friendship of the world, was, as the sagacious reader will admit, next to a miracle. We appeal to the conscience of any man who finds himself without an enemy, whether he be not a greater skeleton than the tailor; we will give him fifty guineas provided he can show a calf to his leg. We know he could not; for the tailor had none, and that was because he had not an enemy. No man in friendship with the world ever has calves to his legs. To sum up all in a paradox of our own invention, for which we claim the full credit of originality, we now assert, that MORE MEN HAVE RISEN IN THE WORLD BY THE INJURY OF THEIR ENEMIES THAN HAVE RISEN BY THE KINDNESS OF THEIR FRIENDS. You may take this, reader, in any sense; apply it to hanging if you like, it is still immutably and immovably true.

One day Neal sat cross-legged, as tailors usually sit, in the act of pressing a pair of breeches; his hands were placed, backs up, upon the handle of his goose, and his chin rested upon the back of his hands. To judge from

his sorrowful complexion, one would suppose that he sat rather to be sketched as a picture of misery, or of heroism in distress, than for the industrious purpose of pressing the seams of a garment. There was a great deal of New Burlington Street pathos in his countenance; his face, like the times, was rather out of joint; "the sun was just setting, and his golden beams fell, with a saddened splendour, athwart the tailor's——" the reader may fill up the picture.

In this position sat Neal, when Mr. O'Connor, the schoolmaster, whose inexpressibles he was turning for the third time, entered the workshop. Mr. O'Connor himself was as finished a picture of misery as the tailor. There was a patient, subdued kind of expression in his face which indicated a very fair portion of calamity; his eye seemed charged with affliction of the first water; on each side of his nose might be traced two dry channels which, no doubt, were full enough while the tropical rains of his countenance lasted. Altogether, to conclude from appearances, it was a dead match in affliction between him and the tailor; both seemed sad, fleshless, and unthriving.

"Misther O'Connor," said the tailor, when the schoolmaster entered, "won't you be pleased to sit down?"

Mr. O'Connor sat; and after wiping his forehead, laid his hat upon the lap-board, put his half handkerchief in his pocket, and looked upon the tailor. The tailor, in return, looked upon Mr. O'Connor; but neither of them spoke for some minutes. Neal, in fact, appeared to be wrapped up in his own misery, and Mr. O'Connor in his; or, as we often have much gratuitous sympathy for the distresses of our friends, we question but the tailor was wrapped up in Mr. O'Connor's misery, and Mr. O'Connor in the tailor's.

Mr. O'Connor at length said, "Neal, are my inexpressibles finished?"

"I am now pressin' your inexpressibles," replied Neal; "but, be my sowl, Mr. O'Connor, it's not your inexpressibles I'm thinkin' of. I'm not the ninth part of what I was. I'd hardly make paddin' for a collar now."

"Are you able to carry a staff still, Neal?"

"I've a light hazel one that's handy," said the tailor; "but where's the use of carryin' it whin I can get no one to fight wid. Sure, I'm disgracing my relations by the life I'm ladin'. I'll go to my grave widout ever batin' a man, or bein' bate myself—that's the vexation. Divil the row ever I was able to kick up in my life; so that I'm fairly blue-mowlded for want of a batin'. But if you have patience——"

"Patience!" said Mr. O'Connor, with a shake of the head that was perfectly disastrous even to look at—"patience, did you say, Neal?"

"Ay," said Neal; "an', be my sowl, if you deny that I said patience, I'll break your head!"

"Ah, Neal," returned the other, "I don't deny it—for though I am teaching philosophy, knowledge, and mathematics every day in my life, yet I'm learning patience myself both night and day. No, Neal; I have forgotten to deny anything. I have not been guilty of a contradiction, out of my own school, for the last fourteen years. I once expressed the shadow of a doubt about twelve years ago, but ever since I have abandoned even doubting. That doubt was the last expiring effort at maintaining my domestic authority—but I suffered for it."

"Well," said Neal, "if you have patience, I'll tell you what afflicts me from beginnin' to endin'."

"I will have patience," said Mr. O'Connor, and he accordingly heard a dismal and indignant tale from the tailor.

"You have told me that fifty times over," said Mr. O'Connor, after hearing the story. "Your spirit is too martial for a pacific life. If you follow my advice, I will teach you how to ripple the calm current of your existence to some purpose. Marry a wife. For twenty-five years I have given instructions in three branches, viz., philosophy, knowledge, and mathematics—I am also well versed in matrimony, and I declare that, upon my misery, and by the contents of all my afflictions, it is my solemn and melancholy opinion, that if you marry a wife you will, before three months pass over your concatenated state, not have a single complaint to make touching a superabundance of peace and tranquillity, or a love of fighting."

"Do you mane to say that any woman would make me

afeard?" said the tailor, deliberately rising up and getting his cudgel. "I'll thank you merely to go over the words agin till I thrash you widin' an inch o' your life. That's all."

"Neal," said the schoolmaster, meekly, "I won't fight; I have been too often subdued ever to presume on the hope of a single victory. My spirit is long since evaporated: I am like one of your own shreds, a mere selvage. Do you not know how much my habiliments have shrunk in, even within the last five years? Hear me, Neal; and venerate my words as if they proceeded from the lips of a prophet. If you wish to taste the luxury of being subdued—if you are, as you say, blue-mowlded for want of a beating, and sick at heart of a peaceful existence—why, MARRY A WIFE. Neal, send my breeches home with all haste, for they are wanted—you understand. Farewell!"

Mr. O'Connor, having thus expressed himself, departed; and Neal stood with the cudgel in his hand, looking at the door out of which he passed, with an expression of fierceness, contempt, and reflection strongly blended on the ruins of his once heroic visage.

Many a man has happiness within his reach if he but knew it. The tailor had been, hitherto, miserable because he pursued a wrong object. The schoolmaster, however, suggested a train of thought upon which Neal now fastened with all the ardour of a chivalrous temperament. Nay, he wondered that the family spirit should have so completely seized upon the fighting side of his heart as to preclude all thoughts of matrimony; for he could not but remember that his relations were as ready for marriage as for fighting. To doubt this would have been to throw a blot upon his own escutcheon. He therefore very prudently asked himself, to whom, if he did not marry, should he transmit his courage. He was a single man, and dying as such, he would be the sole depository of his own valour, which, like Junius's secret, must perish with him. If he could have left it as a legacy to such of his friends as were most remarkable for cowardice, why, the case would be altered; but this was impossible, and he had now no other means of preserving it to posterity than by creating a posterity to inherit it. He saw, too,

that the world was likely to become convulsed. Wars, as everybody knew, were certain to break out, and would it not be an excellent opportunity for being father to a colonel, or perhaps a general, that might astonish the world.

The change visible in Neal after the schoolmaster's last visit absolutely thunderstruck all who knew him. The clothes which he had rashly taken in to fit his shrivelled limbs were once more let out. The tailor expanded with a new spirit; his joints ceased to be supple, as in the days of his valour; his eye became less fiery, but more brilliant. From being martial, he got desperately gallant; but somehow he could not afford to act the hero and lover both at the same time. This, perhaps, would be too much to expect from a tailor. His policy was better. He resolved to bring all his available energy to bear upon the charms of whatever fair nymph he should select for the honour of matrimony; to waste his spirit in fighting would therefore be a deduction from the single purpose in view.

The transition from war to love is by no means so remarkable as we might at first imagine. We quote Jack Falstaff in proof of this; or, if the reader be disposed to reject our authority, then we quote Ancient Pistol himself—both of whom we consider as the most finished specimens of heroism that ever carried a safe skin. Acres would have been a hero had he worn gloves to prevent the courage from oozing out at his palms, or not felt such an unlucky antipathy to the "snug lying in the Abbey"; and as for Captain Bobadil, he never had an opportunity of putting his plan for vanquishing an army into practice. We fear, indeed, that neither his character, nor Ben Jonson's knowledge of human nature, is properly understood; for it certainly could not be expected that a man whose spirit glowed to encounter a whole host, could, without tarnishing his dignity, if closely pressed, condescend to fight an individual. But as these remarks on courage may be felt by the reader as an invidious introduction of a subject disagreeable to him, we beg to hush it for the present and return to the tailor.

No sooner had Neal begun to feel an inclination to matrimony than his friends knew that his principles had veered,

by the change now visible in his person and deportment. They saw he had "ratted" from courage, and joined love. Heretofore his life had been all winter, darkened by storm and hurricane. The fiercer virtues had played the devil with him; every word was thunder, every look lightning; but now all that had passed away—before, he was the *fortiter in re*, at present he was the *suaviter in modo*. His existence was perfect spring—beautifully vernal. All the amiable and softer qualities began to bud about his heart; a genial warmth was diffused over him; his soul got green within him; every day was serene; and if a cloud happened to become visible, there was a roguish rainbow astride of it, on which sat a beautiful Iris that laughed down at him, and seemed to say, "Why the dickens, Neal, don't you marry a wife?"

Neal could not resist the *afflatus* which descended on him; an ethereal light dwelt, he thought, upon the face of nature; the colour of the cloth which he cut out from day to day was, to his enraptured eye, like the colour of Cupid's wings —all purple; his visions were worth their weight in gold; his dreams, a credit to the bed he slept on; and his feelings, like blind puppies, young, and alive to the milk of love and kindness which they drew from his heart. Most of this delight escaped the observation of the world; for Neal, like your true lover, became shy and mysterious. It is difficult to say what he resembled. No dark lantern ever had more light shut up within itself than Neal had in his soul, although his friends were not aware of it. They knew, indeed, that he had turned his back upon valour; but beyond this their knowledge did not extend.

Neal was shrewd enough to know that what he felt must be love — nothing else could distend him with happiness, until his soul felt light and bladder-like, but love. As an oyster opens when expecting the tide, so did his soul expand at the contemplation of matrimony. Labour ceased to be a trouble to him; he sang and sewed from morning to night; his hot goose no longer burned him, for his heart was as hot as his goose; the vibrations of his head at each successive stitch were no longer sad and melancholy — there was a buoyant shake of exultation

in them which showed that his soul was placid and happy within him.

Endless honour be to Neal Malone for the originality with which he managed the tender sentiment! He did not, like your commonplace lovers, first discover a pretty girl, and afterwards become enamoured of her. No such thing; he had the passion prepared beforehand—cut out and made up, as it were, ready for any girl whom it might fit. This was falling in love in the abstract; and let no man condemn it without a trial, for many a long-winded argument could be urged in its defence. It is always wrong to commence business without capital, and Neal had a good stock to begin with. All we beg is, that the reader will not confound it with Platonism, which never marries; but he is at full liberty to call it Socratism, which takes unto itself a wife, and suffers accordingly.

Let no one suppose that Neal forgot the schoolmaster's kindness, or failed to be duly grateful for it. Mr. O'Connor was the first person whom he consulted touching his passion. With a cheerful soul he waited on that melancholy and gentleman-like man, and in the very luxury of his heart told him that he was in love.

"In love, Neal!" said the schoolmaster. "May I inquire with whom?"

"Wid nobody in particular yet," replied Neal; "but of late I'm got divilish fond o' the girls in general."

"And do you call that being in love, Neal?" said Mr. O'Connor.

"Why, what else would I call it?" returned the tailor. "Amn't I fond of them?"

"Then it must be what is termed the Universal Passion, Neal," observed Mr. O'Connor; "although it is the first time I have seen such an illustration of it as you present in your own person."

"I wish you would advise me how to act," said Neal; "I'm as happy as a prince since I began to get fond o' them, an' to think of marriage."

The schoolmaster shook his head again, and looked rather miserable. Neal rubbed his hands with glee, and looked perfectly happy. The schoolmaster shook his head again,

and looked more miserable than before. Neal's happiness also increased on the second rubbing.

Now, to tell the secret at once, Mr. O'Connor would not have appeared so miserable, were it not for Neal's happiness; nor Neal so happy, were it not for Mr. O'Connor's misery. It was all the result of contrast; but this you will not understand unless you be deeply read in modern novels.

Mr. O'Connor, however, was a man of sense, who knew, upon this principle, that the longer he continued to shake his head the more miserable he must become, and the more also would he increase Neal's happiness; but he had no intention of increasing Neal's happiness at his own expense, for, upon the same hypothesis, it would have been for Neal's interest had he remained shaking his head there and getting miserable until the day of judgment. He consequently declined giving the third shake, for he thought that plain conversation was, after all, more significant and forcible than the most eloquent nod, however ably translated.

"Neal," said he, "could you, by stretching your imagination, contrive to rest contented with nursing your passion in solitude, and love the sex at a distance?"

"How could I nurse and mind my business?" replied the tailor. "I'll never nurse so long as I'll have the wife; and as for 'magination, it depends upon the grain of it whether I can stretch it or not. I don't know that I ever made a coat of it in my life."

"You don't understand me, Neal," said the schoolmaster. "In recommending marriage, I was only driving one evil out of you by introducing another. Do you think that if you abandoned all thoughts of a wife you would get heroic again?—that is, would you take once more to the love of fighting?"

"There is no doubt but I would," said the tailor: "if I miss the wife, I'll kick up such a dust as never was seen in the parish, and you're the first man that I'll lick. But now that I'm in love," he continued, "sure, I ought to look out for the wife."

"Ah, Neal!" said the schoolmaster, "you are tempting

destiny. Your temerity be, with all its melancholy consequences, upon your own head."

"Come," said the tailor, "it wasn't to hear you groaning to the tune of *Dhrimmindhoo,* or 'The ould woman rockin' her cradle,' that I came; but to know if you could help me in makin' out the wife. That's the discoorse."

"Look at me, Neal," said the schoolmaster solemnly; "I am at this moment, and have been any time for the last fifteen years, a living *caveto* against matrimony. I do not think that earth possesses such a luxury as a single, solitary life. Neal, the monks of old were happy men; they were all fat and had double chins; and, Neal, I tell you, that all fat men are in general happy. Care cannot come at them so readily as at a thin man; before it gets through the strong outworks of flesh and blood with which they are surrounded, it becomes treacherous to its original purpose, joins the cheerful spirits it meets in the system, and dances about the heart in all the madness of mirth; just like a sincere ecclesiastic who comes to lecture a good fellow against drinking, but who forgets his lecture over his cups, and is laid under the table with such success, that he either never comes to finish his lecture, or comes often to be laid under the table. Look at me, Neal, how wasted, fleshless, and miserable I stand before you. You know how my garments have shrunk in, and what a solid man I was before marriage. Neal, pause, I beseech you; otherwise you stand a strong chance of becoming a nonentity like myself."

"I don't care what I become," said the tailor; "I can't think that you'd be so unrasonable as to expect that any of the Malones should pass out of the world widout either bein' bate or marrid. Have reason, Mr. O'Connor, an' if you can help me to the wife, I promise to take in your coat the next time for nothin'."

"Well, then," said Mr. O'Connor, "what would you think of the butcher's daughter, Biddy Neil? You have always had a thirst for blood, and here you may have it gratified in an innocent manner, should you ever become sanguinary again. 'Tis true, Neal, she is twice your size, and possesses three times your strength; but for that very reason, Neal, marry her if you can. Large animals are placid; and heaven

preserve those bachelors whom I wish well from a small wife; 'tis such who always wield the sceptre of domestic life, and rule their husbands with a rod of iron."

"Say no more, Mr. O'Connor," replied the tailor; "she's the very girl I'm in love wid, an' never fear but I'll overcome her heart if it can be done by man. Now, step over the way to my house, an' we'll have a sup on the head of it. Who's that calling?"

"Ah! Neal, I know the tones—there's a shrillness in them not to be mistaken. Farewell! I must depart—you have heard the proverb, 'Those who are bound must obey.' Young Jack, I presume, is squalling, and I must either nurse him, rock the cradle, or sing comic tunes for him, though heaven knows with what a disastrous heart I often sing, 'Begone Dull Care,' the 'Rakes of Newcastle,' or 'Peas upon a Trencher.' Neal, I say again, pause before you take this leap in the dark. Pause, Neal, I entreat you. Farewell!"

Neal, however, was gifted with the heart of an Irishman, and scorned caution as the characteristic of a coward. He had, as it appeared, abandoned all design of fighting, but the courage still adhered to him even in making love. He consequently conducted the siege of Biddy Neil's heart with a degree of skill and valour which would not have come amiss to Marshal Gerald at the siege of Antwerp. Locke or Dugald Stewart, indeed, had they been cognisant of the tailor's triumph, might have illustrated the principle on which he succeeded—as to ourselves, we can only conjecture it. Our own opinion is, that they were both animated with a congenial spirit. Biddy was the very pink of pugnacity, and could throw in a body blow, or plant a facer, with singular energy and science. Her prowess hitherto had, we confess, been displayed only within the limited range of domestic life; but should she ever find it necessary to exercise it upon a larger scale, there was no doubt whatsoever, in the opinion of her mother, brothers, and sisters, every one of whom she had successfully subdued, that she must undoubtedly distinguish herself. There was certainly one difficulty which the tailor had not to encounter in the progress of his courtship: the field was his own; he

had not a rival to dispute his claim. Neither was there any opposition given by her friends; they were, on the contrary, all anxious for the match; and when the arrangements were concluded, Neal felt his hand squeezed by them in succession, with an expression more resembling condolence than joy. Neal, however, had been bred to tailoring, and not to metaphysics; he could cut out a coat very well, but we do not say that he could trace a principle—as what tailor, except Jeremy Taylor, could?

There was nothing particular in the wedding. Mr. O'Connor was asked by Neal to be present at it; but he shook his head, and told him that he had not courage to attend it, or inclination to witness any man's sorrows but his own. He met the wedding-party by accident, and was heard to exclaim with a sigh, as they flaunted past him in gay exuberance of spirits—"Ah, poor Neal! he is going like one of her father's cattle to the shambles! Woe is me for having suggested matrimony to the tailor! He will not long be under the necessity of saying that he 'is blue-mowlded for want of a bating.' The butcheress will fell him like a Kerry ox, and I may have his blood to answer for, and his discomfiture to feel for, in addition to my own miseries."

On the evening of the wedding-day, about the hour of ten o'clock, Neal—whose spirits were uncommonly exalted, for his heart luxuriated within him—danced with his bride's-maid; after the dance he sat beside her, and got eloquent in praise of her beauty; and it is said, too, that he whispered to her, and chucked her chin with considerable gallantry. The *tête-à-tête* continued for some time without exciting particular attention, with one exception; but that exception was worth a whole chapter of general rules. Mrs. Malone rose up, then sat down again, and took off a glass of the native; she got up a second time—all the wife rushed upon her heart—she approached them, and, in a fit of the most exquisite sensibility, knocked the bride's-maid down, and gave the tailor a kick of affecting pathos upon the inexpressibles. The whole scene was a touching one on both sides. The tailor was sent on all fours to the floor; but Mrs. Malone took him quietly up, put him under her arm,

as one would a lap-dog, and with stately step marched away to the connubial apartment, in which everything remained very quiet for the rest of the night.

The next morning Mr. O'Connor presented himself to congratulate the tailor on his happiness. Neal, as his friend shook hands with him, gave the schoolmaster's fingers a slight squeeze, such as a man gives who would gently entreat your sympathy. The schoolmaster looked at him, and thought he shook his head. Of this, however, he could not be certain; for, as he shook his own during the moment of observation, he concluded that it might be a mere mistake of the eye, or perhaps the result of a mind predisposed to be credulous on the subject of shaking heads.

We wish it were in our power to draw a veil, or curtain, or blind of some description over the remnant of the tailor's narrative that is to follow; but as it is the duty of every faithful historian to give the secret causes of appearances which the world in general do not understand, so we think it but honest to go on, impartially and faithfully, without shrinking from the responsibility that is frequently annexed to truth.

For the first three days after matrimony Neal felt like a man who had been translated to a new and more lively state of existence. He had expected, and flattered himself, that the moment this event should take place he would once more resume his heroism, and experience the pleasure of a drubbing. This determination he kept a profound secret—nor was it known until a future period, when he disclosed it to Mr. O'Connor. He intended, therefore, that marriage should be nothing more than a mere parenthesis in his life—a kind of asterisk, pointing, in a note at the bottom, to this single exception in his general conduct—a *nota bene* to the spirit of a martial man, intimating that he had been peaceful only for a while. In truth, he was, during the influence of love over him, and up to the very day of his marriage, secretly as blue-moulded as ever for want of a beating. The heroic penchant lay snugly latent in his heart, unchecked and unmodified. He flattered himself that he was achieving a capital imposition upon the world at large—that he was actually hoaxing mankind in general—and that such an excellent piece of

knavish tranquillity had never been perpetrated before his time.

On the first week after his marriage there chanced to be a fair in the next market-town. Neal, after breakfast, brought forward a bunch of *shillelaghs*, in order to select the best. The wife inquired the purpose of the selection, and Neal declared that he was resolved to have a fight that day, if it were to be had, he said, for "love or money." "The thruth is," he exclaimed, strutting with fortitude about the house—"the thruth is, that I've done the whole of yez—I'm as blue-mowlded as ever for want of a batin'."

"Don't go," said the wife.

"I *will* go," said Neal, with vehemence—"I'll go if the whole parish was to go to prevint me."

In about another half-hour Neal sat down quietly to his business, instead of going to the fair.

Much ingenious speculation might be indulged in upon this abrupt termination to the tailor's most formidable resolution; but, for our own part, we will prefer going on with the narrative, leaving the reader at liberty to solve the mystery as he pleases. In the meantime, we say this much—let those who cannot make it out, carry it to their tailor; it is a tailor's mystery, and no one has so good a right to understand it—except, perhaps, a tailor's wife.

At the period of his matrimony Neal had become as plump and as stout as he ever was known to be in his plumpest and stoutest days. He and the schoolmaster had been very intimate about this time; but we know not how it happened that soon afterwards he felt a modest, bride-like reluctance in meeting with that afflicted gentleman. As the eve of his union approached, he was in the habit, during the schoolmaster's visits to his workshop, of alluding, in rather a sarcastic tone, considering the unthriving appearance of his friend, to the increasing lustiness of his person. Nay, he has often leaped up from his lap-board, and, in the strong spirit of exultation, thrust out his leg in attestation of his assertion, slapping it, moreover, with a loud laugh of triumph, that sounded like a knell to the happiness of his emaciated acquaintance. The schoolmaster's philosophy, however, un-

like his flesh, never departed from him; his usual observation was, "Neal, we are both receding from the same point; you increase in flesh, whilst I, heaven help me, am fast diminishing."

The tailor received these remarks with very boisterous mirth, whilst Mr. O'Connor simply shook his head, and looked sadly upon his limbs, now shrouded in a superfluity of garments, somewhat resembling a slender thread of water in a shallow summer stream, nearly wasted away, and surrounded by an unproportionate extent of channel.

The fourth month after the marriage arrived. Neal one day, near its close, began to dress himself in his best apparel. Even then when buttoning his waistcoat he shook his head after the manner of Mr. O'Connor, and made observations upon the great extent to which it over-folded him.

"Well," thought he, with a sigh—"this waistcoat certainly did fit me to a T; but it's wondherful to think how—cloth stretches."

"Neal," said the wife, on perceiving him dressed, "where are you bound for?"

"Faith, for life," replied Neal, with a mitigated swagger; "and I'd as soon, if it had been the will of Provid——"

He paused.

"Where are you going?" asked the wife a second time.

"Why," he answered, "only to the dance at Jemmy Connolly's; I'll be back early."

"Don't go," said the wife.

"I'll go," said Neal, "if the whole counthry was to prevent me. Thunder an' lightnin', woman, who am I?" he exclaimed, in a loud but rather infirm voice—"amn't I Neal Malone, that never met a man who'd fight him!—Neal Malone, that was never beat by MAN! Why, tare-an'-ounze, woman!—whoo!—I'll get enraged some time, an' play the divil! Who's afeard, I say?"

"Don't go," added the wife a third time, giving Neal a significant look in the face.

In about another half-hour Neal sat down quietly to his business, instead of going to the dance!

Neal now turned himself, like many a sage in similar

circumstances, to philosophy—that is to say, he began to shake his head upon principle, after the manner of the schoolmaster. He would indeed have preferred the bottle upon principle; but there was no getting at the bottle, except through the wife, and it so happened that by the time it reached him there was little consolation left in it. Neal bore all in silence; for silence, his friend had often told him, was a proof of wisdom.

Soon after this, Neal one evening met Mr. O'Connor by chance upon a plank which crossed a river. This plank was only a foot in breadth, so that no two individuals could pass each other upon it. We cannot find words in which to express the dismay of both on finding that they absolutely glided past one another without collision.

Both paused, and surveyed each other solemnly; but the astonishment was all on the side of Mr. O'Connor.

"Neal," said the schoolmaster, "by all the household gods, I conjure you to speak, that I may be assured you live!"

The ghost of a blush crossed the churchyard visage of the tailor.

"Oh!" he exclaimed, "why the devil did you tempt me to marry a wife?"

"Neal," said his friend, "answer me in the most solemn manner possible; throw into your countenance all the gravity you can assume; speak as if you were under the hands of the hangman, with the rope about your neck, for the question is, indeed, a trying one which I am about to put—are you still 'blue-mowlded for want of beating?'"

The tailor collected himself to make a reply; he put one leg out—the very leg which he used to show in triumph to his friend; but, alas, how dwindled! He opened his waistcoat, and lapped it round him, until he looked like a weasel on its hind legs. He then raised himself up on his tiptoes, and, in an awful whisper, replied, "No!!! the devil a bit I'm blue-mowlded for want of a batin'."

The schoolmaster shook his head in his own miserable manner; but, alas! he soon perceived that the tailor was as great an adept at shaking the head as himself. Nay, he saw that there was a calamitous refinement, a delicacy of

shake, in the tailor's vibrations, which gave to his own nod a very commonplace character.

The next day the tailor took in his clothes, and from time to time continued to adjust them to the dimensions of his shrinking person. The schoolmaster and he, whenever they could steal a moment, met and sympathised together. Mr. O'Connor, however, bore up somewhat better than Neal. The latter was subdued in heart and in spirit; thoroughly, completely, and intensely vanquished. His features became sharpened by misery, for a termagant wife is the whetstone on which all the calamities of a hen-pecked husband are painted by the devil. He no longer strutted as he was wont to do; he no longer carried a cudgel as if he wished to wage a universal battle with mankind. He was now a married man. Sneakingly and with a cowardly crawl did he creep along as if every step brought him nearer to the gallows. The schoolmaster's march of misery was far slower than Neal's: the latter distanced him. Before three years passed he had shrunk up so much that he could not walk abroad of a windy day without carrying weights in his pockets to keep him firm on the earth, which he once trod with the step of a giant. He again sought the schoolmaster, with whom indeed he associated as much as possible. Here he felt certain of receiving sympathy; nor was he disappointed. That worthy but miserable man and Neal often retired beyond the hearing of their respective wives, and supported each other by every argument in their power. Often have they been heard, in the dusk of evening, singing behind a remote hedge that melancholy ditty, "Let us both be unhappy together"; which rose upon the twilight breeze with a cautious quaver of sorrow truly heart-rending and lugubrious.

"Neal," said Mr. O'Connor, on one of these occasions, "here is a book which I recommend to your perusal; it is called 'The Afflicted Man's Companion'; try if you cannot glean some consolation out of it."

"Faith," said Neal, "I'm for ever oblaged to you, but I don't want it. I've had 'The Afflicted Man's Companion' too long, and divil an atom of consolation I can get out of it. I have one o' them I tell you; but, be me sowl, I'll not

undhertake a pair o' them. The very name's enough for me." They then separated.

The tailor's *vis vitæ* must have been powerful, or he would have died. In two years more his friends could not distinguish him from his own shadow; a circumstance which was of great inconvenience to him. Several grasped at the hand of the shadow instead of his; and one man was near paying it five and sixpence for making a pair of small-clothes. Neal, it is true, undeceived him with some trouble, but candidly admitted that he was not able to carry home the money. It was difficult, indeed, for the poor tailor to bear what he felt; it is true he bore it as long as he could; but at length he became suicidal, and often had thoughts of "making his own quietus with his bare bodkin." After many deliberations and afflictions he ultimately made the attempt; but, alas! he found that the blood of the Malones refused to flow upon so ignominious an occasion. So he solved the phenomenon; although the truth was, that his blood was not "i' the vein" for 't; none was to be had. What then was to be done? He resolved to get rid of life by some process; and the next that occurred to him was hanging. In a solemn spirit he prepared a selvage, and suspended himself from the rafter of his workshop; but here another disappointment awaited him —he would not hang. Such was his want of gravity that his own weight proved insufficient to occasion his death by mere suspension. His third attempt was at drowning, but he was too light to sink; all the elements—all his own energies joined themselves, he thought, in a wicked conspiracy to save his life. Having thus tried every avenue to destruction, and failed in all, he felt like a man doomed to live for ever. Henceforward he shrunk and shrivelled by slow degrees, until in the course of time he became so attenuated that the grossness of human vision could no longer reach him.

This, however, could not last always. Though still alive, he was to all intents and purposes imperceptible. He could now only be heard; he was reduced to a mere essence—the very echo of human existence, *vox et præterea nihil*. It is true the schoolmaster asserted that he occasionally caught passing glimpses of him; but that was because he had been himself nearly spiritualised by affliction, and his visual ray

purged in the furnace of domestic tribulation. By-and-by Neal's voice lessened, got fainter and more indistinct, until at length nothing but a doubtful murmur could be heard, which ultimately could scarcely be distinguished from a ringing in the ears.

Such was the awful and mysterious fate of the tailor, who, as a hero, could not of course die; he merely dissolved like an icicle, wasted into immateriality, and finally melted away beyond the perception of mortal sense. Mr. O'Connor is still living, and once more in the fulness of perfect health and strength. His wife, however, we may as well hint, has been dead more than two years.

GLOSSARY OF IRISH PHRASES

In the following glossary, phrases and sentences are given as they occur in the stories, and as far as possible in alphabetical order, being divided into their original words only where the sense can be easily grasped by the English reader. The references to "O'R." are to O'Reilly's Irish Dictionary.

A.

A bouchal (*a bhuachaill*).—Boy, my boy—originally, a herd boy.
Achora! (*a chara*).—O friend!
Achree (*a chroidhe*).—Heart, dear heart.
Acushla (*a chuisle*), for *a chuisle mo chroidhe*.—Vein (or pulse) of my heart.
Agra! (*a ghradh*).—O love!
Ahagur! (*a theagair*).—O love or treasure! dear or cherished store (*lit.* comfort, snugness).
Ahir (*athair*).—Father.
A hudh (*a chuid*).—My share or portion. *Cuid mo chroidhe*, piece of my heart.
Alanna (*a leinbh*).—Child. *Alanna dhas* (*deas*), pretty child. *Alanna voght* (*bhoicht*), poor child.
Airighad (*airgead*).—Silver; money.
Anim machree (*anam mo chroidhe*).—Soul or life of my heart.
Aroon! (*a ruin*).—O dear-beloved! sweetheart! *Run*, treasure, secret store.
Arrah! (*ar' eadh*).—*Lit.* was it?—indeed!
Arran (*aran*).—Bread.
Asthore (*a stoir*).—My treasure.
A vahr dheelish (*a mhathair dhilis*).—Dear mother.
Avick! (*a mhic*).—O son! my son!
Avohelhee (*a bhuachaillidhe*).—My boys. O boys!
Avourneen (*a mhuirnin*).—Darling.
Awouh! (*a bhoch*).—Alas!

B.

Baithershin! (*b'fheidir sin*).—That is possible! likely! indeed!
A ban choir (*a bhean choir*).—Honest woman.
Banaght lath (*beannacht leat*).—My blessing be with you.
Banshee (*bean-sidhe*).—A woman of the fairy host; a death-warning spirit in old Irish families.
Barrhad (*bairread*).—A hat; any head-covering.
Bauliore (*baghloir*).—A foolish, noisy person; a laughing-stock—cf. *baothghlor*, foolish prate.
Bealcam (*beul cam*).—Crooked mouth (*caim-beul*).
Be dhe husth! (*bi 'do thost*).—Be silent! hush!
Boccagh (*bacach*).—A cripple; lame; maimed—hence, very generally, a strolling impostor.
Bocaun (*bocan*).—A hobgoblin; a sprite; also a lout.
Bodagh (*bodach*).—A churl; a boor.
Bonaght dhea orrin (*beannacht De orainn*).—The blessing of God on us.
Boragh (*borrach*).—Haughty, insolent.
Boreen (*boithrin*).—Dim. of *bothar*, a road; a little road, a lane.
Bosthoon (*bastun*).—A poltroon; a sumph. (O'Donovan's Suppt. to O'R.)
Bot.—A tub, a butt (English).
A bouchal bawn machree (*a bhuacaill bhain mo chroidhe*).—O fair (haired) boy of my heart!
Bouchaleen dhas (*buachaillin deas*).—Fine little boy.
Brieuliagh (*broileadh*).—Brawling; confusion.
Brine oge (*Brian og*).—*Lit.* young Brian—means a spark, a gallant.
Brogue (*brog*).—A shoe.
Brutheen (*bruitin*).—Mashed potatoes.
Buckeen (*buicin*).—A young spark; a buck—formed from *beau*.
Builla batthah (*buille a' bhata*).—A blow of the stick—hence a cudgel-player.
Bullocheens.—Dim. of bullock (English).

C.

Cahir na Cappul (*Cathaeir na gcapall*).—Cahir or Charles of the horses, a noted Irish outlaw of the last century.
Cant.—A sort of staff, shod with iron. *Cf.* Welsh *cant*, a rim or tire; see also *cant* and *cant-hook*, in Webster's Dictionary.
Caubeen (*caibin*).—Dim. of *caib*, a cope, cape, or hood. Generally used for an old hat or cap.
Caudy.—A young boy, and so used by Carleton.
Caul.—Cf. *calla* or *caile*, a hood or veil; a membrane sometimes found enveloping the head of a new-born infant, and superstitiously supposed to possess virtues.

Cead millia failtha ghud (*cead mile failte dhuit*).—A hundred thousand welcomes to thee.

Chrosh orrin (*cros orainn*).—The sign of the cross be on us.

Cleaveen (*cliamhuin*).—A relation by marriage.

Colleen bawn (*cailin ban*).—Fair young girl.

Colleen dhas (*cailin deas*).—Pretty girl.

Colleen dhas crootha na mo (*cailin deas cruidhte na mbo*).—The pretty girl of the milking of the cows—an Irish air.

Collogue (*collogue*—Webster).—Whispering, from *colloquy* (?).

Comedher.—For "come hither."

Cool (i.e., *cooler*).—A vessel for butter (Eng.).

Coppul (*copall*).—A hack or working horse.

Corp an diouol (*mo chorp do'n diabhal*).—My body to the devil.

Cothamore (*cota mor*).—A greatcoat.

Creel (*craidheal*).—A basket.

Crona bawn (*cron ban*).—A copper coin, so called from Cronebane, Co. Wicklow, where there is a copper mine.

Croniens.—From crony or crone, which may be from the Irish *criona*, old, &c.—see Webster.

Cruht (*cruit*).—A small harp; also a hump.

Cruiskeen lawn (*cruiscin lan*).—Flask or pitcher full (of liquor)—a well-known Irish air.

Cushla machree! (*a chuisle mo chroidhe*).—O pulse of my heart!

D.

Damnho sheery orth! (*damnughadh siorruidhe ort*). — Eternal damnation to you!

Derg (*dhearg*).—Red, blood-red.

Dhal (*dall*).—Blind.

Dher chorp agus manim (*dar* (*mo*) *chorp agus' manam*).—By my body and soul.

Dher a lorha heena! (*dar an leabhar ceudna*).—By this same (or very) book—*i.e.*, the Scriptures.

Dher manim (*dar m'anam*).—By my soul.

Dherum areesht (*a deirim aris*).—I say again.

Dhonhans.—Diminutive creatures.

Dhu, Dhoo (*dubh*).—Black.

Dhreenien (*droighinin*).—Little thorn-bush.

Dhuragh (*duthracht*).—Diligence, assiduity; also an added portion, a makeweight.

Dinnha ousal (*duine-uasal*).—Nobleman or gentleman—*cf.* Sir W. Scott's *dwine wassel.*

Donagh (*Domhnach*).—Derived from the Latin, and refers to something dedicated to the Lord, as *Dia-Domhnach* (*Dies Dominica*), the Lord's Day. In this instance, *Domhnach airgid*, the silver shrine, containing an ancient copy of the Gospels—see appendix to story of that name.

Drimmindhoo (*Druimfhionn dubh*).—*Lit.* a black white-backed cow, sometimes used figuratively.

Dudeen (*duidin*).—Dim. of *dud*, a horn, also pipe; a small tobacco-pipe.

E.

Eeh arran agus bee laudher (*ith aran agus bi laidir*).—Eat bread and be strong.

Erin-go-bragh (*Eire-go-brath*).—Ireland for ever—*i.e.*, till doomsday.

Ershi misha (*arsa mise*).—Says I myself.

F.

Fadh (*fad* or *fada*).—Long; tall.

Fahreer gairh (*faraoir geur*).—Bitter woe; alas.

Failtha (*failte*).—Welcome.

Fardorougha (*fear-dorcha*).—*Lit.* dark man—a proper name (Fardy), for which Ferdinand is sometimes substituted.

Farithee (*fear-an-tighe*).—Man of the house.

Feasthalagh (*feastalach*).—Festive (Carleton uses it as a term for *nonsense*).

Furrawn (*furan*).—Welcome; salutation.

G.

Galh (*geal*).—Fair; bright.

Galore (*go leor*).—Plenty—also written *go lor* (with) enough.

Garran bane or *bawn* (*gear an ban*).—White horse.

Garran (*gearran*).—A hack horse, a gelding.

Gauliogue (*gailleog*).—A cuff, a blow (used by Carleton to denote a drink); perhaps from *gabhail*, to take.

Ghe dhiven (*go deimhin*).—Verily; indeed.

Gho dhe dirsha? (*cad e adeirse*).—What is it you say?

Gho mhany Dhea ghud, a Franchas, ca woul thu guilh a nish, a rogarah dhu? (*go mbeannuigh Dia dhuit, a Fhrainsiais, ca bhfuil tu dul anois, a rogaire dhuibh*).—God save you, Frank; where are you going now, you black rogue? (jokingly).

Ghud dhemur tha thu? (*cad e mar ta thu*).—How are you?

Girsha (*geirseach*).—A girl; little woman.

Git (*giota*).—A bit, a scrap.

Gluntha, Gluntho ma? (*an gcluin tu*).—Do you hear me?

Gob.—A mouth, a beak.

Gommoch (*gamal* or *gamach*).—A stupid or foolish person—*cf.* Scotch gomeril.

Gorsoon (*garsun*).—A boy; an attendant—*cf.* French *garçon*.

Gosther (*gastair*).—Prate, foolish talk. *Gast*, a puff; *gastaire*, a prater.

Grah (*gradh*).—Love.
Gra machree ! (*a ghradh mo chroidhe*).—O love of my heart !
Granua waile (*Grainne Ni-Mhailidh*).—A celebrated chieftainess of Mayo, called by the English Grace O'Malley—the name is often used allegorically for Ireland, &c.
Greeshaugh (*griosach*).—Burning embers.
Griddle (*greideal*).—A round plate of metal on which bread is baked.
Griskin (*grisgin*).—Broiled meat—O'R.
Gutsho ! (*dhuit-se*).—To thee. *Gutsho nish* (*dhuit-se anois*), here to you now ! sometimes "here with you," "come here."

H.

Ha nahn la na guiha la na sciulipagh (*cha ne'n la na gaoithe la na scolbach*).—The day of the storm is not the day of the thatching.
Ha niel gho dha collhow areesht (*cha n'eil ; gabh 'do choladh aris*). —There is not ; go to sleep again.
Ha niel anam inh (*cha n'eil anam ann*).—There is not a soul in it.
Hanim an diouol (*th'anam do'n diabhal*). —Your soul to the devil.
A hudh (*a chuid*).—My share, portion.
Hurrish amuck ! (*thairis a mhuic*).—Away, pig !—Hurrish is onomatopœic.
Husht dherum ! (*'thost adeirim*).—Silence, I say !

I.

Inagh ! (*an eadh*).—Indeed ! is it ? forsooth !
Iska-behagh ; usquebaugh (*uisge-beatha*).—*Lit.* water of life ; whisky. The latter is a corruption of the first word.
Is maheen a tha in (*is me hein a ta ann*).—'Tis myself that is in it.

K.

Kailyee (*ceilidhe*).—Gossip ; an evening visit.
Keena (*caoine*).—The death wail or cry.
Kippeen (*cipin*).—Dim. of *ceap*, a block (of wood), a stave, a cudgel.
Kish (*ceis*).—A large wicker-basket.
Kittogue (*ciotog*).—The left hand. *Ciotach*, left-handed.

L.

Lamh (or *lauv*) *dearg* (*lamh dhearg*).—The Red Hand—*i.e.*, the cognisance of the Princes of Ulster.
Lianhan Shee (*leanan sidhe*).—*Lit.* a fairy follower ; a succubus.
Lough (*loch*).—A lake.
Ludher (*luadar*).—Motion ; haste—O'R.

M.

Ma bouchal (*mo bhuachaill*).—My boy.
Ma chuirp (*mo chorp*).—My body.
Malivogue.—To trounce—perhaps from Latin *malleus. Maloid,* a flail.—O'R.
Manim asthee hu (*m'anam is tigh thu*).—My soul within thou (art); you're my very soul within.
Manim an diouol ! (*m'anam do'n diabhal*).—My soul to the devil !
Manim a yea agus a wurrah ! (*m'anam do Dhia agus do Mhuire*). —My soul to God and to Mary !
Maragah more (*margadh mor*).—Great market; especially the markets just before Christmas.
Martyeen (*mairtin ?*).—A little beef (carcase).
Mavourneen dheelish (*mo mhuirinin dilis*).—My fond darling.
Mavrone (*mo bhron*).—My grief or sorrow.
Mavrone orth, amuck (*mo bhron ort, a mhuic*).—My sorrow for you, pig.
Meldhre (*melder*).—A milling; corn sent to the mill—*cf.* Burns.
Merin, meerin (from *mir*, a portion, a district).—A boundary—*cf. mear* and *mere* (Webster).
Methar (*meadar*).—A churn; an ancient drinking-cup.
Mhair avourneen, ta ma laht anish (*a mhathair, a mhiurnin, ta mé leat anois*).—Mother, darling, I am with you now.
Millia failtha ghud (*mile failte dhuit*).—A thousand welcomes to you.
Miscaun (*miosgan*).—A lump or dish of butter.
Moolyeen (*maoilin*).—A little hornless cow.
Muddha arran (*maide arain*).—Bread stick; a forked stick with three legs for toasting bread.
Musha (*ma is eadh*).—*Lit.* if it is; well; indeed.

N.

Nabocklish (*na bac leis*).—Don't trouble with it; don't mind it, or him.
Nhanim an airh ! (*in ainm an Athar*).—In the name of the Father !
Nha hanan san ? (*nach ionana sin*).—Is not that all equal, all one ?
Nhien machree (*nighean mo chroidhe*).—Daughter of my heart.
Niel eshigum, ahagur, ta sha er Purgather ta barlhan (*n'il eisteadh 'gam, a theagair, ta se ar Phurgadoir, ta baramhuil 'dam*).—I haven't the hearing, dear; he is (preaching) on Purgatory, I believe.

O.

Oge (*og*).—Young.
Omadhawn (*amadan*).—A simpleton.

P.

Padareen partha (*paidrin pairteach*).—The devotion known as the Rosary. *Paidrin*, dim. of *paidir*, the Pater; and *pairteach*, divided, or taken in alternate parts.
Parrah Rackhan (*Padraig racain*).—Paddy of the riot or noise.
Pastchee boght (*paisde bocht*).—Poor child.
Pastiah (*paisde*).—Child.
Peggy na Laveen (*Peggi ni Shleibhin*).—Peggy Slevin—name of an old Irish tune.
Pisthrogues (*piseog—pisreog*).—A charm; a spell.
Pittiogue (*piteog*).—An effeminate person—O'R.
Polthogue (*palltog*).—A thump; a blow—O'R.
Poteen (*poitin*).—*Lit.* a little pot; a still—hence, illicit whisky.
Prabcen (*preibin* or *preaban*).—A little piece; a patch.
Praskcen (*praiscin*).—An apron; a bib—O'R.
Preshagh (*praiseach*).—Porridge.

R.

Raherie.—A small pony from the Isle of Rathlin (*Rachra*), hence its name.
Rann (*rann*).—A verse; a stanza; a quatrain; also a division.
A rogarah ruah (*a rogaire ruaidh*).—You red rogue. *Ruagaire*, a vagabond.

S.

Sallagh (*salach*).—Dirty.
Sannies (*sonas*).—Happiness.
Sassenach (*Sacsanach*).—An Englishman, a Saxon.
Savourneen (*a mhuirnin*).—Darling—the S is adventitious.
Scowdher.—An oaten cake (Carleton's note).
Scollop (*scolb—scolbach*).—A wattle used in thatching with straw.
Scrahag.—A flat wicker basket off which the potatoes are eaten—*cf.* Scotch Gaelic *sgrathag*, a thin covering or rind of any sort.
Shamus (*Sheamais*).—James.
A shaughran (*seachran*).—Error. *An seachran*, astray, wandering.
Shebeen (*sibin*).—Probably from *siopa*, a shop—a place for the sale of liquor, generally illicit.
She dha veha ('*se* (i.e., *Dia*) *do bheatha*).—May God be thy life (a salutation).
Sheery (*siorruidhe*).—Eternal.
Shillelagh.—An oak stick, a cudgel—from the wood of that name (*Siol Elaigh*) in Co. Wicklow.
Shingaun (*seangan*).—An ant; also a miserable fellow.
Shinnin.—Sinew (Carleton's note). *Sinin*, a nipple—O'R.

Sho da slaintha ma colleenee agus ma bouchalee (*seo d'a slainte, mo chailinidhe agus mo bhuachaillidhe*).—Here's to their health, girls and boys.

Shoneen (*seoinin*).—Little John (said of a little boy); also a parvenu.

Shough (*seach*).—A turn; a blast of the pipe. *Fa-seach*, by turns—also means a boundary ditch.

A shuchar.—Lit. sugar; sweet.

Shud-orth (*sud ort*).—*Lit.* here (is) on thee; towards you; your health.

Shuler (*siubhaloir*).—A walker; a traveller; a tramp.

Skilleen (*sgilling*).—A shilling.

Skinadhre (*sginnideach*).—Timorous; fearful; a nervous, apprehensive person.

Slug (*slug*). A swallow, a drink out of a bottle.

Smithereens.—Probably from *smiot*, a small portion of anything (O'R.); little broken fragments.

Sogarth (*sagart*).—Priest.

Sonsy.—Happy, pleasant—see *Sannies.*

Soodher.—Soothe (Eng.)

Sowans (*sughan*).—Flummery.

Spalpeen (*spailpin*).—A common labourer; also a conceited fellow of little worth.

Spudh (*spud*).—Potato, "lumper"—*cf. spad*, a clod. See *spud* (Webster).

Stachan varagah (*Staca an Mhargaidh*).—The Market Stake—name of an Irish tune.

Stadh ! (*stad*).—Stop ! stay !

Stadh, amuck ! (*stad, a mhuc*).—Stand, you pig !

Stadh anish, amuck bradagh ! (*stad anois, a mhuc bhradach*).—Stand now, you thievish pig !

Sthilk.—Perhaps from *steileach*, laxative—see Carleton's explanation.

Stim (Eng., *stime*).—A glimpse.

Suggaun (*sugan*).—A straw-rope.

A suillish mahuil agus machree (*a sholuis mo shul agus mo chroidhe*).—Light of my eyes and heart.

T.

Thig in thu shinn? (*an dtuigeann tu sin*).—Do you understand that?

Thigum (*tuigim*).—I understand.

Thurm pogue (*tabhair dham pog*).—Give me a kiss.

Tubber (*Tobar*).—A well.

Traneen (*traithnin*).—A little stalk; a trifle.

Trougha (*Triuch*).—Name of a district in Co. Monaghan. *Coillte glasa na Triucha*, the green woods of Truagh—a fine old Irish air.

U.

Ulican dhu oh.—Black-haired head—name of an old Irish air.
Usquebaugh.—See *Iska-behagh.*

V.

Vahr dheelish (*a mhathair dilis*).—Dear mother.
A Veehaul dheelish (*a Mhichil dhilis*).—Dear Michael.
A veehonee (*a bhitheamhnaigh*).—You thief!—in this case a rascal, or vagabond.
Vick machree! (*a mhic mo chroidhe*).—O son of my heart!
Vick na hoia! (*a mhic-na-hoighe*).—O Son of the Virgin!
A villish! (*a mhilis*).—O sweet (love)!
Vread! (*a Bhrigid*).—O Brigid (Bridget)!—in this instance used for Margaret (*Mairead*).

W.

Weeny, Weeshy.—Formed from wee, little.
Wuil anam inh? (*bhfuil anam ann*).—Is there a soul in it (*i.e.*, there)?
Wuil thu lum? (*bhfuil tu liom*).—Are you with me?
Wuil thu marra wo' um? (*bhfuil tu marbh uaim*).—Art thou dead (and gone) from me?
Wurrah! A Wurrah! (*a Mhuire*).—O Mary (*i.e.*, the Blessed Virgin)!
Wurrah dheelish! (*a Mhuire dilis*).—O dear Mary!
Wurrah sthrew! (*a Mhuire is truagh*).—O Mary, it is sad!
Wus dha lauv (*a bhus do lamh*).—Reach hither your hand; give me your hand.

Y.

Yarra (see *Arrah*).

Printed by BALLANTYNE, HANSON & CO.
Edinburgh and London

University of California
SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY
405 Hilgard Avenue, Los Angeles, CA 90024-1388
Return this material to the library
from which it was borrowed.

UC SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY
A 000 670 136 1